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New Statesman

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New Statesman

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Cover drawing: John Minnion
News: cruise failure; *Red Tape*; Rough Justice; Grenada; housing emergency; suicide case; Hesketh row
Peter Kellner: Still never had it so good p.7
Lynne Jones: In the eye of the storm p.8
Marion Bowman: Snakes and ladders p.10
Bob Dent: Militants on Merseyside p.11
This England p.12
Diary: Sue Townsend p.14
Roger Woddis p.14
Anthony Barnett: A meeting of giants p.15
Anne Corbett: Wicked baron p.17
Tony Paterson: A new ice age p.18
Claudia Wright: Hunting season p.19
Letters p.20
Ralph Steadman p.21
Duncan Campbell – on Duncan Campbell p.22
Beatrix Campbell: Wigan Pier and beyond p.23
Angela Carter: Notes from a maternity ward p.25

Roger Woddis and John Minnion: Christmas tale p.26
Bretécher p.28
Gavin Kitching: Talking to ourselves p.29
Leading lights p.32
Christmas Quiz p.34
Aidan Higgins: Autumn in Atepmoc p.36
The pleasures of reading: reviewers' choices 1983 p.39
Alison Hennegan: Gay fiction p.41
John Spurling: Art books p.42
David Montrose: Sassoon p.42
Poems by Elizabeth Jennings, Sylvia Kantaris, James Simmons, Anthony Thwaite p.43
Grace Ingoldby: Fiction p.44
Simon Frith: Rock books p.45
Record recommendations by Andrew Clements, Charles Fox and Mary Harron p.46
Jules Lubbock: Design exhibitions p.48
Benedict Nightingale: Letter from New York p.49
Nina Hibbin: TV quiz programmes p.50
Hugo Williams: The Day After p.51
John Coleman: Films p.51
Christopher Edwards: Theatre p.52
Dennis Duerden: Black art p.54
Weekend competition p.54
Bill Greenwell: First person p.55
Quiz answers p.56
Salamanca p.56
Crossword p.57
Listings p.59

Martin Rowson concludes his series on the Great Socialists pp.24, 29, 31, 38

TURKEY'S PEACE PRISONERS

We, the undersigned, are appalled by the savage sentences inflicted upon the executive of the Turkish Peace Association (TPA). Eighteen of the defendants received sentences of eight years' hard labour plus 32 months' internal exile for doing no more than campaign for peace in the same way as CND in Britain. The TPA executive reads like a *Who's Who* of Turkey's intellectual establishment. The country's best-known lawyers, professors, journalists, painters, poets and former social democratic MPs have been penned up in one cell measuring 20 square metres. Their average age is 50. They have jointly served the Turkish state in top jobs for a total of 406 years. For the President of the TPA, former ambassador Dikerdem, this is an effective *death sentence* since he is 68 and suffering from cancer. Turkey is a member of NATO, the Council of Europe and an associate of the EEC. Turkey has signed the European Convention of Human Rights and the UN Declaration.

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Programme '84

THE DAY AFTER has had mixed reviews. Judged by American soap opera standards it was respectable, even at times perceptive, drama. As a vehicle for telling us what a nuclear war and its aftermath would be like, it was less effective. All the experts are agreed that reality would be infinitely worse than anything the film was able to depict. In this respect *The Day After* was much less strong than Peter Watkins's film *The War Game*, which the BBC (after secret consultation with the government) banned from being televised 18 years ago.

The Secretary of State for Defence, however, has not had mixed reviews. Michael Heseltine made a plain fool of himself over the whole episode. Since the main part of Mrs Thatcher's brief to him when she gave him Defence was public relations, this is an uncovenanted bonus for the peace movement. His original demands for a 'right of reply' were inept and unjustified. They made him appear arrogant in that he was trying to bully the broadcasting authorities into making concessions to him beyond the existing conventions for handling politicians. They also made him appear patronising in that he was implying that the British public needed his assistance in order to understand the issues at stake.

A surprisingly robust role has been played by the IBA in this affair. (One doubts whether the BBC would have been as firm in standing up to unjustified ministerial pressure.) The Authority defended (more firmly than Yorkshire TV itself) the obviously correct position that Mr Heseltine and the government had no *right* to airtime as a result of the film; and that 'balance' in subsequent discussion programmes required that the views of others should be heard as well as the government's. Heseltine's refusal to join in any such balanced discussion just meant that he appeared afraid of genuine debate and left the last word with his critics.

The most devastating critic this week has been ex-US Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Drawing on his long and often unhappy experience of military matters, he has come to the conclusion that nuclear weapons (and military doctrines based upon them) are insane. No sane person would use these weapons first in any circumstances. They will, therefore, only be fired by someone who is insane, or let off by accident. McNamara's devastating critique is set out at length in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Coming as it does, not from the peace movement, but from someone who was for years at the centre of the American military-industrial complex, it is all the more effective. In return the apprentice Heseltine can only bleat the non sequitur that, since we have had the bomb, we have also had almost four decades of peace in Europe, so we must keep the bomb. Even Mr Heseltine must be embarrassed at having to present a case based on such a simple and obvious logical flaw – which may explain why he is so anxious to avoid public debate.

In fact, as we move towards 1984, the peace front is much less bleak in this country than it looked a few months ago. The failures and setbacks of 1983 have already acquired a distance. The Tory claim that the June general election gave the government a nuclear mandate that everyone would accept is now daily contradicted by the opinion polls. The failure to stop the deployment of cruise missiles (which cast its shadow over the mass CND rally in Hyde Park in October) has been overtaken by the evident fact that the symbolic deployment at Greenham, pushed through on schedule for political reasons, is in no sense the end of the matter.

At the intellectual level, the argument about cruise and Pershing is being won. Except for those who live in the world of Dr Strangelove, these weapons have never had any *military* justification. Their purpose was political – to reassure the West German government that America would not leave it in the lurch in some future crisis. Since it is evident in today's changed circumstances that these weapons are as destabilising politically *within* NATO as they are undoubtedly destabilising militarily vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, the weight of the argument against their continued presence grows all the time.

JUST AS IMPORTANT, the physical argument is also being won at Greenham Common and elsewhere. The women of Greenham have turned the apparently successful deployment of cruise into a most costly Pyrrhic victory. First, they have tied up massive resources – on a scale that would make the authorities hesitate long before trying to force through such a policy again. It is not just the thousands of police and soldiery and the cost involved in protecting the air base, nor the way in which the women's non-violent behaviour is clogging up the local courts.

What the women in practice achieved is to undermine the entire credibility of the missiles at Greenham. For, in the mad logic of deterrence theory, the missiles are only credible if they are regularly exercised under conditions as close to the 'real' thing as possible. Since at Greenham, they are 'soft' targets for any incoming nuclear (or even conventional) attack, this means that they must regularly exercise the dispersal by road away from Greenham Common that they would do in a period of real military tension. It requires no imagination to forecast the scenes if the US air force tried to trundle the cumbersome missile launch vehicles slowly through the lanes and woods of the Home Counties. In practice, therefore, the missiles' 'interim operating capacity', to which so much importance has been attached, will remain very much a theoretical capacity. Airlifting them into Greenham was one thing. There is no way in which they are going to be trucked out.

The immediate question mark over 1984 remains when the Geneva disarmanent negotiations will begin again – and in what form. Those who took the view during 1983 that, if NATO stuck to its schedule for deploying cruise and Pershing, the Soviet Union would be forced into serious negotiations at Geneva have been proved conclusively wrong.

The Americans are saying as confidently as they can that they think that the Russians will be back at the negotiating table within weeks. Objectively, there is no reason why Moscow should make any move until the outcome of the 1984 US Presidential election is clear – quite apart from the immobilising effect on the Kremlin of chairman Andropov's continuing ill-health. The task for the peace movements of the world in the first half of next year is to increase the pressures for the Geneva negotiations to be resumed on an altogether more realistic basis. □

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First cruise test fails

THE FIRST US Air Force test flight of a ground-launched cruise missile has been a failure, the Pentagon has admitted. The test was conducted on a firing range in Utah, less than a week after the first nuclear-armed cruise missiles arrived at Greenham Common.

The missile being tested was supposed to fly for two hours before reaching its target. Instead, it crashed after 20 minutes. The test was the first 'post-development' test on a production version of the new missile. The cause of the crash – the 30th such test failure – is still under investigation.

The crash is a reminder that although deployment has been pushed ahead for political reasons, there is still considerable doubt about how most of Greenham Common's cruise missiles would perform, if they were ever used. Besides the nuclear-armed version, there are five other types of the same missile, all of which are now far behind their development schedule. A conventionally-armed version of the ground launched cruise missile now at Greenham is not expected to be available until September 1985 – two years behind schedule.

The Pentagon has claimed that it has an 'extremely good' record of 84 'successes' out of 113 cruise missile tests conducted on United States ranges. But they are still pressing ahead with plans to test fly ground-launched cruise missiles over northern Canada, because of doubts as to the performance of the built-in guidance system over eastern European terrain, especially in winter. The missile's 'Tercom' (Terrain Contour Matching) guidance system may not work as well over relatively poorly mapped Soviet and eastern European countries' territory as it does over well-mapped parts of the United States.

Duncan Campbell

Andrew Wiard/Report

Staving off the crowd

THE MEDIA made much of the fact that one policeman was hurt at the demonstration at Greenham Common on Sunday (eg Daily Mail *front page: 'Police Inspector knocked out at Greenham "peace" protest'). Newbury police have admitted that he was hurt accidentally when a concrete post fell over, while at least 100 women were injured, mostly deliberately, by police wrenching their hands from the fence or soldiers hitting their hands with sticks as they held on to the wire. The silos containing the cruise missiles were defended by two rings of soldiers, British on the outside, and US military personnel armed with staves on the inside.*

Cutting through Red Tape

LEN MURRAY has been asked to step into the bitter dispute between Alistair Graham, general secretary of the biggest civil service union CPSA, and Clive Bush, editor of the union's newspaper *Red Tape*.

The dispute began just after the general election when Bush, an avowed Marxist, quoted the boast of the Conservative manifesto about civil service staff cuts over the front-page banner headline: 'Suckers!' Graham criticised this as a 'highly political comment offensive to members who voted Conservative'. (CPSA then voted two-to-one against affiliation to the Labour Party in November.)

But Bush refused to retract or to accept any 'consultation' with the general secretary over editorial content, and in the latest issue of *Red Tape* has reprinted the offending front cover alongside a report of an attack by Graham on further job cuts in the civil service.

Last week the right-wing-dominated CPSA executive agreed to set up an 'independent group' of three people to 'review the present arrangements for the production of *Red Tape*, including the relationship between the editor and the general secretary' and to conduct a readership survey. Len Murray, TUC general secretary, has been asked to nominate someone to chair the group. The CPSA executive has nominated Ken Dennis, a Press Association reporter, and Clive Bush has been invited to nominate the third member of the group. He has refused.

The dispute now involves two other unions, because Bush is a member of both APEX, which is recognised for CPSA employees, and the NUJ, as a journalist. APEX has made it clear that the CPSA annual conference should judge the argument – which has boiled down to interpreting the constitutional position of the editor established by conference resolution in 1956. And Bush challenges the right of the CPSA executive to nominate Dennis, a member of his other union, to make decisions affecting his job.

The dispute also reflects the battle between the Broad Left coalition and the 'Moderate' Tendency in Britain's most polarised union. The CPSA's 200,000 members, two-thirds of them women, represent lower grades in the civil service, including some of the most militant groups when it comes to industrial action as well as Tory hard-liners in the Ministry of Defence.

The *Red Tape* dispute seems certain to drag on to the end of 1986, when Graham, having served five years, must face re-election and Bush retires at 55 five months later.

John Rentoul

Home Office's rough justice

MERVYN 'Jock' Russell, wrongly convicted of the murder of Jane Bigwood in the 'handful of hair' case, was released from prison last week only as the result of a sustained campaign fought in particular by Tom Sargent, the 77-year-old secretary of the law reform group Justice.

Sargent provided the cases from which Peter Hill and Martin Young constructed their highly effective *Rough Justice* programmes for BBC1. With Russell's release all four prisoners featured in the original series in April 1982 have now been freed.

Why does it take so much public effort to release those wrongly convicted? Russell is the only one of those featured in *Rough Justice* whose conviction has been quashed. The others have merely been released from detention. As David Mellor, the Home Office Minister, confirmed in the *Guardian*, 'this implies nothing about the Home Secretary's view of the rightness of their convictions'.

The House of Commons select committee on Home Affairs last year recommended the setting up of a special review body to investigate possible miscarriages of justice and speed up the process of putting them right.

The Home Office rejected it, on the grounds that it would 'undermine the independent authority of the Courts', to quote Mellor again, and that it was unnecessary – Mellor having promised that the Home Office would in future be prepared to refer doubtful cases to the Appeal Court 'more readily'. He has cited the Home Office's response to the Margaret Livesey case, featured in the second *Rough Justice* series (October/November 1983) as an example of its newly-acquired sense of urgency.

What has actually happened is this: the Home Office has told the Chief Constable of Lancashire that there are doubts about the Livesey case which merit fresh investigation. The Chief Constable will be having discussions with the Home Office on the choice of an officer from an outside force to head such an inquiry. The Home Office will then consider the subsequent report, to see whether the case should be referred back to Appeal.

All of which suggests that Margaret Livesey can hardly expect any early release from prison.

Bob Woffinden

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Scoon and US 'run Grenada'

ANTHONY RUSHFORD, the British constitutional lawyer who resigned last week as Grenada's Attorney General, has confirmed that the island is being run by the Americans, in conjunction with the Governor General, Sir Paul Scoon, and that the interim civilian administration 'barely functions at all'.

Rushford was despatched to Grenada by the Commonwealth Secretary General Sonny Ramphal to act as legal adviser to Sir Paul, and in particular to assist in the restoration of civilian government. He arrived on 2 November. Two weeks later, on 15 November, he became Attorney General in the interim administration sworn in that day to govern the island pending elections.

Rushford resigned his post on 5 December, accusing Sir Paul of lacking enthusiasm for an end to the US occupation and of treating him with 'contempt and condescension'. He said that Scoon was 'quite unfit to serve as Governor General'.

Speaking to the *NS* from Antigua, where he is on holiday with his wife, Rushford said that he had been 'deeply delighted' when the interim administration was set up. Since then, however, it had 'never functioned as an effective body, and barely functioned at all'. The new government had met only once – on 15 November – to pass a law regularising the position of 47 'security detainees', and that meeting had been at Rushford's insistence.

A particular problem had been the absence for medical treatment of the designated chairman of the interim administration, Alister McIntyre, a senior official with the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development. Eventually, Rushford concluded that 'this headless government was not providing sufficient leadership to the people', and resigned.

Rushford said that the real decisions in Grenada were being taken at meetings held each working day between Sir Paul Scoon, the US Ambassador, Charles Gillespie, and the commander of US military forces, Major General Jack Farris. Rushford had attended several of these conferences.

PA

Rushford: cheesed off

Generally, however, the Attorney General had been kept in the dark by Sir Paul Scoon, and he said that foreign media correspondents 'were often my only source of information'.

Rushford reiterated doubts about Sir Paul Scoon's role in the invasion by US and Caribbean forces. Washington and its local allies have claimed that Sir Paul issued a verbal appeal for intervention, and that this was later confirmed in writing. The document is of crucial significance since it forms the key legal basis for the entire military operation. Rushford, however, said: 'If there was such a piece of paper, Sir Paul never showed it to me'.

Under the socialist government of the late Prime Minister Maurice Bishop, Sir Paul performed purely ceremonial duties. It appears, however, that his new role as America's proconsul has gone to his head. When it was put to Anthony Rushford that the Governor General was reluctant to see a full restoration of civilian government because this would spell the end of his new-found powers, from which he derived considerable personal satisfaction, the former Grenadian Attorney General replied: 'I would not contradict you'.

Alan George

MISCELLANY

Cross words

'Sir, I have so far refrained from replying to your criticism of my sermon on public faith,' the Archbishop of York wrote in last Friday's edition of *The Times*. One has to admire the man's restraint. The 'criticisms' were expressed in a leader published on 21 November, entitled 'The Way of the Cross', which has some claim to be the battiest editorial ever published in that most eccentric of newspapers. (The competition's pretty strong, we agree: who could forget William Rees-Mogg's leader in December, 1979, just after *l'affaire* Blunt, which detected a parallel between J. M. Keynes's 'emotional resentment of the monetary rules which prevented inflation, and particularly the gold standard, and his need to reject the conventional sexual morality of the period'? Who, for the matter of that, does not cherish last year's effort from Charles Douglas-Home, 'We Are All Falklanders Now'?)

But we digress. 'The Way of the Cross' was also the work of Charlie 'Ich bin ein Falklander' Douglas-Home, who wrote it while lying in a hospital after a nasty hunting accident in Gloucestershire. (Charlie has spent much of this year in hospital; when he is there he conducts editorial conferences through a 'squawk box' which is linked to *The Times's* office.) Almost everyone on the paper – with the notable exception of Ronald Butt – found the leader rather embarrassing, and none more so than Owen Hickey, the devout Catholic who is supposed to be superintendent of the leader column. Douglas-Home

is not known as a regular churchgoer, yet he saw fit to fill 36 column inches with an attack on the Archbishop of York's 'unfortunate collective tendencies', comingled with simple gibberish: 'We are and will remain individuals. We cannot be otherwise. The spirit of man is not some social endowment. It rages within each individual where the God of love is also the God of war; where light and darkness alternate and intermingle for ever. That is the divine conflict within us. That is the way of the Cross.'

But mark the sequel. Ever since the leader appeared, *The Times's* letters page has been filled with correspondence suggesting, in as many words, that whoever wrote 'The Way of the Cross' is a blithering idiot. And who is ultimately in charge of the letters page? Owen Hickey, no less. Revenge is sweet, but whether Charlie sees it that way is not known.

Guilt edged

There is, incidentally, much resentment among *Times* people at the fact that the paper's economic leaders are written by Tim Congdon, the monetarist stockbroker (for L. Messel & Co) and Pinochet-lover. We have now discovered the identity of the person who first gave Congdon a job on *The Times*. It was one Hugh Stephenson, who edited the paper's Business News section; he has since left.

Bank of Toytown

In addition to his other onerous duties, it seems that Robin Leigh-Pemberton, Mrs Thatcher's absurd new governor of the Bank of England, is concerned for the moral and financial welfare of the young. This, at least, is the implication of a strange story which has reached Farringdon Lane. Earlier this year, as you may have noticed, high-street banks ran vigorous advertising campaigns encouraging schoolchildren to open bank accounts. Leigh-Pemberton has now, apparently, written to all the clearing banks calling their attention to the danger that, when kiddies are urged to start bank accounts, they then proceed to write cheques and run up large overdrafts. This call for responsibility before profit seems to have been an exercise on the old-boy net, for the governor's attention was drawn to the dire social problem by none other than the headmaster of Harrow School, Ian Beer.

It's that man again

During a lunchtime conversation at the Institute of Contemporary Art last week, Harold Evans was asked to comment on the condition of the *Sunday Times* under its exciting new editor, Andrew 'Two Chauffeurs' Neil. He maintained a diplomatic silence on the subject, but gave a conspirational grin. Poor old 'Two Chauffeurs' is, in any case, having a pretty tough time as a tyro Murdoch editor. He has confided to at least one of his staff that he does not expect to last for long, but that he is young enough to hope that the line 'former editor of the *Sunday Times*' will look good on his curriculum vitae for the future. OK for 'Two Chauffeurs', perhaps, but not much consolation for those who will be left behind.

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Chancellor's cut may help short-life tenants

NIGEL LAWSON's recent cut of £442 million in housing investment will have the odd side-effect of postponing the crisis faced by many short-life housing groups.

According to the Housing Emergency Office (HEO), which promotes the use of empty property, there are at least 15,000 people, mostly in London, who are temporarily living – with the owner's permission – in property scheduled for demolition or renovation. (Those without permission are squatters and there is no reliable estimate of their number.) Many of these 15,000 may sigh with relief at the further devastation of the housing programme, for it is their homes which will now not be worked on for the time being.

At a conference organised by the HEO last month, 120 representatives of short-life groups met to discuss the future. These groups were spawned by the squatting movement in 1969 as a way of bringing empty property into use more systematically. Short-life residents, mainly single people, are given licences, usually for at least a year, and they pay a low rent to a group which patches up the houses.

The main providers are local councils and public bodies, but earlier this year Islington Community Housing persuaded Marks and Spencer to hand over six houses. More efforts are now being made to obtain houses in the private sector, where at least 80 per cent of empty properties are to be found.

Short-life groups depend for their survival on a continuing supply of 'new' property to replace that handed back, and a 'natural wastage' of licensees so that groups do not have to meet permanent housing needs.

Now, however, the supply of property is drying up because of the government's ban, since May 1979, on virtually all 'municipalisation'. As local authorities improve their existing stock, they will inevitably start calling back the properties on licence without offering replacements.

Moreover, most licensees (other than students) have no desire to move. A survey of its members this summer by the West Hampstead Housing Association, which houses 850 people in North and West London, found that over half had lived in their present homes for more than two years. Over a third were unemployed.

Ironically, it is those councils which have been relatively imaginative in their attitude to short-life stock that are now on a possible collision course with their short-life users. In Islington, for example, where there are 2,000 licensees, intense negotiations between the council and the groups are taking place. The groups insist on no homelessness for their members, but they also want some growth so that they can continue to meet new demand.

Outside London, where widespread demolition and redevelopment can still be fashionable, many short-life groups face extinction. Several speakers at the HEO conference recommended taking non-violent direct action, which in this context means squatting.

Christian Wolmar

Police criticised over suicide in custody

THE POLICE were found to have shown a 'lack of care' at last week's inquest into the suicide of Matthew Paul, who was being held in connection with a gangland murder in April. This is the first time a jury has recognised the responsibility of the police to protect people in custody from committing suicide.

Eighteen-year-old Matthew Paul hanged himself with his jumper from the open hatch or 'wicket gate' in his cell door after being held for 36 hours without being charged, and having been denied access to his solicitor, family and friends.

In his summing up after the five-day inquest, Coroner Dr Chambers said officers at the Leman Street Police Station were in breach of their own regulations by leaving the wicket gate open, and this, together with the isolation of the prisoner, could be construed as a lack of care. The jury returned a verdict of suicide due to lack of care.

The jury also made two recommendations which the Coroner agreed to pass on to the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police: emphasising the duty of the police to obey their own regulations, and suggesting that the cell ventilation should be looked into as this was the excuse for leaving the wicket gate open.

Matthew Paul, who had no criminal record, was being held in connection with the murder of Stephen Gaspard, whose headless, handless corpse was found in April. One man has been convicted of murder and two of manslaughter. As the Coroner stressed during the inquest, the presumption must be that Matthew Paul was innocent.

While the verdict is the first to point a finger at the police in a suicide case, the verdict of lack of care was recorded in the inquest into the suicide of Jim Heather-Hayes in Ashford Remand Centre where again officers ignored their own regulations.

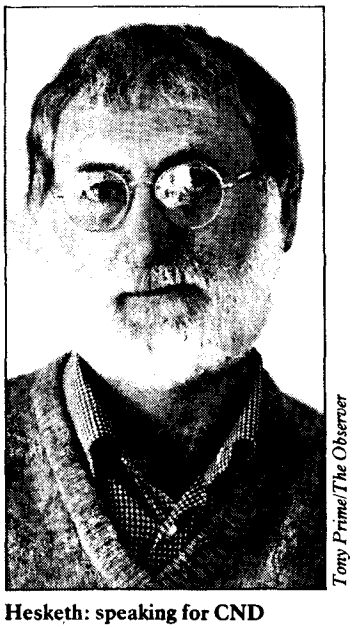
Tony Paul, father of the deceased, said: 'This verdict is not for my son. It is too late for him now. It is for others, to open people's eyes.'

Tony Paul was also concerned about preservation of the body. When he heard in October of the case of James Davey, who died after being restrained in a Coventry police station – whose family were unable to have an independent post mortem because the body wasn't kept in a deep freeze – he assumed that his son's body was being preserved as a matter of course. But on applying to the Coroner he discovered that Matthew's body was also not in a deep freeze. It was so decomposed that no pathologist would do a second post mortem.

Gareth Peirce, a solicitor in the Colin Roach and Heather-Hayes cases, pointed to another disturbing aspect of the tragedy. 'With the new Police Bill giving the police the power to detain people for long periods of time you have a recipe for a horrifying increase in the number of deaths in custody.'

Rosalind Bayley

Union leaders attacked over Hesketh sacking



Tony Prime/The Observer

Hesketh: speaking for CND

A ROW HAS broken out between members and the leadership of the Electrical Power Engineers' Association (EPEA) over the Hesketh affair. Members at the Central Electricity Generating Board's nuclear laboratories at Berkeley in Gloucestershire have attacked the union's handling of Dr Ross Hesketh's dismissal as 'ineffective' and a 'travesty of the Association's own guidelines'.

The CEGB has always maintained that Dr Hesketh's sacking in June was because of his refusal to accept redeployment (which he regarded as demotion) and had nothing to do with his prominence in criticising the export of civil plutonium to America for military purposes (see *New Statesman* 22 July 1983). Virtually the only organisation that accepted the Board's interpretation was the EPEA. They were reluctant to take up Hesketh's case, but eventually did so for 'humanitarian' reasons.

Then in October, a few days before the case was due before an industrial tribunal, Hesketh, the union and the CEGB came to an agreement reinstating him on sabbatical until next July when he will retire with full pension rights. Under the terms of the agreement neither Hesketh nor the CEGB are permitted to comment publicly on the matter, although Hesketh is free to talk about the plutonium issue and is still intending to give evidence for CND at the Sizewell Inquiry.

Now the Berkeley Laboratories EPEA branch has prepared a 6-page report on the implications of the Hesketh affair for their members. A copy of this and the angry reply from the union's general secretary John Lyons have been obtained by *New Statesman*. The report concludes that what happened was an 'aberration' that differed substantially from the staff reorganisation which immediately preceded it.

The report points out that the CEGB used the agreement of EPEA representatives to justify its actions. It says that Hesketh, without any prior consultation, was asked on Friday to move on the following Monday to a less important post. This was a 'mockery' and a 'travesty' of the union's own guidelines on staff reorganisations. Because Hesketh's position and status was not fully protected 'the Association's response to the Board's actions can only be seen as being ineffective'. The report concludes that the arbitrary treatment meted out to Hesketh could be inflicted on other members of staff.

John Lyons's 5-page response, which along with the report has been circulated to all EPEA members at Berkeley, says that the account is 'wrong in material particulars', 'substantially inadequate' as a basis for understanding events and could be damaging to relations between members. He fiercely rejects the allegation that the union's response was ineffective and the suggestion that there will be a 'series of Ross Hesketh type of events'. He describes the decision to circulate the 'unsatisfactory report' without any discussion with the senior officials involved as 'unfortunate'.

He concedes however that the case did highlight 'weaknesses' in the procedures which the union is now attempting to remedy. Finally, he pleads for the union to move on to other matters, arguing that the Hesketh case has been 'sucked dry'.

Rob Edwards

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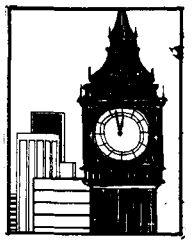

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Britain: a country where we've never had it so good

CAN YOU REMEMBER where you were, ten years ago this week, when Edward Heath announced the start of the three-day week and Anthony Barber cut public spending sharply in response to the 1973 oil crisis? Can you, for that matter, remember Anthony Barber?

For most people, even the most sophisticated politically, the instant drama of President Kennedy's assassination 20 years ago evokes a far more precise recall than the slower drama that began with Egypt's attack across the Suez Canal and culminated with the fall of Edward Heath five months later. Nobody has suggested making an epic television series revolving round the miners' president, Joe Gormley, the head of the civil service, Sir William Armstrong and the secretary-general of OPEC, whoever he was.

Perhaps they should. After all, Kennedy's assassination merely destroyed various dreams and created rather more myths. Apart from breathing new life into the American paranoia industry, its effect on the real world was actually rather limited. The 1973 oil crisis, on the other hand, deformed the world economy and Britain's response that frenetic winter has haunted the politics and economy of this country ever since. To take just one point: Margaret Thatcher's emergence stems precisely from a series of disastrous and eminently avoidable blunders that Heath made following that crisis.

By any standards, the winter of 1973-4 was a watershed for Britain. Well, by almost any standards. Last week the Central Statistical Office published its 1984 edition of *Social Trends* (HMSO, £19.95). It records a number of significant changes over the past decade. Burglary is up, deaths in Northern Ireland are down. More people have telephones, fewer go to the cinema. We eat more cheese and fewer eggs. Holidays are longer, prison sentences are shorter. Life as it is actually experienced goes on – stable in some ways, changing in others.

So what is the legacy of the winter when OPEC quadrupled the oil price, Sir William Armstrong went mad and Mr Heath committed political *hara-kiri?* The easiest answer is that it unleashed high inflation and led to high unemployment. In reality it has been by no means as simple as that.

First, inflation. It is true that Britain, like most other industrialised countries experienced a sharp rise in prices immediately following the oil crisis. But after 1975 inflation subsided almost everywhere – not, it is true, to the balmy levels of the 1950s and 1960s, but broadly to the levels of 1972 and 1973. The rise in the 'normal' inflation rate from 1-3 per cent to 5-10 per cent predated the oil crisis and was not caused by it.

Unemployment is slightly different. Like inflation it was on a rising trend before 1973. In 1972 it touched 1 million, before the Heath boom of 1972-3 brought it scurrying back down below 600,000. Given that unemployment in each succeeding recession has been higher than in the recession before, much of the rise to 1.4 million in 1975 can be explained without recourse to the price of oil. And the much larger increase, from 1.4 to 3 million, occurred a full seven years after that first oil shock.

MEANWHILE, for the majority of people who have stayed in work, it has been a decade of largely uninterrupted progress. At the beginning of the 1970s only 4 per cent of manual workers had more than three weeks' paid holiday a year. Last year 97 per cent did. Ten years ago only a minority of homes had telephones, colour televisions, central heating or a deep-freeze. Today each can be found in a majority of homes.

We have on the whole continued to become healthier, despite an increase in diseases associated with sex and drugs. Life expectancy rose faster in the 1970s than in the 1960s, and infant mortality continued to fall. We smoke fewer cigarettes; and deaths caused by accidents on the road or in the home are significantly down. Less smoke and sulphur dioxide are being emitted into the air than at any point in recent times. We play more sport and watch less.

If the activities of OPEC ten years ago have had a lasting impact on Britain, it has been indirect. We have Mrs Thatcher and we have North Sea oil. Neither would play the central role they now have in the British economy without OPEC; together they are devastating. Indeed, it is precisely the combination of monetarism and rising North Sea oil output that has created a society where the majority have continued to bloom while an increasing minority have suffered.

Since 1973 Britain's gross domestic product has grown by nine per cent. Two-thirds of that growth is accounted for by the value of oil production. On the one hand it has financed higher consumption – both private and public – while on the other hand it has made sterling a more attractive, therefore expensive, currency; with the result that British industry has become less and less competitive. There is probably no point in Britain's history as an industrialised nation when monetarism, as practised by Mrs Thatcher, could have done *more* harm to Britain's *industry* – and could have done *less* harm to Britain's *consumption* of goods and services.

Had it not been for North Sea oil, we would have lost fewer manufacturing jobs in Britain. But if the government were to have kept to its plans to keep public borrowing down, the cuts we are now seeing in public spending would be trivial compared with the suffering there would have been without the oil. One way and another it provides almost £10 billion of the government's revenues this year. That £10 billion – which has grown from nothing since the mid-1970s – has helped to sustain our schools and hospitals and the other public services that continue to underpin a civilised society.

The figures in *Social Trends*, then, depict how relative material success has been the handmaiden to political failure. Maybe many more people should have had it better; nevertheless when Mrs Thatcher won her victory this June, the fact is that most people had never had it so good.

From now on, however, the prospects are less rosy. Oil production is no longer rising to any significant extent. Unless there is another sharp increase in world oil prices – which at present seems unlikely – tax revenues have stopped growing too. By the end of the decade they may be declining. And short of a sharp change in government policy that will mean a deterioration in public services and a haemorrhage in jobs.

It would have been useful had last week's meeting of the National Economic Development Council addressed this point as part of its discussion under the general heading *Where will the new jobs be?* Both the papers submitted by the Treasury and the TUC treated the question largely as one of handling technological change. There is another complementary and equally important issue. It is how to erase the obscenity of a still-affluent society where people without work are required to remain idle even though there are many jobs, especially public sector jobs, that need doing.

During this year's general election campaign Roy Hattersley was asked how he would bring unemployment down. He said: 'I would start by pointing the unemployed construction workers at people who need better homes, better schools and better hospitals'. It is more complex than that, of course; but unless we find some way of matching spare labour to unmet needs, I doubt whether the *Social Trends* for 1994 will paint as rosy a picture as the present edition. □

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DISARMAMENT

In the eye of the storm

For a year, the women camped at Greenham Common have been a focus of attention. Lynne Jones describes how it has changed those involved

'IN A WAY I suppose it's a compliment to us', Woo remarked. We were staring at the rolls of barbed wire lining the perimeter fence of the base and beyond them an inner wall of three rolls of wire. The searchlights placed at intervals had just come on and a Ministry of Defence policeman walked slowly towards us. 'Strange compliment,' I replied. And we turned away pulling branches out of soggy undergrowth for campfire fuel.

Life at Greenham is full of those nice ironies that make a journalist's trade easier. I can scramble from my 'bender' in the morning to gasp at the beauty of frost-caught bracken and birch, light glittering on grass, and a pied wagtail poised on a branch above my head, then turn and remember that the reason I am here is the ugliness behind me. I can reduce myself to a feeling of total impotence and rage, standing by the floodlit, wire-encased, silos late at night: yet at the same time, watching soldiers reprimanded for talking to us and eventually pulled right back, wonder what it is I have to say that is so powerful. And while swearing in short tempered exhaustion at the mud and the rain and the impossibility of finding a clean cup when I brush my teeth in the morning. I never cease to be amazed at the burst of creativity: of poems, pictures, songs and humour that all this seems to produce.

The greatest paradox of all, of course, is that while the press keeps asking us 'Why, now that you've failed, don't you all pack up and go home' more and more women keep arriving and the camp becomes more entrenched. The various components have gained a style and identity that only comes with habit and use: Bender City – the oldest benders built on Ministry of Transport land by injunctioned women; the clearing fire, a suburban sprawl of tents and newer benders put up by women coming down after the October action. There are now six camps, each at a different gate. Women who camped here in the first months are coming back and others who like myself previously only stayed one or two days a week, stay permanently. 'There is a feeling that now you have to be here', Lesley said, one of the early campers.

The vigilantes, however, have quietened down; they have burned no benders, and thrown no shit for at least a month. And it is some time since I have been woken by male voices muttering 'fucking cunts', 'dirty lesbians', as heavy feet tramped outside. The presence of increasing numbers of women and bright lights seems to have frightened them away, while those in Newbury who do support us have made themselves more visible, appearing daily with a banner to stand across the road from the main gate.

THESE physical changes are important, reflecting an increasingly besieged and defensive attitude on the part of those who support cruise missiles. But there are other aspects of the camp that far from changing have only become more pronounced.

The most obvious of these is the continuing commitment to women-only space and women-only actions. The detailed reasons for this vary, as does, after two years, the patience with which they are expressed. But the consensus remains the same: women-only actions and a women-only space, far from dividing the movement, appear to enable thousands of women to take action who would never have thought of doing so before; moreover, the kind of action that emerges appears to be totally different from what comes out of mixed groups.

There is no doubt that weaving gates shut with wool, climbing into the base in teddy-bear suits, dancing on silos, lighting candles, keening, to name but a few, could all be condemned as 'ludicrous nonsense', as a smartly dressed public school boy told me at a talk at his school. They appear, however, to have been effective in a way that 500,000 gathered in Hyde Park have not. Dressing as witches added a dimension to the so-called 'real' act of cutting down fences that completely changed its nature, making it not just a challenge to cruise but to the whole set of assumptions on which nuclear defence rests: that power is a justifiable end in itself and that hierarchies based on violence and coercion are suitable forms of social organisation.

The fact that there are now women's peace camps as far apart as Pine Gap, Australia, and Seneca Falls in New York State and that Greenham has inspired women to direct action all over the world would seem to vindicate this argument. The actual arrival of cruise missiles is seen not as a sign of ineffectiveness, but as a clear signal that even more of the same is obviously needed; which is why statements from parts of the peace movement that 'now is the time to change to mixed action' are reviewed with some amazement. 'What do they think we've been doing for two years, if now that it's suddenly got tough we're going to turn round and ask the men in to help!', one woman exclaimed.

HOW, IN FACT we do work – even after two years of doing it – I still find difficult to describe. It is easier to say what it is not, as Ceri did under cross-examination during the trial for dancing on the silos in February of this year.

'Who planned the action?' Christopher Fry asked for the prosecution.

'It was noboy's idea, we all meet together, a suggestion comes up and it evolves', Ceri replied.

'Then who suggested it?' he persisted.

'I don't remember.'

December 1982: getting to know each other in the early days

All photos: Paula Allen

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'Who was involved?'
'All of us.'
'All 44?'
'No, more; 1000s are involved, we come from all over the world.' Ceri was not being deliberately obtuse, simply truthful.

In spite of attempts by the media and the authorities to create them, there never have been any leaders. Women clearly identified by the press as spokeswomen have no more impact on decision making than women who may have arrived ten minutes ago. And while this may mean that a decision made one week is changed the next, causing endless frustration for more organised movements who want to 'deal with the same person' to 'plan ahead', it has been the camp's main protection. Newbury District Council found to its cost that injunctions and evictions far from removing the 'hard core' just increased its size.

Now the term 'Greenham Woman' has grown to embrace not just camp women, but any woman who chooses to take non-violent direct action for peace. A loose network of women now spreads around the country, seen most vividly in action on 24 May and

. . . poems, pictures, songs and humour . . .

again on 9 November, in setting up a hundred and two peace camps. Communications are by word of mouth, phone; messages are at best haphazard. There is no membership, no regular newsletter, conflicting information is often given out about the same event and yet somehow it continues to grow, actions continue to surprise the authorities and the women within it become increasingly determined to confront the government on their own terms.

So far the authorities have refrained from using the heavy penalties used 20 years ago against the Committee of 100. It is unlikely that, if they did, they would at this stage have the necessary deterrent effect. Increasingly arbitrary and discriminatory treatment by the magistrates courts – as in the case of Sarah Hipperson being remanded in custody for challenging the magistrates' bias and three women being imprisoned for two weeks for contempt – has not deterred women from getting arrested. It has simply led us to an increasing sophistication in dealing with the courts.

AS TO THE future – sometimes the sensation of living in the eye of a storm makes it hard to see clearly where one is going.

May 1983: planting a Greenham garden

Events whirl round you, caught briefly in newspaper headlines, then are whipped out of sight before you can catch your breath and the only calm place seems the spot where you are standing. Greenham in some ways is an easier place to be than anywhere else, in that at least you are right up against it.

That is not to say that on occasion one doesn't feel like a gladiator in a ring. Never more was this so than on 14 November when TV crews descended on us, radios were thrust in our faces and our reaction to Heseltine's announcement filmed as we listened. None of us has any desire to be that 'brave lunatic woman who gets herself shot' as James Cameron suggests. On the contrary many of us who, like Paula, arrived because of that announcement are here because we want to 'live to have grandchildren'.

What I have done in a confusing and often depressing year is managed to clarify one thing for myself. That the slogan 'means determine the ends' is not just rhetoric. I no longer believe cruise can be stopped by simply a massive physical presence in one place, even a non-violent one. That way lies endless confrontation. The importance of Greenham for me is in showing that it's going to take a sea change in people's consciousness to turn opinion polls into effective action. Actions that don't simply block the launchers, which we certainly intend to do, but challenge the whole edifice of militarism. Action that comes from taking personal responsibility, being flexible, creative, spontaneous and able to trust.

We harp on about these alternative ways of working not simply because they have enabled us to continue or because we have lost sight of the main issue – cruise – but because these alternatives seem very much to the point in challenging missiles that depend on a rigid and destructive way of life. Diane, another plaintiff in the silo trial in February, was also extensively questioned by the prosecution:

'Did you go into the base by accident or desire?'

'It was by desire – to celebrate life.'

'How often do you intend to go to Greenham Common?'

'Until the government takes us seriously.'

'Do you expect it to take you seriously?'

'I do. I represent half the world's population.' □

Lynne Jones communicating across the wire

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EQUAL PAY

Snakes and ladders

The government is doing its utmost to prevent women from earning a fair wage. Marion Bowman reports

JULIE HAYWOOD has what many of her fellow Scousers would give their back teeth for – a job. But Julie is far from happy. She earns a basic of about £88 a week, working in the canteen at Cammell Laird shipyward in Birkenhead. She is on a labourer's rate and Julie does not think she is a labourer. She is a qualified chef and, although Cammell Laird calls her a 'canteen assistant', Julie believes that she is doing a skilled job. She also believes that she should be getting the rate for a skilled job – about £30 a week more than she gets now.

Julie's union, the General and Municipal, has lodged her claim to have her work compared with the work of such skilled tradesmen as her colleague Paul Brady, a painter. When the Liverpool Industrial Tribunal hears her case, she will be among the first women to test a new right, granted to British workers by the European Court of Justice, to equal pay for work of equal value – a right that it is claimed will be enshrined in law by amendments to the Equal Pay Act due to come into force on 1 January.

It is ironic that a Conservative British government, with a low wage policy, has, as a result of its membership of the European Community, been forced to extend women's rights to equal pay. The European Court of Justice ordered Britain to amend the Equal Pay Act in July last year, after the European Commission had sued the government. Although the deadline has been met, the government (heavily lobbied by the CBI) has not only been grudging in its response, but its amendments have been bungled to the extent (according to one senior barrister) that they may result in Britain being taken straight back to the European Court.

The principle of equal pay for work of equal value could make a huge difference to women's earnings. It was a principle that was deliberately rejected by the then Labour government when the Equal Pay Bill was going through Parliament in 1970. Within a year of the Act coming into force, in 1975, it had fulfilled most of its usefulness, both to individual claimants and to groups of women affected by collective bargaining agreements. The narrow comparisons it did allow – the same work, like work, or broadly similar (but not equal value) work – meant that millions of women in segregated jobs, where there were no men with whom they could compare themselves, were unaffected by the legislation. Last year, only 39 claims for equal pay were made to Industrial Tribunals in the whole of the country; only 13 cases were actually heard; only two were successful.

A report from one of the Department of Employment's research teams two years ago gives further explanations for the limited impact of the Equal Pay Act. The team surveyed 26 organisations to see how the Act had been implemented by employers. In over half, the employer had taken action to do the bare minimum to comply. 'Such actions,' said the report, 'included the introduction or restructuring of grading systems such that women ended up on lower rates or grades regardless of their skill level; increased job segregation to prevent equal pay comparisons and the comparative undergrading of women in job evaluation exercises.'

The result was that women were paid significantly less than men. And that is still the case. The most recent *New Earnings Survey* from the Department of Employment shows that women's average gross hourly earnings are still, at 74.2 per cent, less than three-quarters those of men. There have been small fluctuations in this figure since 1976, but, on average, women are no better off now (in relation to men) than they were 12 months after the legislation came into force.

JO RICHARDSON, Labour's new spokeswoman on women's rights, says that it is not women's work in low paid 'ghettoes' which is the problem so much as the value put on it. The work tends to follow the pattern of women's responsibilities at home – itself work which is grossly undervalued. 'They are the caring jobs, the cooking and cleaning jobs, the jobs in service industries. Women tend to be in jobs which are regarded as suitable for women and they get far less money than men for doing what I consider to be a job which is equally valuable to society as the work men do,' she said.

One of the most significant implications of the new 'equal value' comparison is that it raises the status of women's work, giving greater recognition to the particular skills and value of the work done by women. If honestly implemented, it would mean that the work of a woman on a supermarket check-out would be of equal value to the man filling the shelves; that the work of a woman machinist in a clothing factory would be of equal value to a male cutter in the same firm; that Julie Haywood's work in the canteen would be of equal value to the skilled tradesmen out in the shipyard, and that Julie could keep on doing what she likes and is good at: cooking. She would not have to become a painter to get a better wage.

Since the government published its half-hearted proposals for amendments to give effect to the European Court ruling last November, there have been objections from organisations as disparate as the National Union of Townswomen's Guilds, the TUC, the Women's Gas Federation, the National Council for Civil Liberties, the Soroptimists and the government's own enforcement agency – the Equal Opportunities Commission (EOC), with its new Conservative chairwoman, Baroness Platt.

The EOC's Deputy Chief Executive, Dipak Nandy, wrote to the Department of Employment cataloguing the 'danger areas'. Meetings were held with the then Secretary of State, Norman Tebbit, but, substantially unaltered, the draft proceeded to the Commons on 20 July, presented to the House by Junior Minister Alan Clark in a manner described by *Sunday Times* Political Editor Hugo Young as 'arrogant, facetious and brimming with self-amusement'. Labour's spokesman, Barry Jones, described it as a sell-out to employers' interests. 'The statutory instrument is a legal gobbledegook,' he said. 'It is an algebraic mystery – a small print bonanza for specialists. It is a daunting obtuse maze of a measure and truly a stumbling block to a female complainant and her advisers.'

Clark's speech ended: 'Our aim has been to implement the European Court judgement sensibly and quickly having regard to the need to comply with European law and at the same time safeguard employers' interests against having to give equal pay where there is no sex discrimination.'

LAWYERS CLAIM that the government is not even meeting its own criterion of compliance with the rule of law, irrespective of its concern for safeguarding employers and its apparent indifference to women. Justice, the British Section of the International Commission of Jurists, says that the equal value regulations infringe civil rights, a view endorsed by Anthony Lester QC.

'As someone who believes in the rule of law I find these procedures offensive,' he said. 'And speaking as a feminist I think these proposals do not give proper effect to the principle of equal pay for work of equal

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value. I have never seen more complicated, grotesquely complicated provisions. They are a kind of game of snakes and ladders with a lot of powerful snakes and some pathetic ladders. The whole game is weighted against women and in favour of the employer.'

There are two major provisions causing such outspoken concern. First, the industrial tribunal to which an equal value claim is made will have to appoint an 'expert' to assess the comparison – but only after the woman has satisfied the tribunal that she has a strong case already. Then, when the expert reports, neither the woman nor, indeed, her employer will be allowed to be present to give their own evidence of fact – or to verify the accuracy of what the 'expert' is saying on their behalf. As to who the experts will be, even ACAS has no idea. Union officials fear that they are likely to be the same management consultants who were the architects of the job evaluation schemes which under-valued women's work in the first place.

The second point is that the employer will have a new defence – market value. 'What we have in mind,' said Alan Clark in the Commons, 'are circumstances where the difference in pay is not due to personal factors between the man and the woman but rather to skill shortages or other market forces.'

Tess Gill, legal officer at the GMBATU, is particularly worried about the implications of this. 'It is an entirely new defence which is not allowed under the original Act. But if it goes through the government could incorporate it into the Act itself by a piece of "tidying up" legislation in the future. It would completely wreck the Equal Pay Act.'

The possibility that Britain might continue to break European law with these beleaguered regulations was raised by Lester in a speech at the Institute of Personnel Management Conference in Harrogate on 22 October. The proposals, he said then, 'will be in breach of Community law and they will be contrary to the fundamental principles of British justice.'

Although the government, by dint of its massive majority, managed to get its unpopular proposals through the Commons in July, by the time of Lester's speech in October, it was beginning to show signs of faintheartedness. It was clear that the critics might be right. And, in the Lords, where secondary legislation of this type is normally passed on the nod, the Liberals were demanding a debate – a further potentially embarrassing hurdle. The first date, fixed for a few days after the Commons vote, was postponed until 27 October, then postponed again.

The Department of Employment explained the delay as 'pressure of business' in the Lords. But John Biffen gave the real reason in a parliamentary answer: they were getting worried at the insistence of their critics that Britain might find itself once more hauled before the European Court.

The Lords debate finally took place on Monday, 5 December. Although the legislation went through, an amendment was passed, by a majority of four, to the effect that the House did not believe that the Act reflected the wishes of the European Court. (Baroness Platt, incidentally, abstained – presumably torn between party and EOC loyalties.)

Now, it is up to the European Court and women like Julie Haywood to make what they can of the confusion. □

POLITICS

Mersey Militants

Bob Dent examines a controversial local council

'WE ARE PROBABLY going to be the first council off the starting blocks in terms of a confrontation with the government.' It is almost with relish that Councillor Derek Hatton, Deputy Leader of Liverpool Labour Group and prominent supporter of Militant Tendency, contemplates the prospect of a clash with the government over local authority finances.

But then, confrontation, or agitating for it, is a hallmark of Militant's style. The point now is that Militant has the opportunity of putting into practice some of its agitational ideas. Last May, the Liverpool Labour Party won overall control of the City Council for the first time in over ten years. The Party in Liverpool is dominated by Militant. Consequently, Liverpool has the first and only local council more or less under Militant Tendency's control.

This has resulted in some remarkable and intriguing circumstances. Local politics has come alive. 'There is a feeling of hope,' says Derek Hatton. But, for some, hope has turned to despair. More people have attended public meetings, or demonstrated against the council, than has been the case for a long time.

Militant's style sets Liverpool apart from other, more well-known left-wing councils such as Islington and Sheffield. There is hardly a trace of the imaginative (some would say trendy) politics of nuclear-free zoning, or extensive support for feminist campaigns.

The new council has taken a traditional centralist approach. Council housing is 'in', everything else is 'out'. The latter included housing cooperatives, which have sprung up in Liverpool over the past decade partly in response to the lack of council house building by the Liberals, but also because of general dissatisfaction with the quality of council housing (one third of which is classified 'hard to let') and the bureaucratic way in which it is managed.

Because they were autonomous from the local authority, co-ops were regarded with disfavour by the new council. Promised grants, if announced, would not be forth-

Pinstripe Medici?

Business dress may have changed somewhat since the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent. But the need for commercial sponsorship of the arts is as vital today in twentieth century Britain as it was during the Florentine Renaissance.

According to the Association for Business Sponsorship of the Arts, British industry is now spending about £13 million a year to foster music, drama, literature, opera and the visual arts.

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Mobil

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coming. This led to an outburst of discontent from the 31 registered co-ops in the city – almost all of which are situated in inner-city working class districts. The Labour Party was damaged in the eyes of many of its 'natural' supporters and the membership itself was split. The 'Militants' denounced the protesters and carried the day, but an anonymous pamphlet, circulating among Party branches, castigates the leadership for its 'failure to acknowledge the frustration and bitterness felt by many people in slum clearance or tenements'.

In education, the new schools reorganisation plan has produced even more widespread opposition, though the party itself is not divided on this issue. Briefly, the plan involves closing all schools, reducing the number from 27 to 17 and reopening them as area comprehensives with little parental choice and on a strictly single-sex basis. Many agree that reorganisation has been long overdue but the method and speed of the proposals has caused a great deal of anger (the plan is due to be operational next September). A new city-wide campaigning group has emerged to oppose the plan and Militant has been taken aback by the upsurge of working-class protest.

THE TRAGEDY for Labour in Liverpool is that its positive policies on education, house-building, job-creation and extension of services seem to get muddled by a lack of finesse. The very first thing the new council did was to abolish the office of mayor – a plan not specified in the manifesto. An avoidable public outcry followed and many canvassers in the general election reported that this issue was repeatedly brought up on the doorstep. Similarly, ham-fisted attempts were made to close down one of 'Mother Teresa's' hostels. It wasn't until Mother Teresa herself flew into Liverpool that the problem was patched up. A minor matter, perhaps, but one not likely to endear the council to the many Catholics in Liverpool.

More serious, and causing divisions within the local party, is the re-emergence of Chicago-style 'boss politics'. Derek Hatton, the leading Militant spokesperson and the 'uncrowned King of the council' is Deputy Leader, Chair of the Personnel Committee, Deputy Chair of Policy & Finance Committee and Chair of Race Relations Committee (the height of irony given his former opposition to positive action for blacks). His sidekick, Tony Byrne (they are often referred to as the 'two Ayatollahs') is not known as a Militant supporter, but is as close to one as can be. Byrne is Deputy Chair of Social Services Committee and Chair of the Performance Review Sub-Committee.

Various appointments of personnel have also aroused suspicion. The council dreamt up the job of personal assistant to the Labour Leader and gave it to Lynne Calder, a former election agent of Hatton. It didn't look too good, either, when a neighbour of Hatton's was appointed to the £13,000-a-year job of security chief for the city.

More insidious is the way that Hatton likes to present himself as the council's chief spokesman. The actual Labour Leader, John Hamilton, is a non-Militant left-winger of the old school. Despised by Militant, he is also outside the younger 'new-left' set. His public pronouncements give support to the 'official' line but privately he is known to be very critical. Moves are afoot to give him more public prominence which might act as a counter to Hatton's abrasive style.

The Militant style of politics has deep roots in Liverpool, which is not traditionally a 'Labour' city. The Labour Party, always relatively small, has been prey to constant factionalism. When Labour eventually came to power in the '50s it was dominated by a right-wing clique around Bessie and Jack Braddock. *Their* style of 'boss politics' dominated the city for years, eventually making it moribund in the '60s. Barry Hindess' *Decline of Working Class Politics* was, after all, based on Liverpool. In the '70s, Militant, whose origins and home had always been Liverpool, started to gain inroads by its resolute approach to working within the party. In effect, there was no opposition.

TODAY, ITS STRONGHOLD is the District Labour Party (DLP), the only city-wide organisation, where approximately two-thirds are Militant or close sympathisers. Opposition consists of a rump of the old-guard right-wing and a new left-wing: the product, as elsewhere, of late '60s and '70s radicalisation. The latter is organised in the Labour Coordinating Committee (LCC) and is the only organised opposition within the party. Its influence is strictly curtailed, however, as Militant and friends always vote in a block at the DLP. One issue of particular significance is the selection of candidates.

Vicky Roberts is a long-standing, non-Militant party member. She was selected by Arundel ward to be its candidate for the local elections. In an unprecedented move, the DLP executive refused to ratify her selection. The matter went to the Regional Labour Party, then back the DLP, who again rejected her. Councillor Bob Quick resigned from the executive and spoke out in a full DLP meeting, asking rhetorically: 'When is a witch-hunt not a witch-hunt?' The matter went back on appeal to the regional level. At its meeting on 16 November, no serious objections were raised and Vicky Roberts finds herself at last accepted.

Similarly, Paul Thompson, an LCC activist in the Dingle ward, was shortlisted and invited to attend a selection meeting for Granby ward, a safe Labour area. The DLP went so far as to send Granby a letter instructing them not even to interview Thompson. This particular issue has now died down – Paul Thompson has been selected as candidate for neighbouring Church ward and the DLP has no objections. Church ward is regarded as an unwinnable seat.

It is unlikely, however, that such internal wranglings will produce any major divisions in the party in the near future. The main problem for the party is lack of public support – only just over 20 per cent of the electorate voted Labour.

The council's policy of no cuts/no redundancies/no rate increases is being pursued steadfastly – although it has been slightly amended to read 'no rate rises to compensate for government cuts' whatever that may mean.

The council seems set on a collision course, budgeting for what most guess will be a deficit of £30m. Added to this could be a £40m government penalty for 'overspending'. Bankruptcy is almost inevitable. The government may decide to intervene beforehand, dissolve the council and install commissioners. Alternatively, it may prefer the courts to impose cuts or rate rises.

Alternatively, it may do nothing. The council might then have problems raising further loans, while its 30,000 employees could find one week that their wage packets were empty. Even in that case, Derek Hatton's expectations are extremely optimistic. 'If that did happen I think the unions would not see it as something the city council had done but as something the government had done . . .I think, at that stage . . . you would be looking towards almost a sort of regional general strike.' But would we? The Joint Shop Stewards Committee, a coordinating body for all the unions of council employees, and therefore a key element in such a scenario, has not yet even adopted a formal position *vis-à-vis* the looming confrontation. Union members with empty paypackets are not going to be the easiest rank-and-file to mobilise.

For Militant, it would be preferable if the government tried an early intervention before a financial crisis arrived. Then the council would be able to mobilise from a position of strength, arguing against 'Tory government interference' and in favour of local democracy. At best, it might hope to shift the government a little. At worst, it could go down fighting. □

THIS ENGLAND

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□ Paul Roots, Ford's industrial relations director, said: 'It is a perfectly legitimate capitalist aim to want to weaken the unions by law and there is nothing wrong in admitting it. What I object to is the hypocrisy of people who claim they want the laws brought in to protect the freedom of the individual.' – *Daily Mirror* (Gary Griffiths)

□ Ten morning suits were hired for Thames Valley policemen attending the Royal Ascot race meeting, the Police Authority heard on Friday. Hiring the clothes cost a total of £237 which was paid for out of authority funds. Authority chairman Mr Ronald Clibbon told the meeting at Kidlington that police officers on security duty in the Royal Enclosure were required to wear morning dress. – *Windsor and Slough Express* (Neil Harris)

□ A pub which boasted of being the grottiest in town has doubled its trade. The White Horse in Royal Tunbridge Wells, advertised its 'faded wallpaper, tattered curtains and ugly barmaid' to get customers in before it is refurbished for the first time in 20 years. Landlady Annie Dale said: 'Our sandwiches match the curled up line, but pubs like this are part of the community.' One regular said: 'It was an awful pub 40 years ago and it still is.' – *Daily Mirror* (Huw Richards)

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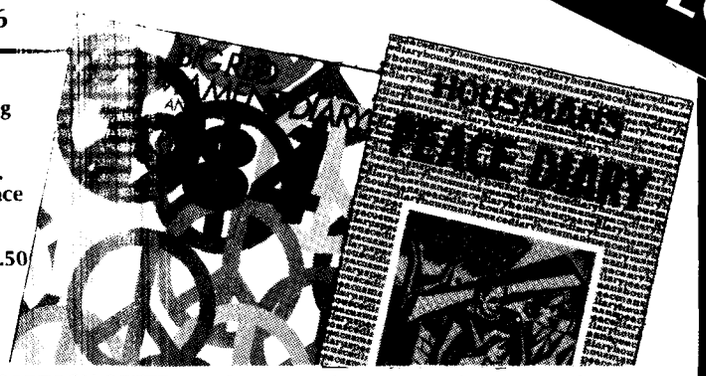

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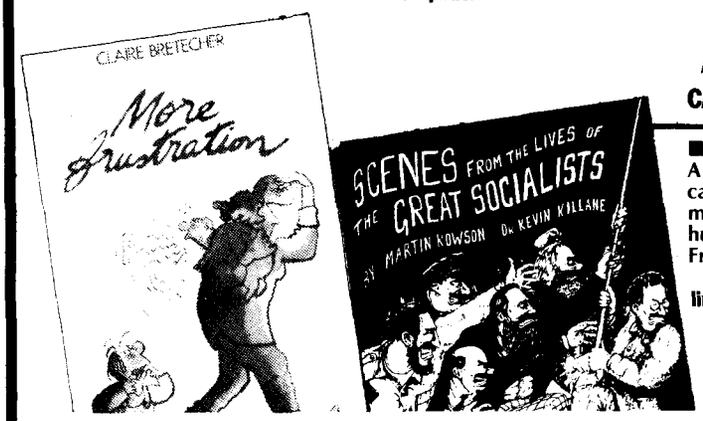

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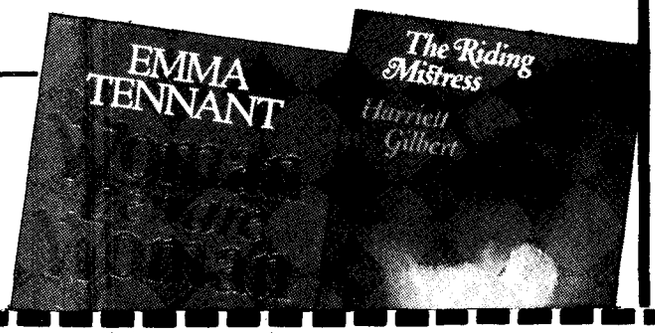

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DIARY

A seasonal extract from 'The Secret Diary of Margaret Hilda Roberts, aged 14¼', as edited by Sue Townsend

21 December: The Methodist Youth Club Nativity play was an absolute shambles. Prior and his bully boys Gilmour and Pym were disastrous as the Three Wise Men. They insisted in ad-libbing all through the performance in spite of my strict orders to keep to the script. They quite spoiled my concentration as the Virgin Mary.

John Seldom-Gumboil has proved to be a highly unsuitable Joseph – far too young, in spite of a horsehair beard, and with an extremely irritating, squeaky voice. He will be demoted to a shepherd next year. Surprisingly, the Arkwright children were quite good as this year's shepherds – a pity they are to lose their adenoids in the cottage hospital next year. They are rather good at 'open mouthed wonder'.

Gormless Howe the village idiot missed all his cues and wandered about the stage bleating, 'Somebody tell me where the centre stage is.' I kept hissing, 'Go to the right and you can't go wrong', but Prior, Pym and Gilmour thought it amusing to whisper, 'Go to the left', so Howe circled around on all fours in his sheep costume. He looked quite ludicrous as he had forgotten to take his glasses off.

Michael Justintime was a rather histrionic Inn Keeper. Joseph's enquiry: 'Is there any room at the Inn my Good Man? We come in peace', was met by a tirade of abuse, accusing Mary and Joseph of being fellow travellers and insisting on checking our credentials.

The audience became rather restive towards the end of our performance, so I signalled to Ted Teeth, the pianist, to begin the Carols, but the blaggard completely ignored me and left me to improvise a Virgin Mary speech about the importance of purity before marriage. That is the last time I Write, Produce, Direct and Star in anything in Grantham again. I need a more sophisticated audience for my talents.

○

22 December, midnight: Mother has just appeared in my bedroom covered in feathers and crying. I asked her what was wrong. She said, 'I'm plucking sick of plucking turkeys and I'm plucked if I'll pluck another. It's time your plucking father did his plucking share, how would he like to stand staring at Parson's noses all plucking day?' Mother was clearly unwell, so I woke Father. He has taken her off turkey plucking and put her onto mincepie making. Her target is 350 by morning.

23 December: Up at 4 am. Broke the ice in my washbasin and washed my face in the shards – breathed heavily on the flannel (thus thawing it out) and had a tingly all-over wash. I felt marvellous. Ready for what was to prove a most exacting day (for my duties were multifarious) of shop work.

Ronald Wrinkle called round to the shop and asked my father if he would like to join the peasant shoot on Christmas Eve. Father said: 'Surely you mean *pheasant* shoot?' Wrinkle snarled, 'I know the Goddamn difference, Roberts. I've had inside information that them there Arkwrights aim to help theyselves to my holly and mistletoe, so me and Constable Perkins is getting up a posse.' Father declined the invitation by saying that Christmas Eve was his busiest time of the year.

○

24 December (Christmas Eve): 5 am. Two inches of beastly snow fell last night. This is rotten luck as it is bad for trade. Constable Perkins delivered 30 young spruce trees to us at 6 am. Father and he are dividing the profit between them. Father asked Constable Perkins where he had obtained the trees from. Constable Perkins slipped a Plum Pudding into his helmet and replied, 'They're from my back garden Alf.' At 7.30 am the shop looked absolutely magical. It was stuffed full of Christmas food and accessories. Everywhere one looked one saw profit. One could simply *smell* the stuff.

But of course profit isn't everything (we also have our Christian duty) and Father instructed the family and the staff to place

unsaleable articles, Broken Baubles, squashed tangerines, mouldy Brazil nuts, etc, in special boxes under the counter marked 'For the Poor'. We warmly applauded Father's generosity, then set to work. Twelve hours later Father wearily served the last customer – Mrs Arkwright buying half a dozen eggs 'for us Christmas Dinner'. Because it was Christmas, Father gave her a Chocolate Smoking Set to be shared by her children. He said he would put it on next week's bill.

The Midnight Carol Service was quite spoiled by the theatrical touch of having a live donkey in the manger. It struck a common note and its braying confused the choir.

○

25 December (Christmas Day): I rose at the late hour of seven o'clock and with a beating heart examined my stocking: a new Geometry set and a book of Mathematical Equations that I had set my heart on! A few frivolous nothings were stuffed into the toe: handkerchiefs, lavender bags, bookmarks and so on, but I didn't bother to examine them properly because I couldn't wait to start on the equations. As I worked, cries of excitement came from my parents' bedroom; Mother was obviously being given what she'd waited all year for: a stainless steel tea strainer.

After a late breakfast (Mother *very* proud of her tea strainer) Father and I visited the poor. The Arkwright children were frolicking in the snow as we arrived, but they eagerly crowded around as we presented Mrs Arkwright with her Charity box. We turned away quickly, not wanting to hear her thanks, only to be pelted with lethal snowballs containing squashed tangerines! It's time the poor were put back where they belong, in the damn workhouse!

○

26 December (Boxing Day): I will be glad when the shop is open again. Without work, our life is empty and nobody knows what to do or say. It almost makes one feel sorry for the unemployed. Almost, but not quite.

ROGER WODDIS

Lady on a couch

'Something very odd has come over the Prime Minister.' – Adam Raphael in the Observer on Mrs Thatcher. 'She has gone out of her mind.' – Rupert Murdoch

I need you, doctor, desperately,
I think I'm going round the bend,
I don't know what's come over me,
But no one seems to be my friend.
And those who used to bow the knee
Don't even bother to pretend.

I'm out of puff, I've lost my grip,
The old resolve is wearing thin.
They rose and said 'Your Ladyship'
And there was hush when I walked in,
But now they wait to see me slip
On yet one more banana skin.

I know I'm showing signs of stress
(I'm having trouble with my hair),
Please tell me why I'm in a mess
And why the cupboard looks so bare –
Could it just be I'm motiveless
And running out of ironware?

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A meeting of giants

Anthony Barnett assesses the chances of a rapprochement between China and the Soviet Union, after two decades of 'tumultuous and pathetic' quarrelling

PEKING'S PERSPECTIVES on Moscow may be undergoing a sea change. In this process, the possibility of a Chinese-Vietnamese accord is no longer inconceivable. A symbol of this possibility was China's invitation to Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach to attend its National Day celebrations at the UN this year – where, in front of the Pol Pot diplomats still officially endorsed by Margaret Thatcher, as by Jeanne Kirkpatrick, Thach was embraced by his hosts.

For connoisseurs of irony, an even grander move was Peking's July publication of the allegation that Hanoi had broken from the policy of Ho Chi Minh. 'Ho Chi Minh stood for unity with the Soviet Union and China,' the statement went, as if this was the posture the Chinese could now accuse Vietnam of having abandoned. It was, of course, precisely the attempt by Ho's successors to cling to his line of combining friendly relations with both Communist giants, that brought down Peking's wrath upon them after 1975. The phrase comes in a letter by a pro-Peking Vietnamese. China will now allow the idea to be entertained of a 'unity' between itself, Vietnam and the USSR.

What is going on? An immediate deal is unlikely; the context is best taken as the past 30 years, rather than the last four. But one fact is striking: every decisive change of leadership in Moscow or Peking has its associated change in Indochina. Stalin's death led to the 1954 Geneva Conference at which Vietnam was divided. A decade later, Kruschev's ouster has been described as Hanoi's 'biggest windfall since the Chinese Communists arrived on the border in 1949'.

The symbol of that critical moment was Kosygin's presence in Hanoi when President Johnson began to bomb North Vietnam. Another was Kosygin's Peking airport meeting with Mao on his way back from Hanoi, when the 'Great Helmsman' denounced Russian aid to North Vietnam as evidence of its 'super-power collusion' with the USA to encircle China.

This antagonism between the two huge Communist states played a still inadequately understood role in the duration of the Vietnam war. Neither desired the conflct, but both competed for influence over it, if only to ensure that the other did not gain the advantage. When – to their mutual astonishment – an American defeat became more certain, they intensified their efforts to dominate the smoking battleground of Indochina.

The duel between the USSR and China was embodied in the conflict between Pol Pot's 'Democratic Kampuchea' and a unified 'Socialist Republic of Vietnam' respectively, although neither of the latter were puppets. The first, a Maoist type autarkic regime, trumpeted its '100 per cent independence' and scorned international aid. By contrast, although no less concerned for 'independence', the Vietnamese followed Ho's line of trying to maximise the sources of aid and assistance, so as to be reliant on none. The instability of the former ambushed the latter.

In large part, this was due to China's massive leadership crisis after the death of Mao (see *NS* 23 February & 9 March 1979). Deng Xiaoping seems to have gained crucial Red Army support for his turn towards the United States, by outbidding his domestic rivals in their belligerency towards Hanoi, and forced it into reliance on Moscow. Unfortunately for him, the Chinese generals were unable to deliver the 'Indian style' invasion that he had promised, and that was supposed to demonstrate a masterful strategic superiority of the area. Instead, in heavy ground fighting on its northern border, Vietnam staved off the Chinese forces. By so doing it ensued its pre-eminent role in Cambodia.

NOW IT IS THE Soviet turn. When he succeeded Brezhnev a year ago, Andropov made an immediate exhibition of his desire for good relations with Peking. In the protocols of Brezhnev's funeral, China, the arch enemy of Vietnam and the warlike invader of its territory only three years before, was given priority as a socialist state.

The address that Andropov gave at Brezhnev's funeral was hardly an oration to the perspicacity of his recently departed comrade. In a key passage about international policy, Andropov pledged:

> We shall do *everything possible* to further increase cohesion of the great community of socialist states, the unity of the ranks of Communists of the whole world in the struggle for common aims and ideals. We shall *guard and develop* our solidarity and our co-operation with the countries that have gained freedom from colonial oppression, with the struggles of the peoples for national independence and social progress. We shall *always be loyal* to the cause of the struggle for peace, for the relaxation of international tension.

In the next paragraph, of what was a refreshingly brief valedictory, Andropov added:

> We are *always ready* for honest, equal and mutually beneficial co-operation with any state that is willing to co-operate *(my emphases)*.

The hierarchy of effort and interest so de-

THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN

"This is the story of a rape, of the events that led up to it and followed it...the affair ended with two nations locked in an imperial embrace of such long standing and subtlety it was no longer possible for them to know whether they hated or loved one another."

Paul Scott

Monday 9 January 1984

GRANADA TELEVISION

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liberately formulated in these remarks is fascinating. The reference to 'unity' was, in the first place, a claim on Poland. But another message seems to have been encoded in Andropov's address: should the Chinese want a close political alliance with the Soviet Union, they could upstage the Vietnamese. If they merely desire improved state-to-state relations, then Moscow will not grant major concessions in Indochina, not least because Hanoi's resistance would itself threaten the 'cohesion' of the pro-Soviet bloc.

For its part, Peking is showing interest in an intermediate relationship with the USSR – one stronger than an ordinary state diplomacy (perhaps through official Party recognition), yet not one that would threaten its links with Western companies. In effect, the Chinese want equality with the Soviet Union as a fellow 'socialist' state. What is there that prevents such a relationship?

Peking says that active Russian support for the Vietnamese in Cambodia is the chief of three factors that currently block any such an improvement. The other two are the Soviet forces stationed on the Chinese border and their presence in Afghanistan.

Why should the Chinese have placed this emphasis on Cambodia, the site of their greatest humiliation? The question seems especially pertinent when it is the only one of the three conditions that Moscow cannot meet directly. Put at its strongest, the Chinese are demanding that Moscow concedes to them a primary role in Indochina, because it is here, and only here, that China can hope to claim its own 'sphere of influence', an essential qualification for an aspirant 'great power'. The Russians have their zone in Eastern Europe; without an equivalent somewhere in Asia, how can the Chinese be their equal?

MOSCOW, HOWEVER, is not going to make such a concession. Quite apart from the fact that it has sought since 1964 to prevent China from excluding the USSR from the region, it has no need to give way. China is massive and proud, but it is also enfeebled by the very burden of its population. The first and major stumbling block to improved Sino-Soviet relations, on a basis of equality, is therefore the actual *inequality*: China's intractible, economic inferiority.

The second is to be found in the political structure of one-party, post-revolutionary states. Fred Halliday has aptly described the 'involution' of these regimes since the 1950s, with their sluggish growth, unimaginative leaderships and internal repression. In particular, they have been unable to relate to *each other* with any spirit of pluralism.

For two decades the Russian-Chinese quarrel, at once tumultuous and pathetic, has twisted world affairs and succoured revanchist tendencies within American politics. Neither the escalations of the Vietnam War in the 1960s, nor the launching of the new Cold War in the 1970s, would have occurred with such ferocity or damage had it not been for the Sino-Soviet dispute.

Have the governments learnt their lesson? Both Andropov and Deng were associated with the decisive breakdown in relations at the start of the '60s. Now, in Soviet sign-language, Andropov has appealed for a dramatic reconciliation. The Chinese reject his call for 'unity' in the ranks of communists. Such unity implies a leader and, having bid for that position themselves under Mao, the Chinese will not return to Soviet suzerainty. As Deng has put it: 'no party can act as a patriarchal party and issue orders to others'.

Hypocritical self-righteousness has long been the hallmark of Chinese policy statements, and these fine words are no exception, coming from a man who, only months before, had sent hundreds of thousands of troops to 'punish' Vietnam – his words – for failing to heed Chinese orders. What China demands for itself, it should logically extend to others.

But is it possible at all for neighbouring, *one-party* Communist states to have fraternal relations on a basis of equality? The post-revolutionary regimes articulate their often fragile and beseiged national independence in a language that makes 'Marxist', hence

universal, claims. When these clash, each threatens the other's legitimacy: why should it be forbidden for one's own citizens to take a different Marxist 'line', for example, if it is acceptable for foreigners to do so?*

Hence the probability that any advent of pluralism between existing Communist states is likely to be linked to a stepping up of controls at home. Perhaps the current Party purge and the wave of thousands of public executions currently underway in China are such a 'necessary' prelude – an internal tightening to allow for an external turn. So let us consider, despite the impediments, what grounds there might be for an agreement between Moscow and Peking.

THE IDEOLOGICAL basis for a rapprochement became a serious possibility with the introduction of martial law in Poland. The Reagan administration asked China to join in the general condemnation, and to categorise General Jaruzelski's coup as a Soviet-imposed, 'surrogate invasion'. The Chinese refused, and defined the Polish action as being within the sacred limits of a country's 'internal affairs'. Peking's response may eventually be seen as reversing its reaction to the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 – which it denounced, along with the associated annunciation of the Breshnev Doctrine of limited sovereignty within the Soviet bloc.

When Solidarity was formed in Poland, the Chinese were still flirting heavily with the Carter administration. So even if they had switched off Radio Moscow, at least they were reading *Fortune*. In its September 1980 issue, they would have seen a vivid account of 'What the Bankers did to Poland'. It described how a meeting of Western bankers in Warsaw helped to 'trigger the workers' revolt', by insisting upon an increase in domestic prices.

The Polish events came at a time when the Chinese themselves had begun to go into debt and were showing signs of being unable to digest the huge capital projects that Western companies were queuing up to sell to them . . . on credit. Thus, while the actual meditations of the Chinese leaders upon Polish events remain closed to us, their import is clear enough. Economically, they concluded that massive Western credits would not provide a quick and safe route to China's modernisation, but would risk the political security of the regime itself. Within limits, technical and financial help could be most valuable, beyond them it could be destabilising. Hence China's policy of clamping down on dissent – intellectual, industrial and economic – while retaining a controlled degree of imported Western technology.

The Vietnamese party viewed the rise of Solidarity in Poland with similar hostility and for similar reasons. Its leaders could not have failed to observe that the Chinese response was identical to their own, and China's new course is one that brings it into line with the Soviet model.

In particular, for Peking, the USSR is no longer 'revisionist' or 'social-imperialist', as they described it only a short time ago. Its 'hegemonism', therefore, does not have the same economic drive to dominate as does capitalist imperialism. Moscow may be nearer, but at most that makes the two great powers equal threats to Peking. Thus the supreme rationale for China's policy in Southeast Asia after 1972, namely that the USSR is the greatest enemy of all, has evaporated.

The shift in China's position creates some painful ideological conundrums for the Vietnamese Communists, whose leadership has declared, absurdly, that the People's Republic is no longer a socialist country. For the economic reforms underway in China and Vietnam have many features in common and have now been echoed by the new Soviet President. In each of the three most populous Communist states, an intense debate is underway over the legitimacy, and

An example: China's publication of Long Live Leninism *in April 1960, in which they rebutted Kruschev's post-Stalin policies. See the recently published second volume of Roderick MacFarquar's riveting study of the Cultural Revolution.*

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the necessary extent of, economic liberalisation. The coincidence testifies to their common social character as regimes. Not even Marxist states can avoid having their policies determined by economic factors. Their compatibility and need for each other will continue to impel them, however gradually, towards détente.

THE CENTRIPETAL forces drawing the neighbouring Communist regimes together should not be painted in rosy colours. The lines of military force cut across the picture in bold, dark strokes, and start with the Chinese failure in North Vietnam and the Vietnamese success in Cambodia. But, for all the setbacks that China may have experienced on the battlefield, in October last year it carried out its first successful firing of a submarine-launched missile capable of carrying a nuclear warhead. It thus gained a credible nuclear 'deterrent' – a delivery system capable of evading a first strike – and doubtless this makes its leaders feel better able to negotiate with the Soviet Union on a basis of equality.

Finally, there are geo-political factors outside the Communist states that make it rational for China to seek some common terms with the USSR: above all, American policy under Reagan, with his tilt towards Taiwan. The United States has proved unwilling to open up its domestic markets to goods from China on a decisive scale. Why should China pursue a one-sided policy any longer?

In Cambodia, for example, the West hopes to use China against China. Chinese weapons in the hands of the Pol Pot forces are supposed to bog down the Vietnamese in protracted warfare while a Chinese orchestrated embargo squeezes the Vietnamese economy to breaking point. Eventually, Hanoi, it is hoped, will relinquish Cambodia – not, however, into China's sphere of influence under Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, but rather into the direct orbit of the pro-Western ASEAN – the Association of Southeast Asian Nations. In short, by encouraging Peking's suspicion of a united, autonomous Vietnam, the West aims to exploit China and, at the same time, diminish Soviet influence. This is the thinking behind its UN endorsement of Pol Pot.

The approach dates back to President Nixon. But why should the Chinese continue to play the American game? Peking now has well established diplomatic and economic relations with the West; the US could hardly put these into reverse. The lure of an agreement over Taiwan may once have hypnotised the occupants of the Forbidden City into seeking a close alliance with Washington. Now, even they can see that it was a chimera.

Another of China's objectives in Cambodia is to lessen Soviet influence in Indochina. Peking can hardly be unaware of its failure in this respect. Soviet influence in Vietnam seems to have steadied. The USSR is constructing the crucial power stations. This year, the Hoa Binh hydroelectric project completed the first stage – the damming of the Black River – of what will be, when finished, the largest project of its kind in Southeast Asia. However unpopular they have proved to be with the Vietnamese (and the Vietnamese are notoriously unhelpful recipients) the Russians are learning and will stay.

China, by carefully publicising its renewal of interest in good relations with Moscow, may not only be testing the ground with the USSR. The threat of such a rapprochement is today a means of squeezing concessions from the US by demanding that it too court China. Hence President Reagan's forthcoming trip to China, scheduled for April 1984, that is supposed to echo Nixon's vote-winning encounter with Mao. Having been taken for a ride by America over the last decade, Peking may use Reagan's visit to secure its links with America so that it can all the better mend them with the Soviet Union.

BUT FOR THIS to happen there will need to be some resolution in Indochina. The Vietnamese claim that they have not been bogged down in Cambodia, and the new regime installed by Hanoi has the inestimable advantage of having overseen the expul-

sion of Pol Pot. It has reintroduced money, family life, the free market and religious worship into Cambodia – a hard programme to beat. Nonetheless, Hanoi is fearful of Chinese intentions, concerned about Soviet pressure and anxious for more time to consolidate in Cambodia itself. Interviewed in the Soviet press, Le Duc Tho referred to 'the blocking (at least until now) of the shady manoeuvres of Chinese expansionism and hegemonism'. The parenthesis is a fine dig in the direction of his interlocutor. In October, Andropov's protégé Geidar Aliyev went to Hanoi for talks with Pham Van Dong, and it was announced that the two sides had 'a thorough exchange of views on questions related to Southeast Asia'. The fact that they had to be 'exchanged' means that their views were not identical.

Hanoi wants to delay a settlement, it would prefer to reach agreement with Western-backed Southeast Asian countries prior to making an agreement with Peking. If Andropov is seriously disabled by illness, decisive negotiations with China will probably be postponed. On the other side, no settlement by China with the Vietnamese seems plausible while Deng Xiaoping remains the dominant influence in his country's affairs. By all accounts, any mention of the word 'Vietnam' is enough to make smoke come out of his ears, as if he was a Pentagon General. South of the border, mortified by China's betrayal, the ageing Hanoi leadership has anathematised Peking.

While they continue in this fashion, Reagan, despite his infantilism, will be encouraged to act as headmaster of the world, to the detriment of us all.

At the very least it would eliminate Pol Pot and end the fighting in Cambodia if the Vietnamese, the Chinese and the Russians were capable of getting round a table without seeking to gang up on one another. Yes, it is certainly improbable. Doubtless we will need to wait for the inevitable transitions, demanded by biology if nothing else, in the leaderships of the three countries. Yet it is a small step towards rationality if, today, it is no longer inconceivable that Vietnam and Cambodia, for so long the tragic focus of intractable wars, might become the keystone of an unheroic peace. Could it be that 1983 was a slightly better year than it seemed? □

FRANCE

Wicked baron

Anne Corbett on Mitterrand's bill to prevent press monopolies

Paris

IN THE TRADITION of the great press barons, Robert Hersant, chief victim of the anti-trust press bill published last month by the French government, makes for a good story himself.

He is the owner of *L'Aurore*, *Le Figaro* and *France Soir* (35 per cent of national circulation) and 15 provincial papers (14 per cent of the total), plus a string of glossy magazines and several printing works. He is also a hate figure for the Left, having launched a collaborationist weekly when he was 20; bought up much of his current empire by deviously hiding behind family and front men; and unpardonably teased some of François Mitterrand's associates into the same sort of practice, by suggesting that he might be selling *France Soir*. Having seen the Left take the bait, he went off on a yachting holiday, leaving the potential purchasers empty handed.

Under the terms of the bill, which goes to the National Assembly on 15 December, no one person or group would be able to own both a national and a provincial daily; nor own more than three national papers;

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nor exceed sales of 15 per cent of national daily sales; nor own provincial papers with more than 15 per cent of the provincial daily total.

In addition, the law would introduce a regulatory commission, modelled on the body which oversees French stock exchange dealings, to ensure that the source of all capital was unconcealed and that none of it (inconceivable in French eye) came from foreign sources. This measure was, incidentally, suggested in 1979 by an independent 'wise man' brought in by the former prime minister Raymond Barre, following public disquiet over one of Hersant's most contorted deals.

The bill also holds out a sop for journalists' morale, by giving legal recognition to editorial teams, who would thus have a say in any sale. How effective this would be in practice is another matter.

The law would mean that Hersant would have to choose his base. So, also, would the right-wing popular paper the *Parisien Libéré*, which controls three papers in and around Chartres. It would not affect the Catholic or the communist press (at first sight in a similar position), nor any of the great provincial press groups, which may well have an overwhelming local monopoly without reaching the 15 per cent of the total provincial sales. These include those belonging to Gaston Defferre, Minister of the Interior and Mayor of Marseilles.

Quite apart from the political gamesplaying, which keeps the saga on the French front pages, there is a classic dilemma about how press pluralism is best promoted. As the left-wing paper *Liberation* pointed out, what Hersant has done, as opposed to who he is, undoubtedly has its positive aspects. By standard business techniques of buying up titles to keep his printing presses running, he has achieved economies of scale which have kept apparently doomed titles going. And in the provincial press, as opposed to the national, he has no overt political line. Several have left-wing traditions.

The government has also failed to apply the logic which has given the French national press a dynamism we might envy. Quite simply, the French accept that pluralism cannot be left entirely to the mercies of the market – a lesson they learned painfully during the German occupation and after, when they had to reconstruct the newspaper industry out of the ashes of collaboration. This prompted measures which have been particularly helpful to small papers – including subsidies for newsprint and equipment, the opportunity to use a national distribution scheme and (a measure revived by Mitterrand) compensation to specifically small circulation papers for the lack of advertising revenue.

The proof of success: four national papers have been started in the last eight years and three, including *Liberation* and *Le Matin* on the Left, are now an integral part of the press scene, having provided, in the process, an intellectual and technological fillip. The failure to extend such a system fully to the provincial press handicaps the government in achieving its stated aim, it also makes the unscrambling of goodies and baddies a newspaper whodunnit.

As of this week, Hersant was still looking like a martyr; although colourful editorials in *Le Figaro* suggest that he might yet overplay his hand. However, last week's shock announcement that *Le Monde* is to get rid of 100 of its 1,350 strong payroll is a stark reminder that newspapers also have to survive as businesses.

Paradoxically, the French system of grants to newspapers may have contributed to this crisis. For the new newspapers like *Liberation* have production costs that are one tenth the level of *Le Monde*, which has been cushioned from economic reality. □

GERMANY

A new ice age

Tony Paterson reports on post-missile tension

Berlin

A TEN-FOOT high poster of a snarling Ronald Reagan dressed as a cowboy and brandishing a six-gun is plastered on a wall in East Berlin's main Alexanderplatz underground station above the words, 'play me the song of death – daily'.

The poster is part of a special 'political' exhibition on the station's hoardings that in the West would be taken up by vodka and cigarette advertisements. In East Berlin they are covered with placards displaying American nuclear warheads wrapped in dollar bills and carrying rhetorical slogans such as 'do you think the Russians want war?'

With the arrival of the first components of the 108 US Pershing-2 missiles in neighbouring West Germany, East Germany – one of the Soviet Union's most faithful Warsaw Pact allies – is leaving no doubt as to who is the guilty party so far as Euromissiles are concerned.

But now East Germany, along with Czechoslovakia, is faced with the problem of having to accept new 'operational-tactical' Soviet missiles to counter the recent American deployment.

For at least three years the East German Socialist Unity Party (SED) has kept up a steady anti-NATO, anti-missile propaganda campaign under the slogan 'peace must be defended, peace must be armed'. It condemns NATO deployment outright, but vigorously supports the need for a Soviet nuclear arsenal and for compulsory military service at home in the National People's Army.

Even the current 500th anniversary year celebrating the birth of Protestant reformer Martin Luther has been suitably adapted to the party's anti-missile campaign. Luther is not only embraced by the party as the early instigator of worker-peasant revolution, but in the words of deputy Council of State chairman Gerald Götting in a recent speech celebrating the Luther anniversary, the Protestant reformer was decidedly pro-nuclear weapons: 'According to Luther our efforts for peace should be served by the sword – for armed defence readiness'.

Similarly, members of the small Protestant church-backed peace movement who dare to criticize the Soviet as well as the NATO nuclear deterrent continue to face harassment. Last month police rounded up hundreds of peace movement activists for questioning all over East Germany after banning a demonstration by Protestants and members of the West German Green party, who had planned to deliver petitions calling for East-West disarmament to the Soviet and American embassies in East Berlin.

Soviet deployment in East Germany has prompted a wave of barely concealed condemnation from the Protestant church. A letter from a church leader published in the official party-controlled newspaper *Neues Deutschland* a fortnight ago complained that the Soviet missiles deployment would lead to 'fear of further worsening of the relations between the superpowers'. But this is likely to be one of the last officially permissible statements of opposition to the Soviet missiles before the state enforces a crackdown on its critics.

But deployment of the NATO missiles and the corresponding Soviet response worries not only the regime's critics. East German leader Erich Honecker stated this month that the arrival of the Soviet missiles was fully backed by the government and the East Germans themselves, but added surprisingly that the deployment was 'no cause for jubilation'.

This admission is most likely based on the assumption that Soviet deployment could seriously damage East Germany's economic relations with West Germany, on which it is financially dependent. The country's total debt to the West is estimated at around $11 billion. Even this year East Germany has secured a $370 million loan from West Germany. The loan was traded off against several cosmetic human rights gestures, including East Germany's announcement that it is dismantling some of the lethal automatic anti-personnel firing devices deployed along its mined and fenced border with West Germany. In addition members of West Germany's Green party have been allowed to visit East Germany, together with West German rock musicians.

Further West German credits were granted to East Germany before the missiles were deployed in the form of a $31 million loan for improving telephone and postal communications between the two countries. Although it is vigorously denied by West Germany, East German officials claim that Bonn was recently negotiating with East Germany to provide a further $370 million loan as a last-minute gesture before the missiles deployment. The East Germans claim that the loan was blocked after pressure by Reagan's Ambassador to Bonn, who they say strongly opposed the idea because the Soviets had given no ground at the Geneva talks. □

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SOUTH ATLANTIC

Hunting season

Claudia Wright reveals an Israeli-Argentine deal

Washington

ONE OF THE FIRST deals involving the transfer of US military equipment to Argentina after the US embargo was lifted last week will be anti-submarine warfare (ASW) aircraft designed to aid the Argentine navy in hunting British submarines in the South Atlantic. The main beneficiary, however, will not be the American company which originally built the aircraft, but Israel, which is renovating and upgrading it.

US sources have revealed to the *New Statesman* that Israel has acquired several second-hand Electra aircraft, manufactured originally by Lockheed, and is modifying them with ASW radar and electronics for Argentinian use. Lockheed officials say the now outmoded Electra was the airframe on which it based the design of Lockheed's current anti-submarine patrol aircraft, the P-3 Orion. The most advanced ASW aircraft in the US inventory at present is the P-3C and Lockheed says that it is modifying earlier Orion models for several countries to bring them up to the new standard. Lockheed also says that there has been no indication yet from Israel's defence ministry to suggest that Israel, which does not have fixed-wing ASW aircraft, wants to buy the P-3C.

Pentagon officials say that no ASW equipment has been approved for sale to Israel by the US since 1981. They acknowledge, however, that in recent months ASW talks between Israeli and American officers have taken place at Israel's request. At this point, the Pentagon says, these discussions have been limited to 'the general context of what the threat is' to Israel from Soviet or Arab submarine forces. US Navy officials familiar with the talks say that they have not yet reached the 'stage of specifying what types of equipment might be available if the US agrees on Israel's threat assessment'.

The response by US naval officers suggests they are suspicious the Israelis may be after American ASW technology less for their own security or strategic value than to enable Israel's defence firms to compete more effectively in the ASW export market. The fitting of American Electras for the Argentine navy may be an early move in this direction.

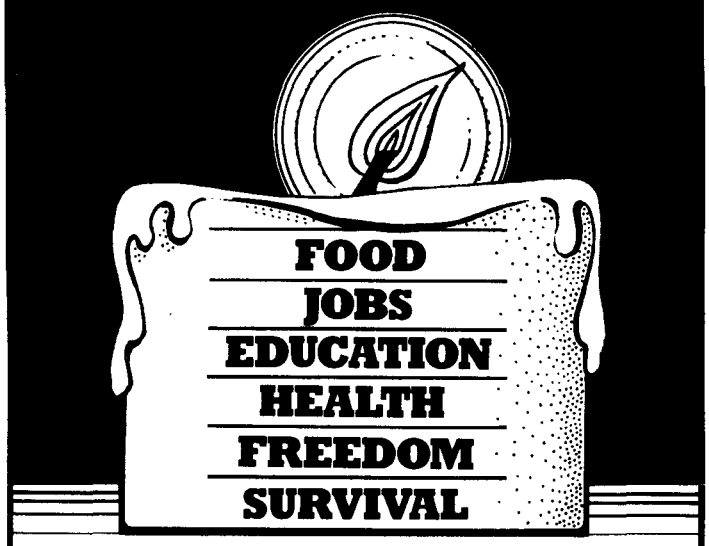
It is unclear exactly where the Israelis have obtained the radar and other equipment that they are now installing for the Argentines.

The State Department Office of Security Assistance and Sales, which monitors all transfers of US-made military goods to Israel under the foreign military sales system, has the legal power to review and, if it chooses, block re-export by Israel of US-made equipment. According to State Department officials, Israel has not so far sought permission for the re-export of any ASW equipment. Since the airframes being used were bought second-hand on the commercial market, their use as ASW platforms may evade the existing law. No one is certain exactly what ASW equipment the Israelis are fitting into the Argentine aircraft. It is possible that this may come from French and British sources, as well as American.

The information on this newest case of Israeli-Argentine military collaboration became available, coincidentally, on the day that the Reagan Administration announced that it was lifting the US arms embargo on Argentina. In his statement, the State Department spokesman, Alan Romberg, said: 'No arms transfers are contemplated that would increase the prospects of renewed conflict, either in the Falklands-Malvinas or in the Beagle areas'.

When the *NS* asked British naval officials based in Washington whether they were aware of any direct or indirect transfer of US-made ASW equipment to Argentina, the answer was no. Britain is apparently counting on the Reagan administration to stick to the promise the State Department made in public. □

When Christmas is over the problems won't be



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LETTERS

Health in a sick society

Dr John Morrissey, Health Working Party Convenor, Ecology Party

Your supplement on the NHS (*NS* 25 November) illustrates the alarming tendency of the conventional Left unerringly to grasp the wrong end of any stick with which it is presented. What is revealed is not only a naïve faith in the value of institutionalised health care, but also an unwillingness to confront the true dimensions of the health crisis.

The Opposition and yourselves claim that the NHS is starved of the investment and funds that it needs to do the job properly. This is true. The government contends that current spending on the NHS, in real terms, is greater than ever before. This is also true. Health Service spending is an all-devouring monster which no conventional politics can confine.

Most ill health is generated by a society which is fundamentally pathogenic, literally 'sickening'. If you say you are sickened by the arrival of cruise, you speak the truth more than you know. It may not be true that there are no sick individuals, only sick societies, but it is more true than the converse. The great improvement in the health of the population over the last century was not the result of the application of medical technology at the individual level, but of the improvement of the urban environment through the introduction of a safe water supply, adequate sanitation and an improved diet. We have lost the motivation to continue this process, and the failure of political will to confront the environmental causes of disease is now complete.

In the late twentieth century, our health is threatened not only by a polluted environment, a junk-food diet and the activities of the tobacco and pharmaceutical companies, but also by the boredom, alienation and psychological dislocation generated by a society offering only unsatisfying work and passive leisure – cigarettes and the production line by day; Valium and video nasties by night.

Offering to pay any (or almost any) price to pick up the pieces is not sufficient. Arguments over the precise level of funding of the NHS are irrelevant in the extreme: worse, they trivialise the real issue – how to develop a genuinely ecological and radically improved society which positively promotes good health by guaranteeing a safe environment, good work, freedom from want and freedom from fear.

Real price of palm oil

Jimmy Doyle, Philippines Support Group

We read with interest Alf Dubs's comments regarding the Commonwealth Development Corporation's investments in the Philippines (*NS* 9 December). The report which was published following his and Colin Moynihan's visit to the Philippines describes in some detail the overall situation of that country, accurately painting a grim picture of political instability, economic inequality and appalling human rights abuses. In the light of this information, their recommendations – that the CDC should go ahead with the investment in Loreto and loan to NDC-Guthrie – are self defeating in that they are wholly inconsistent with the body of their report.

Alf Dubs points out that there have been some improvements at NDC-Guthrie in that *fewer* people are being murdered, harassed and exploited, following the sacking of the notorious Lost Command. This should not be used as justification for the investment of British tax payers' money. The CDC claims to be 'Partners in Development' with the host countries. Alf Dubs refers to CDC's 'clear undertakings' regarding the proposals for land acquisition for palm-oil farming in the Loreto area. However, the success of any such undertaking presumably relies not only on the integrity of the CDC but also on that of their 'partners in development' – in this case, the Philippine Government, which has consistently shown that it cannot, under any circumstance, be relied upon to uphold human rights.

Dubs further refers to the Manobo people as 'landless'. We are curious to know how he thinks that a group of people who have farmed the same area for more than 400 years can be considered landless? We at the Philippine Support Group feel that there can be no justification for the use of British aid money in schemes that bring profit to a few corporations and their local partners through multinational capitalist development and in doing so lend stability to a discredited regime.

NEIL & GLENYS KINNOCK

will be donating to
'Crisis at Christmas'
this year instead of
sending cards

We wish all our friends and comrades a very Happy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year

Clean as a blown whistle

Leslie Moody, London SE3

Your revelation (*NS* 9 December) that the Ministry of Defence is arm-twisting cleaning contractors to cut cleaners' wages, following the withdrawal of the Fair Wages Resolution, should surprise nobody. In the days when I was involved in the fight against contract cleaning in government departments, MoD had a worse record than any other department.

Some departments resisted for as long as they could the ruthless sacking of their directly employed cleaners. MoD, once the government had given the word in 1979, could not get rid of them fast enough. Literally thousands, many with long service, were kicked out within months – without so much as a thank you for past services. Some departments tried to combat the dishonesties of contractors in an industry that breeds 'cowboys' like a dungheap breeds maggots. MoD turned a deaf ear to staff complaints about poor cleaning standards and a blind eye to palpable contractor malpractices.

In September 1980, I was handed positive proof that a contractor employed by MoD in Bath was indulging in the notorious, but hitherto unproveable practice of the 'sleeper' cheque (paying a cleaner with two cheques, one in an entirely fictitious name, for the express purpose of dodging national insurance). MoD, who received the information at the same time via Chris Patten, Tory MP for Bath, sat on it for two weeks and did nothing. Only when I made it clear that I intended to go public did the department hurriedly pass the buck to DHSS who, in turn, passed it to Inland Revenue with equal haste (when the music stops . . .)

Subsequent parliamentary questions as to progress were fended off with the bland reply that the matter was 'sub judice'. As far as I am aware, the contractor concerned has never been prosecuted, but continues to draw fat contracts from MoD. Michael Heseltine, who is very vocal in demanding respect for the law, might care to investigate. Then again, he might not.

Other country roads

Dave Cook, London SW9

It really is bad of Mary Harron to make use of her column's rare foray into country music (*NS* 9 December) to dwell *exclusively* on the 'Ma, Pa and home' aspects of a music which spans a wide variety of styles and traditions and which has swept the world. Apparently, country music is fair game for being depicted as played (and enjoyed) by emotional cripples. This is an insult to at least three groups of people.

First, the many fine musicians who play bluegrass, Western swing, hillbilly, rockabilly and ballads, as well as the contributing strands of blues and cajun and their resulting synthesis in some of Nashville's commercial output today. Significantly, the skill of country performers is often held in the highest regard by those involved in other branches of popular music.

Secondly, those music critics who want to illuminate the variety, achievements and potential of the styles about which they write. Thirdly (one of the main subjects of her article), Jerry Lee Lewis. Whatever the quality of his jokes, he is one of the few performers who have managed to *extend* their range – over rockabilly, rock and roll, country and gospel – over a period of 30 years.

Let's continue to fall about laughing, but in the context of some respect for the music and its performers, and a serious look at its development.

Outlaws

John Haworth, Wallingford, Oxon

I should like to thank Duncan Campbell for his article 'Outside the law' (*NS* 18 November). I was exercised enough by the revelations from the BBC's *60 Minutes* on 8 November to write a short letter to our local free paper, the *Oxford Star*, including the case of a young woman who lost her leg and the child she was conveying in a pushchair when a US serviceman drove his car onto the pavement. Subsequently, the serviceman was removed from this country and fined a paltry amount for what amounted to *prima facie* manslaughter.

I was surprised to receive calls from an American service-wife who flatly refused to believe one iota of the contents of my letter. Later, a member of USAF Upper Heyford called me. He, too, laughed down the 'phone incredulously. Both callers claimed that American servicemen would be charged by the British authorities and again by their own commander. Neither would listen to my persistent argument. Where do we go from here?

Sizewell objections

In the editing of Rob Edwards's article last week on the Sizewell inquiry, the suggestion was inserted that the work of the objectors at Sizewell has been 'ineffective'. As the context of the rest of the article made clear, he actually thinks that they are being quite effective.

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Will the real Duncan Campbell please own up

Andrew Wiard/Report

I'm the real Duncan Campbell

IT WAS breakfast time in Edinburgh six years ago and my father was looking over his oatcakes and marmalade at his copy of *The Scotsman*. His eyes fell on a photo of me, attached to a story about a Duncan Campbell's arrest on Official Secrets charges. The caption read: 'Duncan Campbell outside the court after being charged. His widowed mother lives in Dundee.'

The person who had actually been arrested and whose mother did indeed live in Dundee was The Other One – the Other Duncan Campbell – the one who has been writing in the *New Statesman* for the past five years, during which time rarely a week goes past without my saying patiently to a caller, 'No, I think you want the *other* one, I'll give you his number.' Because I'm also a journalist in a world not far removed from my namesake's, we are constantly confused. In both meanings of the word.

I first met the Other One when he was just a lad hot off the bicycle saddle from Brighton. Unlike Equity, the National Union of Journalists has no first-come, first-served policy on names so there was no way I could tell him to change his identity. But our paths were forever crossed when he was arrested under the Official Secrets Act along with another journalist, Crispin Aubrey and a former soldier, John Berry. News of the arrest was flashed around the world. My sister phoned my house from Hong Kong in the middle of the night to offer bail, so did a friend in California. *The Scotsman* muddled our pictures and the confusion had begun.

We discussed shoving in initials to distinguish each other from ourselves. But my first name is Iain and I. Duncan Campbell sounds a bit pretentious and Iain Duncan Campbell sounds like a failed Scottish poet; anyway, we've got to the stage of enjoying the mess now.

For me the best part comes at events like union conferences or CND gatherings. Someone will ask my name. I tell them. When I get a firm handshake, a pat on the shoulder and a misty murmur of 'Great work you're doing, keep the bastards on the run', then I know they've got me mixed up with the Other One. At this stage my conscience takes over. Should I disillusion them? My conscience usually says No. If the person then says 'Could you come down to Croydon on Monday evening at 9 to address a meeting of our group,' then the conscience feels it should own up and say modestly, 'I think you want a different Duncan Campbell – I happen to have his number with me . . .'

Sometimes the Other One is on the receiving end. In Jubilee Year I worked on a magazine whose cover, for the Jubilee Week issue, featured a picture of the Duchess of Windsor and the caption 'This nearly was mine.' (It seemed funny at the time.) Well, the *Sun*, short of a real story for the day, splashed an attack on us as its front page lead suggesting that these trendy knockers should be 'knocked'. I was interviewed on the BBC, defending the cover and throwing in a mild criticism of the Duke of Edinburgh for his recent remarks about the unemployed.

In no time I had the Other One on the blower. His mother (who lives, you may remember, in Dundee) had phoned him to tick him off for attacking the Queen's husband on the radio just before he was due to stand trial at the Old Bailey. A neighbour of hers had heard 'Duncan Campbell' on the wireless and had popped in to tell her.

WHEN THE trial was actually under way, a South African magazine stepped in. I go out with an actress who is a friend of the actor Warren Beatty. The magazine was running an attack on her for her political ideas, which don't correspond with those of South Africa, and, for good measure, threw in a picture of her companions: on the left hand-side of the page was Mr B in white silk scarf at a film premiere; on the right – 'her new friend' – was the Other One on his bike.

A year or so later, working on a story, I had to talk to someone in prison whom I had not met before. I went down for the visit and looked for the inmate in the canteen, trying to recognise him from the description I had been given. He gave me a blank, as they say in the trade: he was busy looking for this Duncan Campbell he had seen being interviewed on the telly and who he knew had glasses and a beard (since removed).

Out in Thailand about three years ago, I visited the British Consulate to get the necessary paperwork for press accreditation there, since I wanted to go to the border camps. By the time I got there the other journalists in the area had been alerted that there must be some intelligence story brewing as that secrets chap from the *New Statesman* was out in the area asking for accreditation.

We have had jolly moments, too. When the Other One was exposing a bunch of ex-SAS men who had set themselves up as executive mercenaries, he needed a witness to the final denouement. So we went round together to the company boss's City office. The two of us were shown into his inner sanctum. 'I'm Duncan Campbell,' said the Other One. 'And this,' he gestured at me, 'is Duncan Campbell.' The enemy reeled.

Of course, lots of other people have the same problem. I know three John Lloyds in journalism, a brace of Brian Wilsons, a couple of Fiona Campbells and a trio of Dave Craigs. But I doubt if they live such a life of duplicity as we do.

Just after I had started writing this piece I got a letter from a friend who is researching for a book on Remarkable Characters in the past. She had come across an eighteenth century Duncan Campbell, who was famous as a fortune teller. He was dumb and he had the 'second sight', so made a substantial living telling people's fortunes. He had also been arrested in 1701 in Rotterdam when he was drunk and had been 'taken into custody as a spy.'

The final sentence of the chapter about this early Other One read: 'That there was such a person as Duncan Campbell, a deaf and dumb fortune-teller, is evident, but that he was gifted in the extraordinary manner made out by his ingenious and deceptive biographer Daniel De Foe admits of too many doubts to be easily digested, and it is infinitely more probable that he was like others of his occupation, a rank juggler and impostor.' That's how *I* feel about the *Other* One. □

Don't listen to him: *I'm* the real Duncan Campbell

Chris Schwarz

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Wigan Pier and beyond

Beatrix Campbell looks at the struggle by Right and Left to claim George Orwell for their cause as 1984 is upon us

It's an odd thought that Britain's best-selling modern writer and, according to recent polls, the most highly esteemed, was a socialist who was best known for his anti-socialism. Though a friend of mine has pointed out that George Orwell is a best-seller because his books are set texts for thousands of children, nonetheless 1984 is Orwell's year and we are going to see some unseemly body snatching, with the Right and Left both claiming his satires as prophecies, and as prophecies belonging to them. It tells us something about the state of England.

On the side of the Right are Orwell's anti-Sovietism, his conservative anti-modernism and his celebration of English common sense. The Left also has its anti-Sovietism, but, more importantly, Orwell articulates Left paranoia about the use of power and about popular discontent with the State. For still few on the Left can conceive of a socialism which isn't about State power and thus Orwell utters a scepticism about the popularity of socialism which the Left itself cannot own to. In this second term of Thatcherism, of populism grounded in the common sense of decency, domesticity and anti-democracy, Orwell has gained a new meaning.

We will be seeing young men from the generation of 1968 who marched against the invasion of Cambodia and against the internment of Republicans in Northern Ireland saying 'we must claim patriotism for the Left', as Orwell did. We'll be hearing veteran libertarians repeating calls for a new morality and taking seriously, as does his biographer Bernard Crick, his notions of 'common decency'.

What then does Orwell's present-day 'meaning' tell us about the state of England? He is popular because he is conservative, because he is a pessimist who doesn't much like women and who knows little about the working class. That fits with the spirit of our times. If there is anything the Right and the Left share it is a pessimism about the people and their political proclivities.

Perhaps Orwell is also popular because you don't have to have read him to know what he is on about. I've just spent a year or so living with *The Road to Wigan Pier*. I couldn't remember having read it when Virago publishers suggested that I make the return journey up the road. But I thought I must have. Throughout the journey I would ask if people had read *Wigan Pier* and most who said 'yes' also said 'but I can't remember when – it must have been at school'. (Only a few remembered what it said and most of them had the original Left Book Club edition on their shelves. Typically they remembered the first half of the book, the documentary account of his travel through the unemployed North, and ignored the second half – a rash rant about socialism. I imagine many of his re-visitors are going to enjoy the second half and forget the first.)

WHEN I DID get round to reading Orwell – and today you can't admit to not having read his work – it was a disturbing experience. That is mainly because he wasn't talking to me, the daughter of working-class parents in the North, though a journalist now; or to people like me. Although much of his work is about 'the masses', we, the masses, are the *objects* in his narrative. He is the subject. That's the case in *Wigan Pier* and again in *1984*. Some of the best material in *Wigan Pier* is his personal-political stream of consciousness about being an upper-class gent finding himself on the same side as the lower orders. It is a good record of *his* outrage, not of what life felt like for the working-class people he appears to describe.

Yet part of Orwell's outrage is that he sees the working class as a class without a voice, without an idea, without resources. It's a class without consciousness; it's a degenerate class.

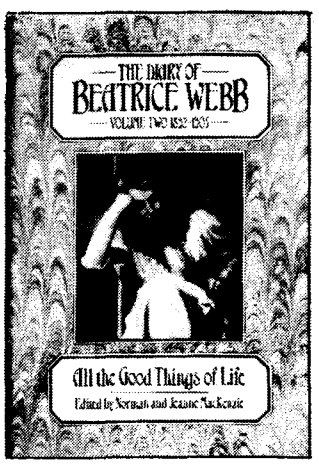
There might seem little in this view of the working class that a compassionate, upper-class Tory would not share; and indeed both Right and Left do share the myth, most clearly articulated in Orwell's critique of modern socialism, of the working class as both corrupt and unconscious. Raymond Williams, in his unsurpassed little book *Orwell*, traces the depiction of the working class in *Animal Farm* and *1984* as 'powerful but stupid' and an 'apathetic mass', people who 'have never learned to think'. Those expressions come from the pens of Orwell's apostles and from the mouth of every pious activist complaining that people don't come to meetings these days because they are too busy watching videos; that, unlike the middle class, they are corrupted by consumer goods.

Orwell's understanding of power – the actual theme of most of his works – depends on his view of the masses. And in *1984* our first meeting with the 'proles' demonstrates his view. Three men are standing reading a newspaper, two others are studying it over their shoulders. 'Winston could see absorption in every line of their bodies. It was obviously some serious bit of news they were reading.' But what was it? The lottery! The proles are a rabble of *Daily Star* readers and Rangers supporters (all men, of course).

If these men are socialist at all, their vision is merely of a 'society with the worst abuses left out'. Orwell warns us in *Wigan Pier* that socialism can't be reduced to economic justice and reform, but he never 'imagines' what a non-reductionist socialism would look like. He has a problem there because the interest groups which have challenged modern economic reductionism are precisely those for whom Orwell reserves his vintage vitriol: 'that dreary tribe of high-minded women and sandal-wearers and bearded fruit juice drinkers'.

SO WHO IS Orwell for, in this jamboree year, when both Right and Left will be slugging it out to claim him for themselves as if, like the Bible or *Capital* his books were necessary to their litany? I can see why he has been recruited for the Right. But what is the Left doing trying to reclaim his 'common sense', his elevation of moral clichés which make up our common sense? Today's commonsense politics, which Orwell appears to represent so neatly, are the

Virago



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consensus politics that reproduce passivity and dependence in the working class. They are not about *producing* politics – as ideas or action – but about *managing* politics.

In the end Orwell abandons socialist politics for a kind of southern suburban consensus in which many of his characters face a hopeless future because the only political processes that Orwell can imagine (outside war) can neither touch the exercise of power nor can they change 'consensus man' himself. This politics about what is good and valuable in life depends on nostalgia, in which the past is *always* better than the future. It is thus a politics of pessimism. Orwell's writing in fact, as Williams shows, creates 'the conditions for defeat and despair'.

It is odd that Orwell should see so little about how people can change, since he himself was transformed by his own contact with the oppressed. Yet there remains a gap between his feeling *for* the people and his thought about political action *by* the people. This is all the more ironic since in *Wigan Pier* and, later, in *The Lion and the Unicorn*, Orwell is prescient enough to put 'everyday life' on to the political agenda and to demand a cultural revolution. He does not see how, if changing everyday life and pursuing a cultural revolution do become prime political objectives, this in itself will expand the parameters of politics in ways that will necessarily disturb the eternal verities of his common sense.

For what, in his common sense, would Orwell have made of the Greenham Common women, the kind he loved to hate, who have maintained a majority against nuclear missiles despite the state machine, the blunders of the Labour Party at the last election and the 'normal' lapse into apathy of the masses? It took all those bearded and bright ecologists to alert the nation to the pollution of the planet – when Orwell just thought, like much of the macho Left, that such types were naive and silly.

As for women generally, Orwell either sees them as disturbing sexual magnets with whom pleasure promises peace but produces punishment; or they are crazy, woolly, ugly old crackpots whose radicalism takes them to the edge of society. He must, of course, reject feminism for in his time too it offered a critique of all those 'decent' suburban values he holds dear. Feminism is Orwell's Achilles' heel, and he pays dearly for it. For he is left without those ingredients which do transform limited economic objectives into radical aspirations precisely for the reasons that he has rejected them (they are nakedly emotional and vulgarly unsophisticated). What Orwell offers instead is a radical repossession of key words in consensus politics – patriotism, decency and justice.

IN ORWELL's future, there is no opposition that succeeds, there is only surrender. After all, Winston Smith embraces his own defeat. His 'completion' as a character comes with his embrace of Big Brother. His self-hatred has no resolution in the present, nor in politics or in protest; it only finds peace in the past.

Throughout his work, Orwell mobilises nostalgia for an Edwardian England when a pint was a full pint and vehicles went on four legs and domestic life was decent. It's a forgetful kind of memory which is constantly recruited to serve conservatism. Childhood memories are falsified memories which bury the pain of the past, but they make up so much of the substance of Orwell's critique, his bad temper about the present and his panic about the future.

In *1984* and in *Wigan Pier*, Orwell's polemic is less about history than about accommodating flight from modern life. We find it again in *Coming Up for Air*. It's a commonplace and popular theme in English culture: Englishness is the rustic village where every season is summer, everybody's mum makes jam, everybody's dad does the pools and neighbours look after the old folks.

Typically, both Right and Left are susceptible to this myth. The Right draws on Victorian truths and the Left on a do-it-yourself ideology of community and craft. Not surprisingly, Orwell's commonsense Englishness finds force with both. But the trouble I have with these traditions is that they are conservative and that they lie about the condition of most people then – an exhausted, insanitary and subordinate condition – by turning it into a romantic myth.

What's in that way of life for a woman like me? What was ever in it for working-class women? Come to think of it, there wasn't much to it for working-class men either. Modern life may feature all those things Orwell doesn't like – electronics, state surveillance, mass media, birth control. But it is also about greater mass participation *in* politics than ever before. Women of my age and class – mid '30s – have skills to sell, sexual pleasure to seek and satisfy and a vote. As like as not we have a trade union card as well, children, our own name on the rent book. We haven't had that before, not all at the same time.

That's a function of politics of course. It's also an expression of a new form of resolution of the historic settlement between men and women. It is less and less at women's expense while more and more it demands not only the transformation of the female condition but of the masculine way of life too.

Just as Orwell's future ascribes an unchanged role to the sexes, so it is for the different classes. He imagines a prole class forever sad and subordinate, doomed to drink and gambling, gossip and superstition. The working class is, of course, in the image of its men, its apparently degenerate sex. In Orwell, the future is always worse, and always brings the consummation of coercive power. And his new vocabulary of absolute state power is his great contribution to the torture. There is in Orwell's projection no future for democracy, for all his artful celebrations of our democratic way of life. In foreseeing the future of power he only saw negative force, not power mediated or modified by a countervailing popular force. In foreseeing the future, he didn't see us. □

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ORWELL LEARNS SOME MORE OF THE CUSTOMS OF HIS COMRADES IN ARMS.
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... THIS MAN ISN'T EVEN DEAD
AH NO, SEÑOR, THIS IS OUR HOMAGE TO CATATONIA...
Martin Rowson

Wigan Pier Revisited: Poverty and Politics in the 1980s by Beatrix Campbell will be published by Virago on 12 April 1984. Beatrix Campbell is a journalist on *City Limits*

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Notes from a maternity ward

Angela Carter

TOWARDS THE END of the 38th week, I grow bored with saying: 'Fine,' when asked at the ante-natal clinic how I'm doing. So I try a little joke. It backfires. God, how it backfires. 'How do you feel?' 'A bit apprehensive,' I say. 'Not so much about the birth itself as about the next twenty or thirty years.' The consultant, an unreconstructed Thatcher clone – that is, she looks like Thatcher minus the peroxide and the schlap – turns on me a face costive with high moral seriousness. 'You have done the right thing in not having an abortion,' she says. 'But there is still time. If you have any doubts at all, I urge you to seriously discuss adoption with your husband – I know he's only a common-law husband, of course.'

I'm overwhelmed by incredulity. Had I ever mentioned abortion in connection with this incipient cherub? Are my compañero and I not the Darby and Joan of our circle? Should I say we just got hitched? What business is it of hers, anyway? I lapse into outraged silence. Later, I will weep with fury, but, if I do so now, who can tell how she will misinterpret that. I seethe. Who does she think she is; or I am? And if she delivers this kind of unsolicited advice to the white middle-class – to a member of it who has given her occupation as 'journalist', to boot – then what manner of abuse does she feel free to dish out to the black proletariat? How come she's lived so long? And why don't I punch her in the nose?

I'll tell you why. Because she's chosen to insult me when I'm flat on my back, dress pulled up, knickers down, vulnerable, helpless, undignified.

I would publish her name to the four winds, and gladly. But the hell of it is, she turns out to be a good doctor, as far as the mechanics are concerned. Callous and insensitive perhaps; but quick to spot a malfunction. A gift not to be sneezed at. And, furthermore, a woman so straight-jacketed by self-righteousness I doubt she'd ever understand why I want to crucify her. After all, her concern was only for what was best for the baby. And hadn't I virtually said I didn't want him? When she sees me, all pale and proud, on the ward after he's born – he chuckling in a glass box like a very expensive orchid – she's as nice as pie. Well done, she says.

'She'. Note how this consultant is female. I'm lying in at the embattled South London Hospital for Women, the last place I expected to be insulted. But there you go. Here, women treat women and she's the only one of them who treated me like a piece of shit.

I haven't been in hospital for 30 years, so I can't comment on the decline in the standards of the NHS; the floors aren't polished until they turn into lethal ice-rinks any more, which is no bad thing. The food has certainly improved, in comparison with the early '50s. The sheer wonder of the NHS remains; that they will do the best they can for us, that we are not at the mercy of a free market economy, that the lovely nurses smile as if they meant it and hug you when you are sad.

○

Inevitably, this particular hospital is scheduled for the axe. No amount of special pleading on behalf of women whose religion specifies they be treated by doctors of the same sex seems likely to save it; it is due to close down next April, its various wards – it's a general hospital – distributed around other local hospitals. The staff seems scarcely able to believe that some miracle won't save the place. If the Minister of Health turns into a woman tomorrow, there might be a chance, especially if (s)he then converted to Islam.

It is a rather elegant, red-brick building convenient for Clapham South tube station (the Northern line). It overlooks green and pleasant Clapham Common. It is, obviously, very well equipped; only needs a coat or two of paint and a few vases of plastic flowers to be fit for – who? The young woman in the bed next to me made a shrewd guess as to what would happen to the building once the NHS moved out. 'They'll sell it to bloody BUPA, won't they,' she opined.

○

The midwife shows me how to put the baby to the nipple. 'Look deep into his eyes,' she says. 'It helps with the bonding.' Good grief! Aren't we allowed any choice in the matter, he and I? Can't I learn to love him for himself, and vice versa, rather than trust to Mother Nature's psycho-physiological double bind? And what of his relationship with his father, who has no breasts? Besides, it's very difficult to look him in the eye. He fastens on the nipple with the furtive avidity of a secret tippler hitting the British sherry, glancing backwards to make sure nobody else gets there first. When he strikes oil, he instantly becomes comatose. Am I supposed to poke him into consciousness: 'Hey, baby, don't nod off, we're supposed to be bonding.' More like bondage. Constrained affection; what resentment it will breed, in time. It's all part of the mystification in which the whole process of childbirth is so richly shrouded. For he is doomed to love us, at least for a significant initial period, because we are his parents. The same goes for us. That is life. That's the hell of it.

Somebody gave us an American publication called *Giving Birth*. A collection of photographs of mothers and fathers sharing the experience. (Where's the Lesbian couple? Discrimination!) The parents look ecstatic; radiant; touchingly, comically startled and so on. Lots of shots of little heads poking out of vulvas. Also quotes from participants: 'I felt I had to be very focussed. It was almost like meditation,' says one mother. It is compiled by somebody called Mary Motley Kalergis, another name on my post-partural hit-list. (Isn't one allowed a year's justifiable homicide after the event?) The photographs are all in black and white, please note. And, indeed, colour film would have made souvenir snaps of the finale of my own *accouchement* look like stills from a Hammer horror film. While what was going on next door, an emergency Caesarian, well, *that* certainly wasn't like meditation, not half it wasn't! This truly nauseating book is designed to mystify. It is about as kitsch as a fluffy blue bunny, and as much to do with the realities of parturition as a fluffy blue bunny has to do with a real live baby.

Okay, okay. So this notebook has submerged under a sea of babyshit. Mao Tse Tung called a pig 'a manure factory on four legs'. A baby is much the same, except it remains stationery. Some people suggest you chuck soiled disposables on the compost heap. There are few other suggestions for utilising the formidable quantities of ordure produced by the average baby and heedlessly thrown away every day. To say nothing of the valuable amounts of methane they emit. At the end of *War and Peace*, Tolstoy has Natasha ankle-deep in baby shit; impossible not to read something vindictive into that, although he does make Pierre soil his hands, too. Anyway, there is nothing wrong with babyshit. The TV news gobs out fresh horrors into the living room every evening; insulated by the specific urgencies of the neonate, that appalling dichotomy – the one between our lives as we live them and the way that forces outside ourselves shape them for us – seems less desperate than usual. Under the circumstances, a mercy. □

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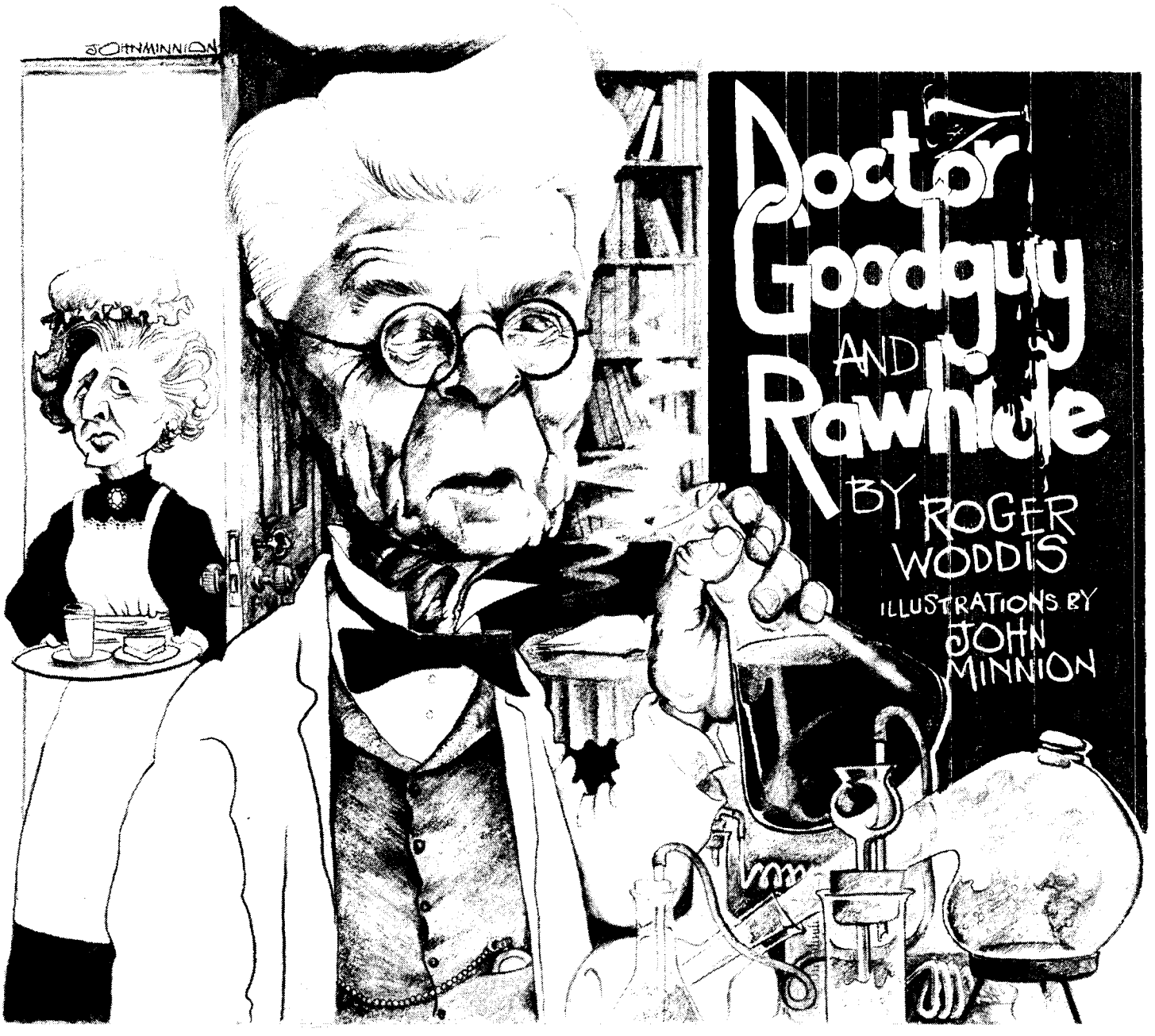

FOG SWIRLED round the gaunt mansion in a quiet London square. A lone policeman on his midnight beat glanced idly at the brass plate on the front door as he passed. It read:

DR RONALD GOODGUY
HOMEOPATH, NATUROPATH
PSYCHOPATH
FORTUNE-TELLING FACILITY

The policeman looked up at the lighted window on the top floor and murmured to himself, 'The doctor's working late tonight.'

Within the house Dr Goodguy took a tray from his housekeeper at the door of his laboratory. He glanced down at the glass of milk and jelly-bean sandwiches.

'Thank you, Mrs Thatch,' he sighed, 'but I doubt whether I shall have time to partake of this repast.'

'You work too hard, Doctor, if I may make so bold,' Mrs Thatch said with a look of grave concern. 'Why, you haven't had a holiday for nigh on two weeks.'

'Ah, who can rest when the Free World is in peril!'

He added, before closing the door, 'I am conducting a very important experiment, Mrs Thatch. Pray do not disturb me on any account.'

As she went downstairs, she heard the key turn in the lock and the bolt slammed home.

Dr Goodguy stood before a map of the world pinned to the wall. He gazed at it intently, then ringed several cities. He moved to a blackboard, wrote a series of mathematical calculations and underlined the final equation with a smile of grim satisfaction:

USA + NATO squared equals MX

Then he turned towards a bench, on which was an array of bubbling retorts and coiled glass tubing. A dark distillation dripped into a flask. He picked it up and looked at his reflection in a mirror.

'There's no going back now,' he said aloud.

He poured out a generous quantity of the distillate into the palm of his hand and rubbed it vigorously into his snow-white hair.

Little Grenada, barely eight, skipped happily along the street, her finger sparkling in the bright noonday sun. Her father, Mr Bishop, had given her a ring for her birthday with the warning, 'Don't talk to any strangers.'

She stopped to look at a poster on a wall. It read:

WANTED!

RAWHIDE IS SOUGHT BY THE POLICE FOR ATTACKS ON INNOCENT PEOPLE. HE IS DARK, DEFORMED, WITH LARGE, BLACK, HAIRY HANDS

Then her eyes went to a red-painted message that had been written alongside:

RAWHIDE WAS HERE!

As she was staring at it, a hand covered with black hair suddenly gripped her shoulder, the claw-like fingers digging cruelly into her flesh. Grenada gave a squeal of pain and twisted her head round to look at the owner. Her eyes dilated at the sight of

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the deformed figure who loomed over her. His appearance bore the stamp of something unspeakably evil.

In vain she shrank back. The stranger lunged forward and tore the ring from her finger. She screamed piteously for mercy as he belaboured the luckless child about her head and shoulders.

Then, with an insane cry of triumph he ran off, leaving Grenada a crumpled heap on the ground, sobbing for the loss of her new jewel.

'This is a terrible case – that scoundrel Rawhide must be stopped before he does any more harm.'

The speaker was Dr Dropoff. He and Dr Goodguy were discussing the latest outrage over dinner, while Mrs Thatch hovered discreetly in the background.

'It was a rescue mission,' declared Goodguy flatly.

'But this was an innocent young girl!' exclaimed Dropoff in astonishment.

'The innocent need to be protected from themselves – an old Afghan saying,' Goodguy remarked calmly. 'No, I believe Grenada will grow into something evil – and it is our moral duty to fight evil wherever it appears.'

'But how do you define evil?' queried Dropoff. 'And what is good?'

'Good is what *I* say is good. Evil is what *I* say is evil.'

Dropoff shook his head. 'There is good and bad in everybody.'

'Exactly. Man is not truly one, but two; and it is this duality of his nature which causes so many problems. It is the curse of mankind that these incongruous strands are bound together – that these polar twins are continuously struggling in the agonised womb of consciousness.'

'Mystical mumbo-jumbo!' exploded Dropoff.

'You would say that, Dropoff. You're a materialist.'

After Dropoff had left, Mrs Thatch said, 'I dislike him as much as you, sir, but he does have a point about that Grenada business. People can't just go about hitting other people. It's bad for trade.'

Goodguy looked hurt. 'You disappoint me, Mrs Thatch. I thought we had a special relationship.'

'Just what I was thinking,' said Mrs Thatch coldly.

It was towards evening a few weeks later. Dr Goodguy was sitting by the window in his study reading the Bible. Orange shafts of light from the setting sun played about his genial features.

As he put forward his hand to turn the page, he suddenly froze. His normally white professional hand was now lean and corded, and of a dusky hue. Even as he looked, coarse dark hair sprouted on the leathery skin. It was the hand of Rawhide.

He leapt to a mirror, and at the sight that met his eyes the blood froze in his veins. Evil stared back at him – evil made manifest in the cruel mouth, the bloodshot eyes and the jet-black hair that has replaced his naturally white crown of innocence.

Racking pains tore through his body, a strange grinding in the bones that soon gave way to a feeling of exultation. He had become a willing slave to the dark side of his nature – and the transformation had taken place even without applying MX.

He was conscious of a heady recklessness, a joyous submission to evil that braced and delighted him like wine. He let out a fiendish yell and rushed from the room.

The Aragua family were having their supper. Their chatter was suddenly broken by a cry from one of the children – 'Daddy! Look!'

The child pointed to the window. A dark face, contorted with evil, was pressed to the pane. A hairy, claw-like hand made a threatening gesture.

Nick Aragua sprang up and flung open the window. 'Get away!' he shouted. 'Leave us in peace, or it'll be the worse for you!'

The malevolent figure made a low growling noise, then with a muttered curse scuttled off into the darkness.

'Who was that, daddy?' asked the child tremulously.

'Rawhide,' said Nick, then added grimly, 'And I think he'll be back.'

One afternoon, as Christmas was approaching, Mrs Thatch was summoned by a ring at the front door. It was Dr Dropoff, greatly to her surprise.

'We thought you were never coming back, sir, after that difference you had with Dr Goodguy.'

Dropoff spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. 'We can't remain enemies forever. We need each other.'

When they entered the laboratory, they found a dark, twisted figure crouched over the work-bench, the light of incipient madness in his blood-filled eyes. He extended a claw of a hand covered with black hair.

'Good afternoon, Dr Dropoff,' he croaked.

'Good afternoon, Dr Goodguy,' said Dropoff. 'Working on anything interesting?'

'The subject of good and evil is always interesting. Shall we have tea, Mrs Thatch?'

They went downstairs to the parlour. When they were seated, Dropoff said, 'That miscreant Rawhide still seems to be spreading alarm among ordinary people.'

'You can't believe everything you read in the papers, Dropoff. I'm sure he's not as black as he's painted – he probably looks the same as you or me. Have a sandwich.'

Mrs Thatch poured the tea and proffered a cup to Dr Dropoff. Neither of them seemed to notice the growth of dark hair that had appeared on the backs of their hands. ●

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BRETÉCHER

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU

Jesus I wish it was January. We're doing absolutely NOTHING this year!
It's all to get us to spend our money and I'm not falling for that crap any more... Well we just do it for the children...
And what are you doing for Christmas Eve? NOTHING! I wish I didn't have to... but then my parents...
We're doing NOTHING! That's a cop-out. I can't get out of going to the Smythes... it's going to be ghastly... I bet they have Christmas pudding
You should have seen the fridges... it's a madhouse! I still haven't got anything for my father. Presents... I haven't bought any and I'm not going to...
You're absolutely right... this is the last time... it's a complete farce...
No, we're not doing anything... we've decided to dispense with meaningless rituals... God you're lucky!
We're going to Salisbury to Suzy's family... can you imagine the A3 on the night of the 24th? Well you don't have to go! There'd be trouble if I didn't
No, we're not doing anything, we're just having dinner with Michael's sister... Yes, but we're doing ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! You're right!
GOOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN MAY NOTHING YOU DISMAY...
I'm sick of that crap! At least I'm allowed to watch the box, aren't I?
BRETÉCHER

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Talking to ourselves

Gavin Kitching

HERE IS A question for a sociologist with a taste for the social survey. What proportion of self-identified 'socialists' in Britain are *white collar professionals*, especially in education, but also in social and community work, central and local government, journalism and one or two of the other liberal professions? To one who is both (a socialist, and a teacher in higher education), it seems that the proportion would be enormous. But (a) is that impression simply a misleading product of the peculiar social circles in which I move and (b) even if it is not, how high, precisely, would the proportion be: 50 per cent, 60 per cent, 90 per cent? For me at least, the higher the percentage the more depressing, for a political identity which has become simply an appendix to a particular professional and intellectual life style is likely, simply for that reason, to be less and less sympathetic to millions of other people who live in other ways and by different values.

Yet if any political ideology or practice is to be a serious force in society it must unify large masses of people who in other respects are quite diverse. And what is true of a political ideology must be even truer of a major political party in an electoral democracy. For if political parties are to be electorally successful they *cannot* be ideologically homogeneous, and they must also retain a degree of sociological diversity, simply in order to be broadly representative of an even more diverse population.

'What is new, I think . . . is the extent *to which constituency members and activists are ideologically distant from the average Labour voter . . .'*

I asked the first two questions (about 'socialism') primarily as a result of noting the increasingly homogeneous sociological composition of most constituency Labour Parties with which I am familiar, and because of what appears (impressionistically at least) as a growing similarity in sociological and occupational background of ever larger numbers of Labour MPs and local councillors. The domination of the 'left sects' (including the Communist Party of Great Britain) by intellectuals and students is of course well known, but my impression that the Labour Party grows more and more like such sects with every passing year is what makes me worry most about socialism in Britain. For it suggests that *all* varieties of the latter are now being peddled by the same sorts of people, that socialist propaganda of *all* forms reaches the same eyes and ears, that socialist debates of all types are engaged in and listened to by the same people, that, in short, socialism in Britain has become a kind of ghetto; warm, familiar, club-like to those who know its boundaries and byeways, utterly alien to most other people.

I hope I am wrong, and it is possible that I am. I do not have recent experience of Labour politics outside of South Wales and the South-East, and it is possible that things are different in the North-East and the North-West, and especially perhaps in Scotland. It is possible but I doubt it. Still, I would like to have more than impressions to go upon and I appeal to some sociologist or political 'scientist' to help me out.

It is also significant that one does not trust one's impressions totally in this matter. Like most people, I am uneasily aware that I live in a society which is ever more cellular in its

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structure, allowing complete and fairly impermeable universes to be formed around particular occupations, places of abode and groups of friends. Certainly, I work with, socialise with, organise and agitate with very much the same sort of people. People who share at least some of my assumptions, people who honestly and unselfconsciously echo my most fundamental prejudices and preferences, or who at least don't violate them too completely.

In this respect at least I am sure I am like the vast majority of my fellow citizens, including the bulk of Conservative, Alliance and 'traditional Labour' voters. We all have need of such social universes and we cross their boundaries only in fairly limited and controlled ways. I cross mine most frequently when riding in public transport, engaging in popular recreation (football matches, golf) and visiting pubs.

BUT WITH THESE few exceptions I rely overwhelmingly for cross-cell information (and here I am sure that I am also at one with nearly everybody else) on the mass media and especially on the box. It is the box which allows me to shudder at Tory party enthusiasts, it is the box which shows me 'the man' (and woman) 'in the street' expressing themselves on everything from the Falklands to the possibility of re-introducing the stocks. Aside from the box, I rely on the polls, TV ones, but also radio ones and newspaper ones.

The point is however (and I should get back to the point) that though I may cross the boundaries of my cell, of my universe of shared assumptions and preferences, in any of these ways, increasingly I cannot and do not cross them by being involved in Labour and socialist politics. I don't cross them when I go to 'public' meetings on El Salvador or Lebanon, I don't even cross them when I turn up in Hyde Park with 250,000 other people to hear cruise missiles condemned. Only *one* Labour Party activity ever forces me across the boundary, and significantly it is the activity that many activists find hardest and do least – canvassing. Only when standing on the doorstep trying hard to hide a sense of total defeat as somebody tells you that s/he intends to vote Tory 'because that seems to be the way things are going' does one feel one's own peculiarity and limitations most intensely. Only then do fundamental assumptions stand revealed as yawning maws of mutual incomprehension, only then does a 'knowledge of politics' seem more like a hindrance than a help, only then in fact does one wonder what sort of 'knowledge' it really is.

Now one may argue that there is nothing new here. Anybody who has ever done an undergraduate 'Pol.Sci.' course knows that political party members and activists tend to be untypical of their broader constituency. Conservative activists tend to be more interested in politics and more right-wing than Tory voters, Labour members and activists also more politically informed and generally more left-wing than Labour voters. (By analogy one would expect Alliance activists to be more determinedly 'moderate' than Alliance voters, but I'm not sure what this would mean and such is the curious ideological composition both of the Liberal Party and the SDP that it may not be true anyway.) At any rate these generalisations hold now, at least for what used to be called the 'major parties', and they have held for a long time. So what's new?

What is new, I think, certainly in the Labour Party, is the *extent* to which constituency members and activists are ideologically distant from the average Labour voter, and the *extent* to which constituency parties are both sociologically and occupationally untypical both of Labour voters and of the population as a whole. What is new in short is the extent to which Labour constituency organisations are generally *unrepresentative* of the communities in which they are situated. I would like to know how this has happened. I would like to see the kind of research Barry Hindess did in Liverpool[1] broadened to a national scale and the regional differences in Labour's unrepresentativeness clearly brought out. Perhaps somebody in Walworth Road ought to be doing it, if no friendly academics can be found.

BUT EVEN without knowing precisely how this slide into unrepresentativeness has occurred, one can be clear about some of its effects. One of them, and perhaps the most pernicious and politically damaging, is that, paradoxically, a high degree of unrepresentativeness tends to blind those who suffer from it to its very existence. It produces, that is to say, a kind of comforting cosiness, in which such is the range and depth of shared assumptions, the number of common objectives and values (so that debate is almost entirely over tactics), and the extent to which one's whole life is lived in this invisibly but tightly bounded ghetto, that one can quite forget that there exists a vast world outside it which lives and thinks and feels quite differently. And one may go further than this. For I personally am convinced that a prime psychological function of a great deal of the frantic business of many Left activists is actually to induce or reinforce this kind of forgetfulness, to lay a kind of amnesiac balm over one's own peculiarity. The whole aim in fact is to *do* so much that one does not have to *think*, or at least not about *that!*

But in an electoral party (as against for example a 'revolutionary' Left sect) such psychological and emotional insulation can only ever be partial. For once every five years (and rather more often if local elections are counted) something happens (ie massive electoral defeat) to puncture that insulation with a vengeance, to turn it in fact into an *intense* awareness of powerlessness and isolation. At such moments a fierce and predictable debate breaks out (often accompanied by a sharply increased self-doubt and honesty) about the roots of that unpopularity and how to reduce it. I do not have to rehearse the various positions again here. They have been well read, especially in the pages of the *New Statesman*, and they run from 'the problem with the Labour Party is that it's not socialist enough', to 'the media makes our task almost impossible' (sometimes, and rather oddly, these two positions are combined), to 'back to the right', to various recipes for greater electoral effectiveness which do not peddle a naive left maximalism, but also try to suggest something better than a return to Harold, Jim and the Social Contract.

I have one such recipe on offer[2].

However, my aim in this piece is not to reiterate those arguments, but to stress a problem which I think is quite fundamental and which enthusiasts for *all* these various positions seem equally to overlook. For I believe that the ideological and sociological unrepresentativeness of many constituency parties makes them chronically ill-equipped to undertake such political reappraisals *effectively* even at moments of crisis and even when they genuinely wish to. Because at best what such reappraisals tend to amount to in practice, what they can *only* amount to given the people who are undertaking them, is a kind of distant 'second guessing' about the attitudes and values of people who are conspicuously NOT PRESENT and therefore can only be hypothesised about.

Thus one gets exercises of the following form:

> *We* are against the sale of council houses, but it seems that some/a lot of council tenants are not. Why are *they* not, and what should *our* attitude be to the fact that *they* are not?
>
> OR
>
> Clearly the Falklands Factor played an important part in the Tory victory. Many Labour voters supported the government on the Falklands issue. Why did *they* do so? Was it just the media, or was the media only tapping more basic levels of nationalism and chauvinism? And if it was the latter, what, if anything, can *we* do about *it*?

Such exercises are bound to be of fairly limited effectiveness simply because they involve people postulating attitudes and values *they do not themselves possess*, and then trying to 'explain' them. Clearly, however, the explanations are only going to be as good as the guesses about the nature of the phenomena themselves. But the point is that no serious political party should have to 'guess' in this way. Its membership should include people who can represent those popular attitudes and values to it in the best possible way, *by possessing them.*

NOW CLEARLY there have to be limits to this. I would not wish to work in an organisation alongside avowed white supremacists, or alongside the most overt and explicit (as against covert and confused) male chauvinists. But I would like to work in an organisation which includes people who felt that, on balance, in the circumstances, the Falklands task force was the best thing that could be done, who think that the sale of council houses is, in some circumstances, a good thing, who wonder whether positive discrimination, on grounds of race or gender, might have as many drawbacks as advantages, who worry about cruise but also worry about the Russians, who wonder

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whether high council rates *do* damage employment prospects etc. And I want to be in an organisation where these kinds of views are found and expressed, not because I agree with them, but because there is something a lot more important than agreement or disagreement at stake here.

What is at stake is the capacity of the Labour Party effectively to represent and shape the attitudes and views of a large constituency of British people, and by doing so to win power electorally in a moderately honourable way. No Labour Party which does not have a broad spectrum of centre-left opinion represented openly and tolerantly within it is remotely equipped to win. It has lost an *organic* link to its wider constituency and the result is not merely that it is 'out of touch', but that it does not even know, it *cannot* even know, *how* out of touch it is. And by 'how' I mean both 'how much' and 'in what precise respects'. Moreover, and perhaps even more seriously, such a party cannot learn or bear within it those traditions of mutual toleration and respect *in and through differences* that are as much a part of the ends as of the means of socialism in a democratic context.

Practically, then, what this suggests is that the Labour Party needs to embark upon a sustained campaign of recruitment; that a serious, centrally organised attempt must be made to reverse the long-term decline in membership which set in in the late 1960s. Above all, it implies that a sustained attempt must be made to recruit *outside* those groups of left-wing teachers and lecturers, social and community workers, journalists, radical lawyers etc, who currently dominate the membership in so many constituencies and who certainly dominate the active membership so invariably everywhere.

The question is, however, how is this to be done? The conventional techniques (from advertising in Party and other Left periodicals to door-to-door canvassing) do not seem very effective, or are effective only in those social circles and groups already referred to. An attempt might be made at cheap slot advertising on radio and TV, but in my view this is likely to be unsuccessful *on its own* without being situated in some more compelling context. One possible suggestion is that the Labour Party use the strength it *does* have, in local government, and in research and educational institutions, to launch *local surveys* of industry, commerce and employment generally, as well as sponsoring research on the needs of the unemployed in particular areas.

The aim of the local economic surveys would be to gather information, 'from the bottom up' as it were, on the state of the economy which could be used in both national and local policy making. The aim of the investigation of unemployment would be to provide the elements of a better social policy for the unemployed both for local councils and for future Labour governments. (I have spelled out the underlying rationale for such initiatives more fully in a chapter on 'Pre-emptive Unionism' in my *Rethinking Socialism.*)

But another aim of both initiatives, in a sense perhaps their major aim, would be to bring local Labour activists into contact with a much wider variety of people and to do so in contexts where those activists would be *listening* rather than preaching. At the same time involvement in such surveys might help convince greater numbers of local people that this was a political party which did something other than canvass their votes at infrequent intervals (a regular, and surely justified, doorstep allegation), and perhaps even that it might be a party WORTH JOINING. Everything would depend on how well such local surveys and research could be organised and the spirit in which they were undertaken.

A lot, too, would depend on the extent to which the Labour Party could mobilise locally available expertise to undertake the research and on its capacity to win the trust and the involvement of local people as informants. The practical problems would be enormous, especially for ward and constituency organisations which are already overstretched for time and people and which seem to be perennially bogged down in intra-party bureaucracy. Some funding and help from the centre (perhaps initially for pilot projects in a few constituencies) would certainly be needed. But all this is only to say that time, effort and sensitivity would be required. The effort and sensitivity we still have to demonstrate, but time, time surely we have, or can make. It is the one thing Maggie has given us. □

1. Barry Hindess, *The Decline of Working Class Politics* (MacGibbon & Kee, 1971).
2. Gavin Kitching, *Rethinking Socialism: A Theory for a Better Practice* (Methuen, 1983).

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS. No. 491 of the Series. ZINOVIEV & KAMENEV FATALLY MISINTERPRET THE NATURE OF THE MOSCOW SHOW TRIALS.

Martin Rowson

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LEADING

In years to come, what activities and which people will be seen as having most inf the post-war world had most affected them. Some, like Glenda Jackson, chose the Skinner MP insisted that no one in his whole life had ever influenced him, but his

DAVID BLUNKETT, Leader of Sheffield City Council: People who have influenced me are not always famous; but they range from **Jack London** who touched my emotions as a teenager to **Robert Tressell** who touched my understanding. Perhaps it is possible to acknowledge the unsung heroes – **my grandfather** who read me the *Daily Herald* and **Sir Ron Ironmonger**, Leader of Sheffield City Council at the time when I entered local government in 1970.

MELVYN BRAGG, writer and TV presenter: **Nye Bevan** who, when I was in my early teens, stood for truth, poetry and socialism. Clearly an unbeatable combination.

JAMES CURRAN, Editor of *New Socialist*: **Stuart Hall** whose writings offer a persuasive, non-reductionist, marxist view of the world and whose insights invest in the minutiae of everyday life a political and social meaning that has never occurred to me before.

GLENDA JACKSON, actress: **Louisa M. Alcott**. Her 'Little Women' books, that I read during my adolescence, were all about the 'haves' and the 'have nots' about which I seemed to have been born with very clear ideas – including that I was a 'have not'. Although her characters tackled the problem through religion and good works, it reinforced my own ideas that education and hard work were the ways out for the working class.

MARTIN JACQUES, Editor, *Marxism Today*: **Antonio Gramsci, John Lennon, Eric Hobsbawm**. Together they helped to convince me that the Left needed to change and gave me some idea of how it should change. Gramsci brought marxism (and, I hope, me) face to face with the realities of Western democracies; Lennon showed how the Left might be (but isn't) culturally of the present; and Hobsbawm has demonstrated how perceptive (and respected) the Left can be – if it is prepared to abandon its clichés.

BUCHI EMECHETA, writer: **Daphne du Maurier** because she is one of the female writers who does not allow feminism to cripple her style. She writes above gender and outside nations. People in Africa can appreciate her message.

PATRICIA HEWITT, press adviser to Neil Kinnock: My grandmother **Patricia Tillyard** because she was the one who taught me that women don't just have the right, they have a duty to try and change the world.

NEIL KINNOCK MP, Leader of the Labour Party: **Ian Mikardo** because he was the inventor of the Reading system* which has got more votes for the Labour Party than all the speeches of the last 40 years. When he gets his teeth into something, he doesn't let go. (*The system for keeping track of which of your supporters has voted on polling day.)

HELEN JOHN, disarmament campaigner: **Shirley Williams**. I

watched her on TV at a Labour Party conference saying everyone should put their heads over the parapet and be counted, and I said to myself 'too right' and went straight out and joined the Labour Party. She left soon after.

BRUCE KENT, General Secretary, CND: **Dorothy Day** has probably had more

influence on me than anyone else. Founder of the monthly *Catholic Worker*, peace movement and social justice campaigner, inspiration behind many American Houses of Hospitality, she was quite a woman. And also something of a saint.

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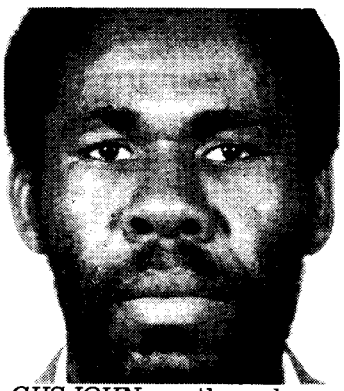
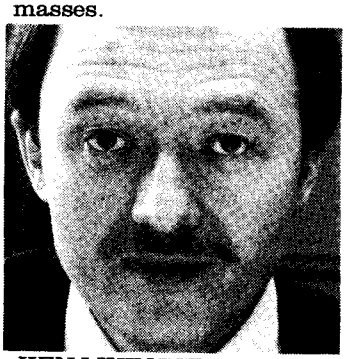
LIGHTS

enced the ideas of our age? We asked 30 people which writer or campaigner of rennially influential, others refused to expose their influences and Dennis vironment. The rest speak below.

Research by Jane Thomas



GUS JOHN, youth worker in Manchester: **John Le Rose**, a veteran in the struggle of Caribbean workers and peasants against neo-colonialism and capitalism in the Caribbean and of the independent radical and revolutionary movement of the black working class here in England; **Ngugi wa Thiong'o**, the Kenyan author, who through his political commitment as a writer and intellectual has made a signal contribution to our struggle against neo-colonialism in Africa. He exemplifies the role of the black intellectual in relation to the black masses.



KEN LIVINGSTONE, Leader of the GLC: **Pope John XXIII**, the first person I saw in high office who remained humble, decent and still visibly loved by his fellow human beings.

RUTH LISTER, General Secretary, Child Poverty Action Group: **Alexandra Kollontai** (and feminists today following in her tradition) who argued passionately that political struggle must involve the transformation of personal relationships and values as well as changes in economic and social structures.

JIMMY MILNE, leader of Scottish TUC: **Willie Gallagher,** a prominent trades unionist in the West of Scotland who led the Clyde Workers' Committee during the First World War; was involved in the struggle on rents and the fight against appeasement and fascism at home; served as a Communist member of Parliament from 1935-1950. He was well known as a speaker of pawky humour and down-to-earth philosophy. I particularly remember him for his work for the Republican government during the Spanish Civil War. He was an incorruptible champion of the cause of working men and women, and I certainly have kept his example before me.

TIMOTHY MO, writer: **Ron Smith** (father of Helen Smith) because he took on the faceless powers that be.

JOHN MORTIMER QC, lawyer and writer: **P. G. Wodehouse**, but I can't really think why.

SHEILA ROWBOTHAM, writer and women's liberation campaigner: **Doris Lessing** because she expressed changes women experienced in the relationship between personal emotions and public power through fiction before a political language was created through the women's liberation movement. Subsequently she has faced imaginatively the horror of

annihilation and quested for a living spirituality beneath the forms of social organisation.

SIVANANDAN, Editor, *Race and Class*: **Amilcar Cabral** (liberation leader, Guinea Bissau, assassinated 1973). He was the first practising marxist to work out the dynamics of race and class and make marxism truly international.

LORD SOPER, Methodist bishop: **R. H. Tawney**, whose two great books, *The Acquisitive Society* and *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, transformed my more primitive, naive Christian thinking and were the means of converting me to a Christian Socialist conviction which I have never wanted to change. He did more than anyone else for me to make the Christian concept of the Kingdom of God both realisable and imperative.

DAFYDD ELIS THOMAS, Plaid Cymru MP: For Christmas, two theologians – the Anglican Liberal New Testament scholar **John Robinson** (who died on 6 December) whose *Honest to God* helped liberate many from a fundamentalist anthropomorphism; **Gustavo Gutierrez**, the Latin American Catholic marxist whose *Theology of Liberation* stressed the necessity for all theology to be political.

E. P. THOMPSON, historian and disarmament campaigner: **William Blake,** who has always been living and working during my lifetime.

STUART WEIR, Deputy Editor, *New Society*: **Peggy Duff**. At a very impressionable age she brought home to me the importance of organising.

DES WILSON, campaigner: **Martin Luther King**, because he combined anger with love, led from the front and won.

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Welcome once again to the only quiz in Britain that isn't set by Christopher Booker. It is customary on these occasions for me to say a few words before you start chomping your way through my elegantly-served offering; it is also customary for me to set a few 'starters' before presenting you with the meat and two veg.

Custom, however, counts for little in these parts. On with the show.

Answers on page 56

By their deeds . . .

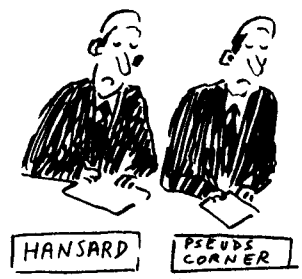
In 1983:

a) Which politician wore spectacles in public for the first time – 'an unremarkable pair of pinkish-rimmed ones', according to one report?
b) Which politician was fined £30,000 by North Tyneside magistrates?
c) Which politician, on arriving at Heathrow airport without any means of identification, announced that 'my face is my passport'?
d) Which politician narrowly escaped death while listening to Brahms?
e) Which married couple flew off to Malta after the public revelation that the wife had been having an affair?
f) Which married couple travelled to Blackpool after the public revelation that the husband had been having an affair?
g) What first appeared at 6.30 a.m. on 17 January?
h) What first appeared at 6 a.m. on 1 February?
i) What disappeared on 1 June but reappeared on 9 August?
j) What disappeared on 8 February and was never seen again?
k) What first appeared on 21 April but was seldom seen again?
l) Which pundit announced on 11 February that if he were a gambling man 'I would bet on the general election being held next year rather than this'?

. . . and words

Sayings of 1983:

a) Which politician said that he found his new job with an electrical company fascinating, but added that 'it is, of course, a bit of a drawback that science was invented after I left school'?
b) Which politician said (and of what): 'This is a normal thing in any country of the world'?
c) Which politician said: 'The Labour Party will never die'?



d) Which entertainer said: 'A vote for Labour is a vote for Communism. May God have mercy on your soul if you don't vote Conservative'?
e) Which entertainer said: 'If Gandhi were alive today he would have approved of the SDP'?
f) Which entertainer said: 'Let's bomb Russia'?
g) Which politician said: 'I think that Kenny Everett is one of Britain's leading comedians – whatever he says, people laugh'?
h) Which politician said: 'I really just begin to wonder what has happened to the British sense of humour'?
i) Which politician said: 'There is indeed a partnership arrangement of a physical nature'?

j) Which woman said of which male politician: 'If I had been a man I would have punched him on the nose'?
k) Which woman said of which male politician: 'I gazed at his body in the warm water. I watched how his penis floated and wondered how that felt'?
l) Which woman said of which male politician: 'I told him that, while I had to accept the fact that he was not going to marry me, I could not deny my baby his right to know the identify of his father'?
m) Which member of the royal family said: 'I wish I was on holiday. I would like to watch TV and go to the movies all summer'?
n) Which member of the royal family said: 'I'd like to be a truck driver. I think you could run your own life that way.'

Passing on

Of the people who died in 1983:

a) Whose real name was Cicily Isabel Fairchild?
b) Whose real name was Ronald Wycherley?
c) Who conked out?
d) Who was Dracula in 1974?
e) Who was Micawber in 1970?
f) Who once stopped talking for two years?
g) Whose autobiography was called *My Own Trumpet?*
h) Who went to Spain as a correspondent for the *News Chronicle?*
i) Whose father had been Minister of Education in Ramsay Macdonald's national government?

Groupies

1: Identify the odd one out in each of the following:

a) The Fool, the Falling Tower, the Hermit, the Empress, the Lion, the Chariot, the Moon
b) The Shadow, the Animus, the Persona, the Virgin, the Wise Old Man
c) The Cobra, the Warrior, the Plough, the Locust, the Tree, the Shark
d) The Sickener, Lurking Fever, the Weeping Widow, the Destroying Angel, Witches' Butter
e) A tiger's claw, an elephant's tusk, the jump of a hare, a peacock's foot, a half moon, the leaf of a blue lotus
f) Root of mandrake, tooth of wolf, tongue of dog, gall of goat, slips of yew, adder's fork
g) Sophia, Barbelo, the Magus, Archons, Aeons, Mother, Father
h) The Dragon's Run, the Ninety Isles, the Isolate Tower, the High Topps, the Outer Reaches

2: What have the following in common?

a) Fay Weldon, Libby Purves, Angela Carter
b) Lynsey de Paul, Terry Neill,

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Sharon Davies, Steve Davis, Nanette Newman.
c) Norman St John Stevas, Rebecca West, E. M. Forster, Roy Jenkins, Raymond Williams
d) R. B. Townsend, Isabel Fitton, H. D. Steuart-Powell, Dora Penny, Basil Nevinson
e) Loretta Lynn, Mary Queen of Scots, Jihan Sadat, Marie Antoinette, Annie Oakley

In their place

1: Who lived at:

a) The Laurels, Brickfield Terrace, Holloway?
b) 16 Cheyne Walk?
c) 23 Cranley Gardens?
d) No 1, London?
e) 39 Hilldrop Crescent?
f) Myrtlebank?
g) Hill Top Farm?
h) Cranmore, Ambleside Avenue, Streatham?

2: In which counties would you find the following?

a) Much Hadham
b) Little Snoring
c) Snigs End
d) Old Warden
e) Bunny
f) Lower Peover
g) Upper Slaughter

On the field

a) Who is the only 20th century British Prime Minister to have had his cricketing achievements recorded in *Wisden?*
b) Who is the only Nobel Prize winner to have had his cricketing achievements recorded in *Wisden?*
c) Which former captain of the English cricket team once stood unsuccessfully for Parliament against Jim Callaghan?
d) Which former Tory MP edits the *Cricketers' Who's Who?*
e) Which former Labour MP founded the British Empire cricket team?
f) Who scored 261 at the Trent Bridge test in 1950 and went on to become a Jamaican senator?
g) Who took 4 for 35 and 5 for 87 in the two innings of a test in 1930 and went on to become a governor of the BBC?
h) Who took 3 for 7 and 2 for 33 in the two innings of the Harrow vs. Eton match in 1910 and went on to become Minister of Defence?
i) Which novelist played for MCC and Sussex, and bowled out W. G. Grace?
j) Which novelist was the model for Bobby Southcott in *England, Their England?*
k) Which novelist took seven wickets for Dulwich College against Tonbridge on 3 June 1899?
l) Which professor of poetry at Oxford kept wicket for J. C. Squire's Invalids and wrote *Cricket Country?*
m) Which poet wrote: 'He has knock'd down the wicket,/And broke his stumps,/And runs without shoes to save his pumps'?
n) Which poet wrote: 'Together we impell'd the flying ball;/Together waited in our tutor's hall;/Together join'd in cricket's manly toil'?

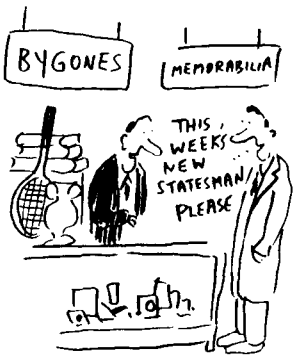
Eponymous

What is named after the following?

a) a 19th century French acrobat who died of smallpox at the age of 28
b) a 19th century French professor of maths who stopped speaking for a year at the age of 18 after his father's execution
c) the British minister of transport between 1934 and 1937
d) a 19th century Texas cattle rancher
e) a medieval Scottish theologian
f) a 16th century French ambassador to Portugal
g) the author of *Trent's Last Case*

Close to home

Who wrote the following?
a) The office of the *New Statesman* is the most depressing place to return to that I know, always an irritable atmosphere of nerves and stupidity, nobody ever regarding anything that is written for the paper except as idiotic nonsense or anybody who writes it except as a crank. The motor expert, the City editor, the writer of gramophone notes, explain that they don't approve of what one writes about Wyndham or Proust, Sharp bullies everyone, and the woman secretary cries, 'And when are you going *away* again?' as one comes in.
b) We continued to subscribe to the *New Statesman,* which under the editorship of Richard Crossman made it clear that socialism and Marxism had, quite honestly, nothing to do with reality.
c) John Spriggs – scruffy, ill-educated, intelligent – represented the *New Statesman;* he had nothing in common with Melton and Melton liked him a lot.
d) Once more I secured the pumping job, only now the *New Statesman* had disappeared. I did not feel the loss very deeply . . . In



the world in which I now found myself, most of its contents had ceased to make any sense at all.
e) She would see him in his raincoat with the collar turned up, going to have lunch in Lyons, standing in the queue reading the *New Statesman.*
f) Over coffee, Paul, Hugo and Kate took refuge in gossip about that perennially interesting topic, the editorship of the *New Statesman.*

Screen gems

1: How many Scrooges have talked and whose voices?

2: What have the following in common?
a) James Cagney, Charles Laughton, Peter Lorre, Gérard Philipe
b) Mrs Rittenhouse, Mrs Teasdale, Mrs Claypool, Mrs Dukesbury
c) *A Question of Silence, They Call That An Accident, Friends and Husbands, At First Sight*
d) Virgil Starkwell, Miles Monroe, Boris Grushenko, Andrew Hobbs

3: In what did who briefly appear
a) winding a clock
b) walking two Sealyhams
c) carrying a cello case
d) carrying a double bass
e) being pestered on the Tube
f) in silhouette behind a Registrar's door
g) in a newspaper ad for Reduco
h) with a camera outside a courthouse
i) by a phone box?

4: MWZ10 conveys five directors. Who?

5: Bertolucci gone to the Disney dogs is spaced out. How?

Rock climbers

1: Who was
a) down under in 1983?
b) up around the bend in 1970?
c) inside out in 1982?
d) outa space in 1972?
e) up in a puff of smoke in 1974?
f) off the wall in 1979?
g) on a slow boat to China in 1960?

2: Each of the following has had just one hit single in Britain. Name it.
a) Duke Ellington
b) The Children of Tansley School
c) St Winifred's School choir
d) Clive Dunn
e) Danny La Rue
f) Tommy Cooper
g) Dora Bryan
h) Eamonn Andrews
i) Terry Wogan
j) Hayley Mills
k) Kevin Keegan

Low opinions

To whom may the following observations me attributed?
a) He knows nothing and he thinks he knows everything. That points clearly to a political career.
b) I have views on most matters, and am as willing as a politician to change most of them.
c) The most successful politician is he who says what everybody is thinking most often and in the loudest voice.
d) Political language . . . is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.
e) Spare me the sight/of this thankless breed, these politicians/who cringe for favours from a screaming mob/and do not care what harm they do their friends.
f) There is hardly a person in the House of Commons worth painting, though many of them would be better for a little whitewashing.

Final say

Whose last words are these?

a) In 1953, 'Now I'll have eine kleine pause.'
b) In 1744, 'I am dying, sir, of one hundred good symptoms.'
c) In 1901, 'Bertie!'
d) In 1642, 'Yet it still moves.'
e) In 1932, 'If this is dying, I don't think much of it.'
f) In 1973, 'Goodnight my darlings. I'll see you tomorrow.'
g) In 1881, 'So this is death, well . . .'
h) In 1762, 'It has all been very interesting.'
i) In 1900, Either, 'I am dying as I have lived – beyond my means' or 'Either this wallpaper goes or I do.'
j) In 1925, 'Don't worry, be happy' – although he did not finally die until 1969.

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Higgins

Autumn in Atepmoc

by Aidan Higgins

(for Derek Mahon)

THE NATIVES of these parts have a pithy saying to the effect that 'nothing dead lasts long'. Headgear, as various as the owners, is worn as if hats had just been invented, clamped or stitched to the head and removed most reluctantly, the abstracted hand passed over the scorched scalp and headgear replaced with an anguished expression as if something long-pondered had at last been resolved. Then air is expelled from the mouth – 'Ouff!', a husky fifenote. The hats might be narrow-brim, well-worn straw, sweated-into grey homburg, elegant Anthony Eden, dusty black beret with a little knob at the crown. Their gossiping is liberally enlivened with '*Senojoc!*', the male term for emergent life.

Insects rise; all is calm; a breeze blows from the right hand, the olive trees shiver, exposing their silvery undersides. Now a mule is led past by an old man with head lowered, a small dog standing on the saddle like a circus act. I hear the robin in the valley, a repeated series of high fidgety twitterings.

The wind whines in the fence about the ugly new barracks-like edifice of red brick. To the rear of this awkward structure, as you go by Nos Notna, I heard the wind whine and took it to be the demented droning of hens shut up for the night and rallying themselves for sleep on their perch. But it was only five o'clock on a late October afternoon, far too early for fowl to be shut up. The wind went gustily as a vibraphone through the wire fence as I passed down into the valley full of birds.

Below the finest little mosque in all Christendom, converted centuries ago into a Catholic church and now a Chapel-of-Rest for corpses from Canillas en route to the cemetario, stood an ugly new factory for the manufacture of sanitary towels or disposable knickers, which afforded labour to the local girls.

I had heard the plangent sound of a guitar near the round threshing stone where they still worked the grain in the old way, throwing it into the air to winnow it. Along the road there the novias conducted their courtship in the old style, walking out together as in Straffan and Naas and Clane in the summers of long ago, on the by-roads free of motorised traffic. It reminded me of a past which now hardly seems to belong to me, this by-road slow-linking courtship, and the drone of hens, a valley of birds, perpetual summer. Mere tokens, signs of oncoming senility and nothing more. Token symptoms of insanity making a strong effort to be reasonable. Sufficient to say that hereabouts all nature is in gentle riot.

Coming from a day of walking in the hills I had heard a male voice singing from a high place and thought I saw a figure working on the mosque but when I came below the mosque the singing human figure had become part of the electrical installation. There, on the other side where the swallows fly below the path, the land seems to induce song. Finding themselves on high places the men have an urge to sing and in those hours when the light is going fast their songs most resemble the evening prayer-songs of their old conquerors calling out of their minarets,

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all turned to the east. As sometimes too, when very drunk (begete, they say hereabouts, bola), the involuntary cries are wrung from them. A tilted condition suited to Canillas and Atepmoc, hill villages put together at angles of forty-five degrees, and thus a uniquely tilted drunkenness, and they call out in great distress, this double syllable of anguish, a cry wrung from the mouths of men who should not drink at all, let alone drink to excess, and ulcers at fifty. Again the distressed cry from the mouths of their conquerors who in the eight long centuries of occupation had kept their own religion and become assimilated into Anapse, particularly in the province closest to their own land and most resembling it. Become in fact another race. Not of Anapse but a mixture of the two races, become a third mixed race called Solsorom (even the word for it was impossible). Two great trading races come to live as one, when the time for trading for both had ended.

'*AAAAaaaiii! AAAaaaaiiiiie!!*', the tortured drunk cries out from the high bedroom window, just a slit in the outer wall, presumably holding onto the bedrail within, his eyes closed. How mortally ashamed of myself am I! How mortified that I am I, and so drunken in Atepmoc!

The ones who did not drink stayed on to build aqueducts for the dry impoverished land and by an ingenious system of ways and means brought water and vegetation into dried-out valleys and even raised up their own dreamlike architecture within the conquered towns and cities, a nomad dream of palms and palaces and cool secret places fit for rendezvous. But above all watercourses and fountains, the most persistent nomad dream: flowing water.

And the other, the other half, the body of the land that nothing could transform, and the people on it whom no conqueror could change, no matter how long the conquest? It and they sank into poverty together, into a prolonged dream out of which not even General Anco himself could wake them, but rather plunged them deeper, further from their own nature.

NEAR THE OLD Bara cemetery – as strange as an English cemetery in India, even to long-dead English names on gravestones – Trull and the semi-demented painter and whilom remittance man Carsten had observed three silent dark citizens, in that port of pick-pockets, drug-pushers, perverts and outstretched palms. Observed them seated side by side on a public bench, swaying gently this way and then that as the wind turned; the breeze passed through their beards again, they turned with it, saying nothing but smiling to themselves, hooded in their desert clothes. They smiled because they felt *other than themselves*, part of the breeze that blew through the palm trees, part of another race. They were curious to be alive, smiling to themselves as they swayed on the bench near or in the cemetery there.

Conrad wrote that curiosity is one of the forms of self-revelation. Duplication of vision: I see an image with multiple forms in the light, trembling in the glare of Bara day. On yet another occasion, not unfree of incident, Trull and I had spent a day in Tangier. He limping around with an ingrowing toenail and far from cordial. We were pestered by pick-pockets and an itinerant trader of woollen caps whom we could not shake off. Wherever we went he was sure to be there before us, or just coming in the door after us, or walking by outside and hailing us, a fellow who claimed to be Charlie Chaplin. The woollen caps were made in the interior.

After being silently molested on the seafront by a pick-pocket we took a meal among Berbers in a sort of lean-to in the main square. An ancient Berber leaning across was civil enough to inform the crusty Trull that salt was bad for him. Or so we understood from his dumbshow and grimaces. Trull poured out a liberal handful into his soup and over his meat, and bending down applied himself to his meal, causing the ancient Berber to withdraw into his djallaba in the most frosty manner imaginable.

We found a bar with wide windows overlooking the passing parade and ordered vodka and fresh orange juice. The drinks well iced were hardly set before us before in came Charlie Chaplin, delighted to see us again, calling out Tchollie! Tchollie!

I saw nothing of Chaplin in him, looking for the tramp. But presently, talking to another customer, he drew out a piece of material, cocked his head, sketched a gesture, and there stood the stout white-haired rubicund father of half a dozen children, the Chaplin of *Limelight* with the old talent gone. Enough of Tangier. We flew back, were delayed, ran up a huge drinks bill on Air Vivo. I feared for my life with a mad Moorish taxi-driver, then a low fellow who drove like one possessed from the airport to the town, its lights shuddering in the distance.

But now I am walking in the valley, or sitting on the bridge, smoking a Goya, where the road bends by the Mass Path there. Rounding a corner I came upon a local youth up to his chest in what appeared to be a grave, and still digging. His transistor played Irish traditional music, strange to hear there, and I was back again on Camus Bay in a little cemetery by the crooked seashore and it was raining as usual. Or was I with the Countess in a miserable bar overlooking a seaweed factory and a drenched fishdock with parked cars and from the radio behind the bar a female voice sang soothingly, 'I'd love to see old Ireland free once more.' And then a rendering of the Wexford men of ninety-eight. And then the name of the bar came back to me: Kilkieran's on a bay of the same name.

NOW I SAW with failing eyesight what I took to be a goat-herd effortlessly transforming himself into several divided beings. The intent here was in no way clear to me. I was sitting on one of those blocks of cemented brick that guard the bend, then I saw him above me, over the road, on a ridge in the company of half a dozen goats, a roan ram and buff ewes to be pedantic. He seemed to be addressing them. Sounds carry far in that acoustic valley. I heard the rough voice going on amiably, confidentially. They talk to dogs here, and to the earth, so why not to goats. Perhaps he was whiling away the time telling them the old stories?

The oldest and best stories in the world, the ones that do not change. Of the snakes who venture down from the mountains in hot weather and swim in the aqueducts or even crawl into the gardens by the sea to drape themselves in the oleander. Or even venture into the house, out of curiosity, or for the cool, and drape themselves around the toilet seat, for coolness that takes some beating. And very unsettling for the person at stool or for a woman looking down at what are supposed to be water-pipes and sees a snake, as has indeed happened to me. Or of the one who gets into a lady's handbag, as happened to Elin.

Or tales of the foxes who steal the grapes and rob from the basuras, the trash barrels, hunting not in singles but in groups. And the meaning of their mournful nocturnal cries. Or, nearer home, of the known potency of Atepmoc wine, stored in great barrels in cool places. To my way of thinking a cross between bad sherry and worse Montilla, and certain death to the liver when not taken in moderation, which is the way it is generally taken. Or of strong coffee with goatsmilk laced with cognac, good on cold nights. Or taken with churros. Better still on cold mornings, with a shot of anis, a shock to the system, a pecker-up, a stirrer of the blood sluggish at that hour. All these without exception good things.

Or of the taste of sollac, which we call tripe, or oplup which is octopus with its eight suckered arms around the mouth. Or of all the good things that dwell in the sea. And of the force of odrec (pork), for pig is everywhere and in everything, their death-shrieks heard one night of every week. So tenacious of a life that never seemed so good, now that it is ending. Adios to the carefree hours in the piggery, always good. Odrec cooked with the vino terrano and teeth of oja (garlic), for garlic certainly goes with everything.

And the goats, who had certainly heard these stories before, and many times, or stories very like them – being spared only the stories of the pungency of arbac itself, good as a main dish, fine as a cheese, excellent fine as tapas, titbits given free in bars with orders of drink – stories of slaughtered kids, not to put too fine a point upon it. Good as milk, which is said to inhibit potency. But this surely incorrect, for the milk in the Bar Perico near the church was always goatsmilk, and Luis Perico himself was the father of eleven sons and daughters.

THE SAME STORIES told in exactly the same words, the blurred dreamlike words of the old story, for any deviation would be wrong. The same stories told over and over. And told to the goats before them, back to the great dreamlike herds of their forebears on the plains, in the time of the black and blue men brought over by General Anco to put the fear of God into the whole province. Men with black and blue faces and cut-throat propensities, in the endless centuries of the occupation. And before that in the time of the seagoing Phoenicians, who had

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brought rabbits into Aiculadna and tin to Agalam.

It was doubtless with yarns like these that the herdsman was boring the udders off the ewes. Or with others as similar or as long-winded, a pleasant way of passing the time. Or perhaps again stories of the lewdness of all foreign women, whose morals were by definition habitually loose. When carnal tendencies take hold of them then Satan himself must be allowed to work his way. Or of the lustful ways of abbesses, having their way with abbots and bishops, gardeners too, in the cool privacy of the cells, lips if not anus gleaming with glycerine and eyes ablaze with unquenchable lust. Or of all the good growing things of the earth, never limp, no good in bed but splendid up against a wall.

I hear the nanny-goats sniggering in the private evasive way by which these contemplative beasts express their not so dumb amusement, the ram hee-heeing away like old Cornok himself into its shaggy beard.

Now the scraggy leaves of the cane plantation fidget in the breeze as it pours through their rows. Depressed as old coats on hangers stand the stems, turning up their curled leaves. The sugar bushes, Elin calls them.

A small cloud appears over the ridge, brief as a puff of smoke from a steam-engine, appearing in the evening of this cloudless blue day. On the path below, the trampled form of a frog with outstretched arms is imprinted in the dust, with a few spent cartridges for company. The hunting season has started and the guns are going in the hills. Then the cloud has evaporated and the herdsman appears to be now addressing himself to an unseen friend, for I seem to hear other rough tones answering. The goats cavort on the slopes, enjoy the play of air, as the evening breeze comes up the steep narrow valley full of so many varieties of birds.

Now again all is calm on the slope, the human voices silent. The tattered appendages droop and rustle, as if despised, aware of their poverty, just old useless coats, as the wind, gathering force, rushes through them, setting them all to fidgeting and trembling. And the two owls who have been calling to each other have settled on one branch on a tree over the barranca. In two hours it will be dark. Are they even owls? Their sharp cries octaves above hooting.

It's a boy whom the herdsman addresses, perhaps his grandson. The goats are browsing, the herdsman wrapped in his mantle, the boy staring down at the road where nothing moves, least of all me.

And presently the boy has disappeared and the herdsman is standing hurling stones and abuse at his flock who scatter, some escaping to higher ledges and others jumping down. I hear the rough voice choking. But in a little while they come together again and he seems to be frolicking with them.

Now seated, a long confabulation ensues between the one seated on a rock and another unseen one. I hear distinctly *'Sod cangoc'*, so it's of cognac they speak now. But now the herdsman addresses himself only to a low silent form, perhaps not even human . . .

When attempting the language it is foolish to speak slowly or attempt clear articulation, for that way will get you nowhere. First the gutturals must be mastered, no easy job, since the language abounds in gutturals. As you move higher into the hills it becomes harder to follow, closer to true Barac, the words running together. In the north they speak another language: Nalatax. Another Anapse race altogether, stolid, unimaginative, hard-working; a people whose chief gifts to Anapse have been bankers and industrialists, latterly terrorists in the cause of independence. Their language is inherited from the Stone Age, now slowly dying out because unsuited to modern times, and so difficult that no one can learn it.

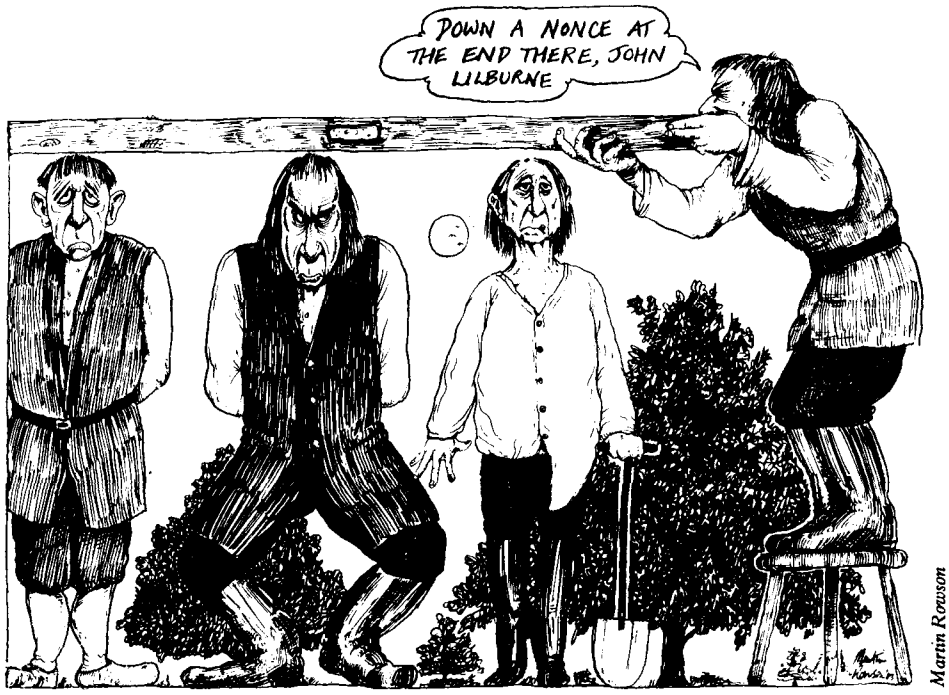
With Atepmoc Anapse a general picture is preferable; the submerged constructions surfacing and sending the rest out towards what may not be total comprehension but at least partial and, moreover, sounding as though delivered in an idiom generally acceptable in the village. The correct form of polite address would seem to favour the half-shout, even when standing within touching distance. A fish held in the palm of the hand first thing in the morning is thought to bring luck.

To them, and more so to their children's ears, English sounds a feeble and indeed ridiculous tongue, a trance-speech of caste. *'Weeeshywashy!'*, the children call out in mockery on hearing English spoken.

The married women retire at sunset and are up at cockcrow, when they fall into heated discussions among themselves; you would expect this to end in blows, but not at all, screeches of laughter. They laugh a lot, shrug their shoulders and laugh off misfortune. They are watchful observers, the habit deepening with age, particularly among the males, who seem to be observing themselves rather than you, attentive to some inner process, their cane chairs tilted against the wall of the church or arranged in a half-circle outside the Mirror Bar: the Old Hats, Trull calls them, being a bit of an old hat himself. To think of a fox is unlucky. They have a complicated expression for these long murmurous discussions, their retelling of the day's events, for which the synonym might be the-last-shout-on-the-stairs. Their language well reflects the charming and uncomplicated nature of the people themselves. God's name is in everything they say, as in Connemara or Bavaria. Hissed imprecations are a sign of exasperated sensibility and nothing more. They are pastmasters of the contrapuntal serpent hiss. Abstract thought is unknown to them and when they hear it attempted they become embarrassed. Hence perhaps the need for nights of loud convivial shouting in the bars, with which the village is liberally supplied, after a day spent labouring on the land. Overcoats are never worn, not even in the severest winters, but umbrellas carried.

Empty the head of preconceived notions and fill the mouth full of syllables and then spew them out with little or no regard for accuracy or even sense. In this you will gain a reputation for speaking their mountain lingo 'very well', even though no single word has been understood. It is the sounds that matter and the intent behind the sounds, generally hammered home with the hand, a vein in the forehead throbbing. While no strangers to the ecstatic vision, up there at 550 metres, it's considered the height of bad manners to refer to this. The word for Savings Bank is identical to the word for coffin. They are a happy people. □

SCENES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT SOCIALISTS: No. 2 in the Series.
THE LEVELLERS, ALTHOUGH LIBERTARIAN & EGALITARIAN SOCIALISTS, WERE SURPRISINGLY PEDANTIC.



Martin Rowson

Aidan Higgins's latest novel, Bornholm Night-Ferry, *was published earlier this year by Allison & Busby.*

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The pleasures of reading: 1983

Contributors to the NS's books and arts pages tell which books (not necessarily published in 1983) have actually given them most pleasure this year.

Impossible to choose between these three: **Coup de Grâce** by Marguerite Yourcenar (Aidan Ellis, £7.95), a tragic Racine-like novella, set in the Balkan states: **A Tiger for Malgudi** by R. K. Narayan (Heinemann, £7.50) which very movingly breaks down the frontiers between the human and animal worlds; and (of books not published this year) Patrick Hamilton's **The Midnight Bell,** an account of a London barman's infatuation with a prostitute, wonderful in its renderings of both formless urban life and sexual obsession.

Paul Binding

The most completely engrossing book I read this year was **Indecent Exposure** by David McClintick (Columbus Books, £10.95). It unravels and lucidly documents the notorious cheque-fraud scandal at Columbia Pictures (the studio head forged cheques in actors' names) and the sordid and ruthless boardroom power struggle that followed. As a portrait of the modern movie business it is unrivalled, utterly compelling and a baleful education.

William Boyd

For 1984, if it is anything like 1983, we are all going to need Alan Coren's **The Penguin Book of Modern Humour** (£2.50) – despite a few misfires from over-rated professional funny-folk, he stages a glittering tournament, recruited largely from novelists (Naipaul, V.S., Amis, K., Updike, Heller, Roth, Condon, Joyce, Waugh), plus an otherwise unobtainable masterpiece of sour misanthropy, Nigel Dennis's 'The Pukey'. Coren's major omission is himself, a want supplied in **The Cricklewood Diet** (Sphere, £1.75), a chrestomathy of savagely inventive satires and parodies culled from his own work.

Alan Brien

Time to be honest. What I *really* enjoyed this year was reading Terry Jones's **Fairy Tales** (Puffin, £3.95) to my daughter – tight, beautifully wrought stories with gently pointed morals. Not a million miles away was my personal discovery of Italo Calvino and in particular of **If on a Winter's Night a Traveller** (Picador, £2.50), fictions that tease and enchant in equal measure.

Andrew Clements

A long-postponed return trip to the vivid art of Katherine Mansfield has been my browser's delight. Instinct with what Frieda Lawrence called her 'terrible gift of nearness', **The Collected Short Stories** (Penguin Modern Classics, and a pauper's snip) shift from pagan epiphanies into a marvellous, acid humour: language refreshed and refreshing.

John Coleman

Three works have impressed me this year by their capacity to give a name and shape to current terror and yet to see beyond that with a measure of hope: Ian McEwan's **Or Shall We Die,** both for its introduction and for its libretto, James Fenton's **Children of Exile** (Salamander, £1.95), a poem of level tone and powerful effect, and Raymond Williams's **Towards 2000** (Chatto, £9.95), particularly its last chapter. In addition two novels, not recently published, both of them either under-rated or simply ignored: Angus Wilson's **Setting the World on Fire** and Christina Stead's **Cotter's England.**

Jon Cook

The book that has given me most pleasure during 1983 is perhaps an atrocious second-hand book of 1894, purchased in Edinburgh Oxfam shop, called **The Wives of Great Men.** Or maybe the last volume of Latham's great edition of **Pepys' Diaries.** Or probably the Bill Tidy and the **Maggie's Farm** annuals – it all depends what one means by 'pleasure'. But for mental ecstacy, Ronald Beiner's **Political Judgement** (Methuen, £11.95) – an extraordinary exemplification of Wittgenstein's dictum that 'one is unable to notice something because it's always before one's eyes'; and for political duty, Gavin Kitching's **Rethinking Socialism** (Methuen, £3.95).

Bernard Crick

Two books, utterly unlike: David Fallows's **Dufay** (Dent, £9.95), an outstanding introduction to the great 15th-century composer; and **Fallen Bastions** by G.E.R. Gedye, published by the Left Book Club in 1939, a journalist's impassioned report on Austria in the years up to the *Anschluss.*

Richard Deveson

Lawrence Gowing, artist and writer, is our best commentator on the painter **Lucian Freud** (Thames & Hudson). Few British art critics dare write about individual works; they hide behind descriptions or ideology and feel obliged to be serious about serious rubbish. Freud is a major painter about whose work Gowing offers many insights.

Peter Dormer

I caught up with Thomas Keneally's **Schindler's Ark** a year late and in paperback form (Hodder, £2.95). The controversy over whether this magnificent book is a 'novel' or a 'documentary' (or a work of 'history') is as absurd as the attempt to divide stage, television and screen-plays into different categories on the basis of their source material. 'Documentaries' shouldn't make real men cry: whatever *Schindler's Ark* is, it absolutely does.

David Edgar

The best describer of boxing since Hazlitt, a gourmet capable of writing vividly yet laconically about food, A. J. Liebling remains my favourite journalist. **Liebling Abroard** – the 1981 American edition got remaindered in Britain last summer – contains his reporting of World War II for the *New Yorker:* bitchy but tender, Hemingway without the vanity. Also included are Liebling's memories of eating in pre-war Paris, ideal for reading in bed while a Force Ten batters at the window.

Charles Fox

My copy of Colin Spencer's **Gourmet Cooking for Vegetarians** (Robin Clark, £2.95) has disintegrated with use. Mercifully, the publishers have just re-issued this elegant guide to walnut risotto, omelette with pistachio nuts, gratin Dauphinois and purée of olives, to name but a fondly remembered few. (Elegance aside, this book reveals the secret of fart-free cooking with pulses.)

Harriett Gilbert

Thanks, Book Marketeers, for 'Young' Brits. Ursula Bentley and Buchi Emecheta. And, paperbacking as always, I especially enjoyed Dan Kavanagh's **Fiddle City** – witty smuggleduggery as Duffy hits Heathrow. I'll run with the pack and heap appreciation on Barbara Trapido's compulsive **Brother of the More Famous Jack** (Corgi, £2.50). More, Ms Trapido, rapido. Billy-come-lately, also read Toni Morrison's astounding **Sula,** as painful a piece of genius as I'm likely to encounter in any year.

Bill Greenwell

I found most interesting **Homosexuality in Renaissance England** by Alan Bray, published in 1982 by the Gay Men's Press. We know about James I and Charles II's courtiers; Mr Bray tackles the much more difficult subject of ordinary people, opening up a hitherto unexplored area with exemplary scholarship, caution and humanity.

Christopher Hill

For me this year has stood under the sign of Joseph Roth: Austrian, Royalist, Catholic, Wandering Jew, fabulator, alcoholic. His tiny, packed, gorgeous novels are finally being made available in English. In poetry, all hail to Elizabeth Bishop: **The Complete Poems** (Chatto, £10.95) is descriptive writing of great splendour and resourcefulness.

Michael Hofmann

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Riddley Walker by Russell Hoban, first published by Cape, now Picador £1.95. '. . . there come a flash of lite then bigger nor the woal worl and it ternt nite to day . . . man and woman starveling in the blackness . . . ' Britain after the Bomb and the bewildered voice of Riddley questing towards that 'Little Shynin Truth' probably the most haunting sound in modern fiction stretching its desperate fingers right into your heart, mind and soul.

Grace Ingoldby

It helped me understand something of the background to the Grenada invasion; and I was reading it as the crisis broke. No, not an instant history but **Doctor Frigo** by Eric Ambler. Caribbean intrigue, post-colonial cynicism and American malevolence; Ambler's thriller has it all. First published in 1974; now a Fontana paperback.

Peter Kellner

Roy Kerridge's **Real Wicked, Guy: A View of Black Britain** (Blackwell, £9.95) is likely to be condemned unread by many of those professionally involved in social work and race relations; which is a pity since – as devotees of Roy Kerridge's journalism might expect – it's perceptive, unusual, anecdotal, often extremely funny and populated by real people (including the author's family) not ideological abstractions.

Jeremy Lewis

Should enjoyment be a consideration of the critic? Indeed it should. The point of reading is the pleasure given by the text. The work instinctively adored this year was Christopher Wood's **Olympian Dreamers** (Constable, £15), an account of Victorian painters' chilly use of Classical fables as an alibi to think about sex. A voluptuous book.

Roger Lewis

Leslie Field's portrayal of the 2nd Duke of Westminster (**Bendor,** Weidenfeld, £12.95) revived my taste for left-wing demonology: a feudal potentate who gloried in the mass execution of wild animals and supported Hitler; a 'patriot' who moved funds abroad when Estate Duty began. His successor remains one of the richest men in the world.

Jules Lubbock

The book that gave me most pleasure during 1983 – I suspect it would do so in any year – was Elizabeth Bishop's **Collected Poems.** Runner-up: J. W. Burrow's **A Liberal Descent** (Cambridge paperback, £7.95), a beautiful and elegant survey of ways in which 19th-century whig historians accounted for the coming of England.

John Lucas

Gogol's **Dead Souls.** To my shame, I hadn't read this book before. If you haven't either, do so now; it will become instantly part of your mental furniture. Gogol planned it in two parts, one comic, one sublime. Only the comic half got finished but, even as it stands, it *feels* complete – and achieves a proleptic sublimity.

Derek Mahon

No Place on Earth by Christa Wolf (Virago, £6.95) is a startlingly beautiful and highly imaginative piece of writing. It is also a desperate, though never despondent, statement about a woman who is out of time, out of place, and out of grace with the spirit of the age in which she lives. The setting of this short novel (in the early 19th century), its careful formal organisation and its subdued tone add to rather than detracting from its emotional impact.

Angela McRobbie

An excellent year for historical novels, my favourite being **Three Six Seven** (Peter Owen, £8.95), Peter Vansittart's compelling account of upheaval and intrigue during the twilight of Roman Britain. On the re-readings front, Flann O'Brien's incomparable **At Swim-Two-Birds** (Penguin) and **The Third Policeman** (Picador) proved, amazingly, even better than I'd remembered.

David Montrose

The novel I liked best this year was **Spanking the Maid** by Robert Coover (Grove Press, $4.95), which is about, well, domestic life. It's a funny, surreal anti-novel. Best non-fiction: **London after the Bomb** by various members of LATB study group (Oxford, £1.95). Just the facts, very clear, very plain, everyone should know.

Christopher Priest

Karl Marx Collective: Economy, Society and Religion in a Siberian Collective Farm by Caroline Humphrey (Cambridge, £30 & £10.95) is a compulsive portrait of a poor rural community at which we aim nuclear missiles on the ground that the 'system' under which it goes about its daily business is 'totalitarian' and qualitatively different from our own: the readable minutiae of what should be obvious – that Soviet society since Stalin is run like our own on the basis of consent, sometimes grudgingly given.

John Rentoul

No new book has matched my re-reading of Chekhov's **Seven Stories** (in Ronald Hingley's Oxford paperback version): deeply political stories, unforgettable images of patriarchy ('A Dreary Story'), of backwardness succumbed to ('Ward Number Six'). Affirmative as well as analytical, Chekhov shows both what we are and what we might be.

M.H. Ryle

The very bed rocked with my helpless laughter at the **Just William** books (Macmillan, £1.25 each in paperback). This was my first encounter with William, and I've already re-read 'The Show' a score of times; his charging his mates 1d. each to sneak in and view his fat auntie snoring on her bed as 'FAT WILD WOMAN TORKIN NATIF LANGWIDGE' speaks to my soul. Also not to be missed was Tony Parker's **The People of Providence** (Hutchinson, £12.95) – all human life is there – and Michèle Barrett and Mary McIntosh's **The Anti-Social Family** (Verso, £3.95), brilliant and lucid.

Anne Smith

Peter Hall's **Diaries** (Hamish Hamilton, £12.95): riveting inside story of the man and the theatre we love to hate. Received mainly rather ribald reviews and alienated at least one of Hall's best friends, but I found it so sympathetic that I even caught myself forgiving Hall's taste in new plays.

John Spurling

Sydney Smith's idea of heaven was eating *paté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. Mine is reading Salman Rushdie's **Shame** (Cape, £7.95) while lying in a hot bath and drinking whisky. What a novel it is – robust, audacious and enthralling. I also enjoyed Ralph Steadman's **I. Leonardo** (Cape, £9.95), a splendid successor to his *Sigmund Freud*. Best thriller was **Red Square** (Quartet, £8.95) by Edward Topol and Fridrikh Neznansky; the recent mystery of Andropov's 'cold' has given extra spice and verisimilitude to the book's Kremlin gossip.

Francis Wheen

No one interested in poetry should miss Neil Rennie's **The Cargo** (TNR Production, 19 Westbourne Road, N7, 95p + p & p), for me the revelation of 1983. Rennie's highly original cartoon-like lyrics, apparently all surface, are the kind of thing William Empson might have achieved if he had gone on writing poetry and managed to purge his work of its pedantic, intellectual quality. Rennie dares suggest a way forward for the modernist movement, otherwise stuck in the mud until now.

Hugo Williams

Hubert Nicholson's **Half my Days and Nights** (Autolycus), republished this year for the first time since it originally appeared in 1941, is a wonderfully spirited memoir. The evocation of the period (the Twenties and Thirties) and the place (Hull, Bristol, Cheltenham and London, mainly), is superb; the cast list (Louis Armstrong, Dylan Thomas *et al*), dazzling. Only the struggles, physical or metaphysical are timeless. Arthur Koestler's **Dialogue with Death,** reissued this year in Papermac, is an uplifting testament to life and a poignant valedictory.

Bob Woffinden

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GAY FICTION
Alison Hennegan

Truth telling

LET ME begin with a True Story.

The co-founder of Britain's first 'totally gay and lesbian imprint' was repping two of his books to a London bookseller. 'Oh good!' she said enthusiastically. 'Gertrude Stein's *Paris France* and Cocteau's *White Papers*. I can sell lots of those! And – I hope you don't mind my saying so – but I'm *so* glad you're getting away from all that gay stuff.'

So what, one wonders, is 'all that gay stuff' which apparently doesn't include lesbian Stein and gay Cocteau? And why does she let them in and shut the rest out?

Presumably they sneaked in because they're Real Writers, Great (sometimes) Literature: promotion – or co-option, depending on your point of view. For it's a curious fact that once writers become *Real* (famous, esteemed, established), they usually stop being gay. People – by which I mean most critics, reviewers, school teachers, GCE Examining Boards and vigilant parents – won't let them be. They don't actually *lie* these days and call them heterosexual: they just leave out the homosexual bits. And if there *is* a trailable red herring they trail it. (Forget George Sand wore drag and loved Adah Isaacs Menken: just concentrate on Chopin and de Musset.)

Sometimes it doesn't work. The skeleton's too far out of the closet to be pushed back in. So each generation of schoolchildren learns quite quickly that Wilde, Forster and Gide *were*. And, with rather more difficulty, undergraduates discover that James, Butler, Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, Saki, Charlotte Mew, May Sinclair, Dorothy Richardson, Winifred Holtby and Katherine Mansfield probably or certainly were too. (I've omitted scores of names here – partly because life is short, mainly because the libel laws remain vicious.)

But, my word, if one *were* to divide writers into Their (heterosexual) Team and My (homosexual) one, I'd be doing well!

Which, I suspect, is just the sort of comment which irritates and angers the bookseller.

In fact, the more I think about it, the more I suspect that it is the very existence of the word 'gay' in its current sexual usage which really upsets her. Quite correctly she recognises that 'gay' differs from 'homosexual'. 'Homosexual' is medical in origin, pathologising in tendency, imposed from the outside and, linguistically speaking, a pseudo-Graeco-Roman mess. 'Gay' is self-chosen, affirms its own mental health and, linguistically speaking, is plucked from the very heart of the language, for which its enemies can never forgive it (as in '*They've* stolen *our* beautiful word').

'Gay' and 'lesbian' say quite clearly that sex is always political: individuals can never experience it – however passionately they may long to do so – in an emotional and moral vacuum insulated from the beliefs, values and conflicts which shape the rest of society.

'Gay' implicitly demands an end to closetry, a matter which extends beyond individuals. It can muffle whole industries – such as publishing – or whole professions – reviewing and criticism. And very unhealthy it is, too. It gives us, for example, the unedifying spectacle of closet reviewers tearing into novels by out gay authors and attacking with the venom reserved only for those who 'rock the boat'. It induces less disturbed but still closetted gay reviewers to adopt a curiously impersonal, flat voice as they attempt the 'impartial' and 'objective' (i.e. heterosexual) stance which they obviously believe is needed if they're reviewing works with gay characters or themes. It helps sustain the fiction that a sexual *status quo* (that is, the centrality and innate superiority of heterosexual experience) must be maintained in reviewing. It strengthens the inbuilt heterosexual bias in criticism where it is so deeply entrenched that it goes unrecognised and gives rise to so many critical nonsenses. (Some random examples: a standard biography of Dorothy Richardson with a yawning great gap in the middle which should have been filled with her love for women; hopelessly inadequate critical writing on Mansfield and Lawrence; a general refusal to recognise that Wilfred Owen's poetry springs from the constant, intolerable tension between destroying and desiring men.)

What all this basically means is that, in the world of writing, an awful lot of people are – at best – misleading and – at worst – lying. And lying, even if only by omission, becomes a habit.

Gay News offered gay writers the opportunity to 'write true', without self-censorship, without endlessly obscuring or minimising the fact that in many crucial respects they did not experience or perceive the world as heterosexuals do. Many writers, long accustomed to 'passing for straight' in mainstream publications, told me when I offered them space in the paper that it was an opportunity as terrifying as it was exhilarating. Too much too late.

Hearing that so often – said of 400-word reviews or 1500-word-articles – gave me an inkling of the crippling feeling of constraint under which so many gay writers working on a larger scale – novels, plays, biography, criticism – must labour.

How to produce 'an honest piece of work' with a lie, even if by omission, lying at the heart of it? And that, of course, is the crux. I've been writing as though the words 'homosexual', 'heterosexual', 'gay' and 'lesbian' pose no problems in themselves.

'Homosexual' itself is a recent, mid-19th-century coinage. Some social and literary historians – including gay ones like Michel Foucault, Jeffrey Weeks and Alan Bray – have noted the modern anxiety to categorise human beings according to the objects of their desire: same sex (homosexual); child (paedophile); thing (fetishist); pain (sadist/-masochist); animal (bestialist); opposite sex (heterosexual). They argue that the proliferating, often stigmatic, labels constitute an increasing social control of individual sexuality.

So must the inverted commas go back round 'gay'? Well, no, they'd say, because to a larger extent than we sometimes care to admit, we are, or become, what we are perceived to be. So those who have accepted or chosen the descriptions 'gay' or 'lesbian' go on to make from them a reality. It makes sense, is truthful, to speak of gay writers, gay artists, gay thinkers, gay composers: adjective and noun fuse.

It becomes more complicated when we turn to writers working before today's usage of 'gay', before the coining of 'homosexual'. Does it make any sort of sense to refer to a lesbian 17th-century novelist (Aphra Behn), to gay Elizabethan love poetry (Marlowe, Barnefield), to a gay 17th-century monarch (James I), to bisexual Restoration poets (Rochester and his circle)? Knotty, mind-breaking questions which lesbian and gay scholars and critics have illuminatingly addressed: conspicuous among them, Alan Bray (*Homosexuality in Renaissance England*), Lillian Faderman (*Surpassing the Love of Men* and *Scotch Verdict*) and Adrienne Rich, everywhere but especially in her writings on Emily Dickinson and the Brontës.

Certainly some authors strike chords across the centuries, convey a subtle sense of temperamental affinity which – methodological problems notwithstanding – make it seem legitimate to see them as part of a subterranean tradition waiting to be uncovered.

Asked recently to edit a British anthology of lesbian writing I faced – yet again – the question of the criteria to be applied to material from 'pre-homosexual' centuries. Gradually I decided it was eligible if it sprang from a woman's attempts to establish with other women central, loving relationships, free from the obstruction or mediation of men (whether flesh and blood brothers, fathers, sons and husbands, or male *fiats* and vetoes embodied in Law, Medicine, Theology). That, in short, there must be some notion of the woman's resistance to the prevailing heterosexual consensus.

I see that resistance, too, in 'pre-gay' male writers – in (random examples again) Firbank's and Wilde's insistence on the importance of the supposedly superficial; in the way E. F. Benson uses the glittering surface of drawing-room comedy to snipe at heterosexual conventions; in the love of epigram as the agent of subversion. I see it even in Forster's determinedly *happy* ending of *Maurice*, for which the critics have never ceased to slag him, just as he predicted.

The novelists' resistance is overt now, spear-headed by the gay and lesbian houses (Gay Men's Press, Onlywomen, Brilliance Books), waged also in feminist ones such as Sheba, The Women's Press and Stramullion. It even ferments discreetly in sympathetic parts of other, 'unaligned' houses.

Time to make room for all that gay stuff.□

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ART
John Spurling

What's new?

THE NEW SCULPTURE is a misleading title. Susan Beattie's book (Yale, £30) is not an account of the new sculptors of the 1980s, the second-wave Pop artists who came out all over the Hayward, the South Bank and the Serpentine this summer, but of a movement hailed as 'The New Sculpture' by Edmund Gosse in 1894. Among its leading practitioners were Alfred Gilbert, Hamo Thorneycroft, Onslow Ford, George Frampton and Harry Bates, and Susan Beattie makes an enthusiastic attempt, in the wake of Benedict Read's comprehensive but mainly uncritical *Victorian Sculpture* (published last year), to restore their fallen reputations and distinguish them from all the other forgotten Victorians whose works occupy public places and museum basements.

The true hero of Dr Beattie's story is a still earlier and more obscure figure, Alfred Stevens, who, after nine years in Italy, came back to England breathing the Italian High Renaissance. His ambition was not only to put energy and expression back into sculpture after the long years of neo-classicism and academicism – 'the white marble portrait bust, the impassive Grecian goddess and the enervated funerary angel', as Beattie puts it – but also to do away with the barrier between 'high' and 'decorative' art. Stevens would turn his hand to anything, household fittings, lamp standards, furniture, garden ornaments, architecture, but he never exhibited and when he committed suicide in 1875, after more than 30 years of furious effort, he left nothing substantial behind except two groups of figures on the Duke of Wellington's monument in St Paul's.

Nevertheless he ushered in the new movement, which by the turn of the century was supplying all the liveliest work – whether in the form of public monuments, sculpture for buildings or small statuettes for the home. *The New Sculpture* is very well illustrated and even the reader with a distaste for the current Victorian revival must admit that Dr Beattie makes a good case for her men (and one or two women). There are no neglected Rodins here, but there are several remarkable artists (especially Gilbert and Thorneycroft) whose disturbing mixtures of symbolism and realism, of the overtly sexual and introvertedly heroic, deserves to be re-explored and re-assessed. There was a rather disappointing exhibition of smaller pieces by the 'new sculptors' at the Fine Art Society two months ago, but the Tate should consider giving us a full-scale show and meanwhile, with the help of Beattie's book, we can make one for ourselves, since, unlike the new sculpture of this summer, that of the 1890s is, much of it, still *in situ*.

The British artists who have officially recorded – or, with official backing, respond to – our 20th-century wars (including Northern Ireland, the Falklands and other localised conflicts) have also been neglected. The reason, no doubt, is partly a distaste for the subject, but also, I suspect, for their official status. The division between those – particularly the RAF authorities – who have wanted artists only as recorders and the more enlightened specialist committees who have wanted them also for their imaginative powers runs right through Meirion and Susie Harries's absorbing book. **The War Artists** (Michael Joseph, £14.95) is copiously illustrated, but the authors are so good at enlivening the background to the work (both in committee and in the field, on the deck or in the cockpit) that one rather ungratefully wishes there were more illustrations. The answer, of course, is to visit the Imperial War Museum and the Tate (the former took what was judged to be 'record', the latter 'art'), both associated with the book's publication, and see some of the vast accumulation of paintings and drawings.

It was Kenneth Clark more than anyone who was responsible for encouraging the best art that came out of the Second War. Clark's posthumous volume **The Art of Humanism** (John Murray, £12.50) is a selection of essays (some of them originally lectures) on five of the great Italians (Donatello, Uccello, Alberti, Mantegna, Botticelli) at the heart of his beguiling view of civilisation. The book and the essays may look slight, but almost everything Clark wrote has a habit of expanding in the mind, or nourishing the parts that other books cannot reach, and this is no exception.

The same cannot be said for Peter de Francia's weighty account of **Fernand Léger** (Yale, £25), well illustrated but distinctly turgid. Léger himself emerges as an intelligent but rather lumpishly narrow and egotistical person, which is not quite the impression one gets from the sprightly colours of his paintings. De Francia, himself best known as a draughtsman, is most interesting on Léger's drawings.

Bruce Bernard's **The Bible and its Painters** (Orbis, £15) ought to replace those off-putting volumes you find charitably installed in hotel bedrooms. Who could resist flicking through and becoming caught up in this compendium of the best Biblical stories (including those from the Apocrypha), illustrated by Michelangelo and Raphael, Rembrandt and Blake, Caravaggio and Artemisia Gentileschi and 100 more masters of Western art? Bernard's choice of paintings is often surprising (Fernand Cormon's 'The Flight of Cain', for example, or Jorg Breu's 'The Story of Samson') and always most carefully judged, so that you are given not simply a visual repetition of the text but a whole added dimension. His brief notes on the artists and paintings are tucked away at the end in small print, but it is hard to know what else he could have done with them. It is the unimpeded leap from word to image that makes the book so compelling. You turn the page from the start of the Flood and Noah's entry into the Ark ('and the Lord shut him in') and there across two pages is John Martin's great brown and red catastrophe to make you grateful you identified with Noah.

The Burrell Collection (Collins, £8.95) is a guide and appetiser to the astonishing new gallery which has just opened in Glasgow. Mediaeval stained-glass and tapestries, Islamic carpets and Oriental ceramics, Dutch and Impressionist paintings, Egyptian sculpture and much besides are displayed in a building by Barry Gasson which is quite as breathtaking as anything it contains. I hope that Burrell himself, who died in 1958 at the age of 96 amid much contumely over the final bourne of his collection, sees. □

LITERATURE
David Montrose

Butchery

Sassoon's Long Journey
ed. PAUL FUSSELL *Faber* £11.95

This volume embodies hackwork in its most literal form. Removing single words here, entire chapters there, Paul Fussell has cut Siegfried Sassoon's fictionalised autobiography – *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* and *Sherston's Progress* – to under a fifth of its size. Not so much a condensed book; more an amputation. Such an extreme compression could be justified if it served some useful purpose; instead, it distorts and renders almost unreadable a minor classic of English literature. Fussell's inadequate commentary hardly helps; while he does profitably juxtapose certain of Sassoon's poetic and fictional treatments of the same events, the writer's own war diaries, published earlier this year, do the same thing on a far larger scale. At least the illustrations – mainly photographs – are well-chosen.

Sassoon's Long Journey is not meant to comprise edited highlights, but 'to emphasize Sassoon's distinction as an observer and evoker of visible objects, both in peace and war'; its title, in contrast, suggests an emphasis on the process that turned 'George Sherston' – Sassoon minus poetry-writing and literary friends – from a fox-hunting, cricket-playing aesthete who became a patriotic soldier into a 'bitter pacifist' who, a year after winning the Military Cross on the Somme, made a public protest against the war. In fact, pace both indications, the selection focuses, misrepresentatively, on Sherston's active service in France.

Sherston's idyllic rural life before the war, commemorated in some of Sassoon's finest prose, appears only in disconnected fragments, token glimpses, as Fussell hurries towards the trenches. Here, as throughout, babies and bathwater alike are jettisoned. Episodic and highly selective even before Fussell's scissors struck, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* is reduced to near-unintelligibility. Elsewhere, Sherston's protracted

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James Simmons

The archaeologist

Portrush. Walking dead streets in the dark.
Winter. A cold wind off the Atlantic
rattling metal in the Amusement Park.

Rain. The ornate dance hall, empty on the rocks:
bright paint worn thin, posters half torn away.
Sweet-stalls boarded up and locked with padlocks.

Returned to the scene, at once I see again
myself, when ten years younger, and a girl,
preserved in an almost perfect state by the brain.

That is her window, high on the side wall.
Beneath it figures, projected by the mind,
are moving. I am about to call.

I give her name and wait. She is called down.
Without taking thought I know what I want to do.
Love, like electric current, lights the town.

Nothing is tawdry, all our jokes are funny:
the pin-table is brighter than Shakespeare's works.
My handful of warm coins is sufficient money.

Imaginative reconstruction shed
some light upon a vanished way of life;
but I can't live like them, and they are dead.

The cold makes me simpler and breaks the spell.
I don't mind crying but I hate to shiver
and walk quickly back to my hotel.

Elizabeth Jennings

Through the world

I moved through the world
  Nodding at a throng,
Hearing people hold
  Their public views among

Other silent ones
  Whose gaze was inward. They
Had surely felt God's glance.
  When I moved away

I felt my life was full
  Of rich impressions yet
I sensed some lack, a white
  Stretch of life to set

As background for all these
  Who surely played a part
With diverse sympathies
  But all knew a hurt heart.

Anthony Thwaite

At evening

They were always there, at the end of the garden or elsewhere
Talking unfathomably about whatever it was
In a way that even in childhood I could understand
Enough, at any rate, to feel frightened of.
And here they all are again, as I stoop to brush off
Four or five grey hairs from the arm of the chair – still talking,
Their heads close together, familiar faces in congress,
Knowing I'm there, not afraid to talk when I'm there,
But secret too, surreptitious. I wish I could hear.
The shadows move down the garden, the bonfire smoke
Drifts across hedges, the smell of the smoke pricks my nose,
The hairs on my arm stand up as evening comes on:
And still they are talking, talking, and I want to go in,
Into the house where I know I have always been.

Sylvia Kantaris

A name

It will die like the sad plash
Of a wave breaking on some distance shore.
(Pushkin)

It was the carpet-slippers I noticed first,
over the top of Pushkin in translation.
They were checked, grey and tan, the kind that old men
generally wear, and his ankles were swollen.
There wasn't much else to distinguish him
except that, when he woke, he said he shouldn't
really be on any train, he'd just got on
the Cornish Riviera that afternoon
at Paddington like someone in a dream,
and maybe they would miss him at the hospital.
He pinched himself to prove that he was real
and showed us all his pills, a bottle full
of different kinds like little, coloured pebbles
from a beach, but he had taken none at all
that day, not even for his heart, he said,
and chuckled, fishing out his birth certificate
as written evidence of what his name was,
then asked us what we thought he should do next.
We phoned from Truro for an ambulance.
On and off since then I've wondered why he chose
Penzance to go to on a one-way ticket
and slept till he was nearly there, and what dream
nudged him back up to the surface just in time
and long enough to tell us what his name was
while he still could, and why there is such comfort
in a name that's written down, under a poem
or just on some old folded document left,
as if by chance, among a heap of clothing
that could be anybody's, at the sea's edge.

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sick-leaves in England are skimmed over, even though it was while convalescing, rather than at the front, that his attitude to the war changed. Astonishingly, the famous protest, which occurred during his second sick-leave, is also deleted.

Fussell's omission of Sassoon's protest, the central incident in the trilogy, is the least pardonable of this volume's faults. Sassoon's personal reputation rests on it, and his own version of events places him in a less favourable light than the popular version. It is usually recorded that, having made his protest, Sassoon was committed to Craiglockhart by a rigged medical board. Sassoon co-operated with this cover-up after being convinced that his statement would never receive wider publicity. By the time it did he was in Craiglockhart and could easily be discredited. Sassoon was duped, then? Perhaps. But *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* suggests that, nerve failing, he was waiting to be persuaded to give way.

As *Sherston's Progress* relates, Sassoon's statement was widely publicised and discredited when he had been in Craiglockhart less than a week. A duped Sassoon, realising what might have been, would surely have recorded his anger. The novel records none. Later, a 'Doctor Macamble' urged Sassoon to abscond from the hospital to be examined by an independent alienist who could expose the cover-up. He declined. That this crucial portion of Sassoon's career has been expunged altogether turns an unnecessary book into an unworthy one. □

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WITH THE FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE OF THE ARTS COUNCIL

FICTION
Grace Ingoldby

Past imperfect

Mortal Matters
PENELOPE GILLIATT *Macmillan* £8.50
Woman Beware Woman
EMMA TENNANT *Cape* £7.95
The Notebook of Gismondo Cavalletti
R.M. LAMMING *Cape* £7.95

Mortal Matters is like a butcher's drawing of a cow, illustrating which bits chops come from. What comes from where is important; family matters; and so, although the novel opens in London with the floundering marriage of Tony and Eliza, it veers off almost immediately with Tony's mother, Lady Averil, back North to Newcastle.

Averil's measure at 80 can be grasped by the fact that, as a child at the height of her seaman's phase, she would practise being seasick by dangling bacon rind down her throat. Throats are important, too: her mother was a force-fed suffragette. Averil's memories of her inventor-shipbuilder father, of Hilda the naked cook, of Miss Amy, 'keeper of the family scrolls', who might have horrified the Shah of Persia by buying her own Underwood for independent use had she not reflected that 'since the invention of the typewriter . . . woman had sat behind it as obediently as behind a flat-iron or a yashmak' – all these help us to understand why mother is so concerned about her son, why she implies that his being in insurance is like being in tomato sauce.

Years at Harrow, years down South, have left Tony bereft of his bearings. Tony's wife has crying jags, 'We're not together enough any longer to be properly mended'. Context insists that Averil intervenes, to save her son and her grandson and simultaneously prevent the knock-on effect of unhappy marriage on Elsie and Bill, uprooted family retainers who observe all from their position in the basement of the London house. Here is a rich and idiosyncratic book; North and South and politics; ship-building and suffragettes; family and alienation from it – anecdotal, circuitous, delicate, very witty and very wise.

Memory is a vital part of **Woman Beware Woman,** too: a novel about loyalty and betrayal among women, family and friends, on a level with the Last Supper. Minnie, the narrator, returns to Cliff Hold in Ireland after an absence of ten years to a house and a family she has long and unquestionably considered to be a home from home. Hugo, the father of the man to whom she was once engaged, has died; his widow, Maura, will surely need her now? Everything is as it always was – or is it? – for Minnie's memory is, of course, selective, shaped by need, perilously blurred by nostalgia. In the following scenes – who dun it, why, and how to react? – Ms Tennant manoeuvres with surgical skill, sympathy flares and flickers for the deluded Minnie, rising to points of outstanding chill and cold surprise.

Tennant's cat and mouse game and subtle suggestion are the strengths of a novel otherwise flawed by the implausibility of many of its characters. The Irish belong to Donleavy if not Somerville and Ross, and Fran, the Fonda-type, feminist American film-maker, who goes for skeletons in cupboards with the fury of a terrier unleashed, whose pursuit of international terrorists has blunted any shadow of sensitivity, would be happier in *Dallas*. The novel slips inexorably over the cliff – so brilliantly constructed in its opening passages – and into a sea of lyrical incredibility. But as an exposure of self-delusion and the nightmare of misplaced loyalty and affection, it has moments of ice-cold come-uppance for reader and narrator alike.

The subtitle to Ms Lamming's first novel, set in 16th-century Florence, might be 'How a wart can change your life'. Gismondo Cavalletti, a beautiful, poor child, is taken into the household of M Sassoli, a rich, childless merchant. Sassoli eventually has a son; his wife dies; but Cavalletti's position as accountant, mentor and ornament remains secure until, at the age of 17, a large and spreading wart 'as dark as a raisin' appears on one side of his face. Significantly, Cavalletti's notebook, to which he turns in increasing torment, depression and despair, opens with a vision of loveliness, a snow sculpture glimpsed as a child in the courtyard of the Medici Palace – for Lamming's strong story is about just this, a struggle between beauty and beastliness on several levels.

Cavalletti, although disfigured, is alive to the beauty that surrounds him, the invention, energy and spectacle of the Renaissance which the author describes with great authenticity. Doomed merely to spectate, he tries to turn from his own reflection, to 'concentrate on broader issues', to suck sustenance from beauty and from hope. As the wart spreads, so his paranoia, nurtured by Sassoli's jealous son Gabriolli (who sweetly provides him with a mirror), increases. What will happen to him if the merchant dies, should Gabriolli marry, should beauty melt like snow?

Lamming balances her portrait of her hideous toad with the comments of the taunting Gabriolli: 'How you cherish yourself Gismondo. How minutely you examine every misfortune. Are we never to smile again because you have your cross to bear?' Pernicious seeds of doubt – is he a fool not to abuse his position of trust; does God exist; is the greater image the greater lie; in order to overcome, or simply to survive, must he attack? – bring Cavalletti to a point of no return, where his life 'narrows to a line with fantastic hope to one side and, to the other panic'. This is a thoughtful and interesting book, if perhaps a bit humourless and gloomy and begging the question of whether 'ennobling experiences' are ever really enough. □

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ROCK BOOKS
Simon Frith

Fanfare

SMART CHILDREN should give their parents the **Smash Hits Year Book** (EMEP) for Christmas. It summarises in gossip and pictures the current British pop aesthetic – jaunty delight in sales tricks. *Smash Hits* finds all pop stars silly, all music an excuse for a pose. The fun lies in being a fan.

Sensible parents will give their children Charlie Gillett's **The Sound of the City** (Souvenir) in return – it puts even Duran Duran into perspective. Gillett hasn't attempted to complete his classic history of rock – it still ends in 1971 – but he has revised it extensively, filling out the later material, casting the rock'n'roll story in a clearer pop setting, and I'm pleased to be able to dump my grubby old Sphere version. The new edition is admirably indexed and annotated, and the care Gillett takes of his reader explains his appeal as a writer – he manages, uniquely, to combine the qualities of fan and collector.

Richard Middleton and David Horn's **Popular Music** annual for Cambridge University Press is, by contrast, somewhat detached. I have an interest in it (as a contributing editor) and so recommend volume three anyway. It is focused on 'Markets and Producers', covers the rock scene in Wales and Hungary, the selling of the group Japan to the Japanese, numerous other subjects, books and issues not usually treated in the music press. It is also, alas, a £12.50 hardback that readers of the music press are unlikely ever to see.

Jac L. Tharpe's collection **Elvis: Images and Fancies**, originally published by Mississippi University Press, is out here as a Star paperback. The assembled professors focus on Presley's Southern musical and social roots, and the resulting essays are interesting not only for the light they cast on Presley but also as examples of US populist scholarship. For these academics, it's their love of Presley that legitimates their theories and not vice versa.

Otherwise, most new rock books are, as usual, biographies which are only as interesting as their subjects. Dave Marsh's long, scrupulous Who story, **Before I Get Old** (Plexus) is a partial exception. It seems obvious to me (a Who fan who disliked *Tommy*) that the earlier part of their career is the most interesting, and Marsh duly devotes most space to it. But I was more intrigued by his subsequent treatment of the Who's meaning as super-stars. As in his previous books (on Presley and Springsteen), Marsh's energy goes into his attempt to dig rock's rebel aesthetic out of its 1970s corporate form.

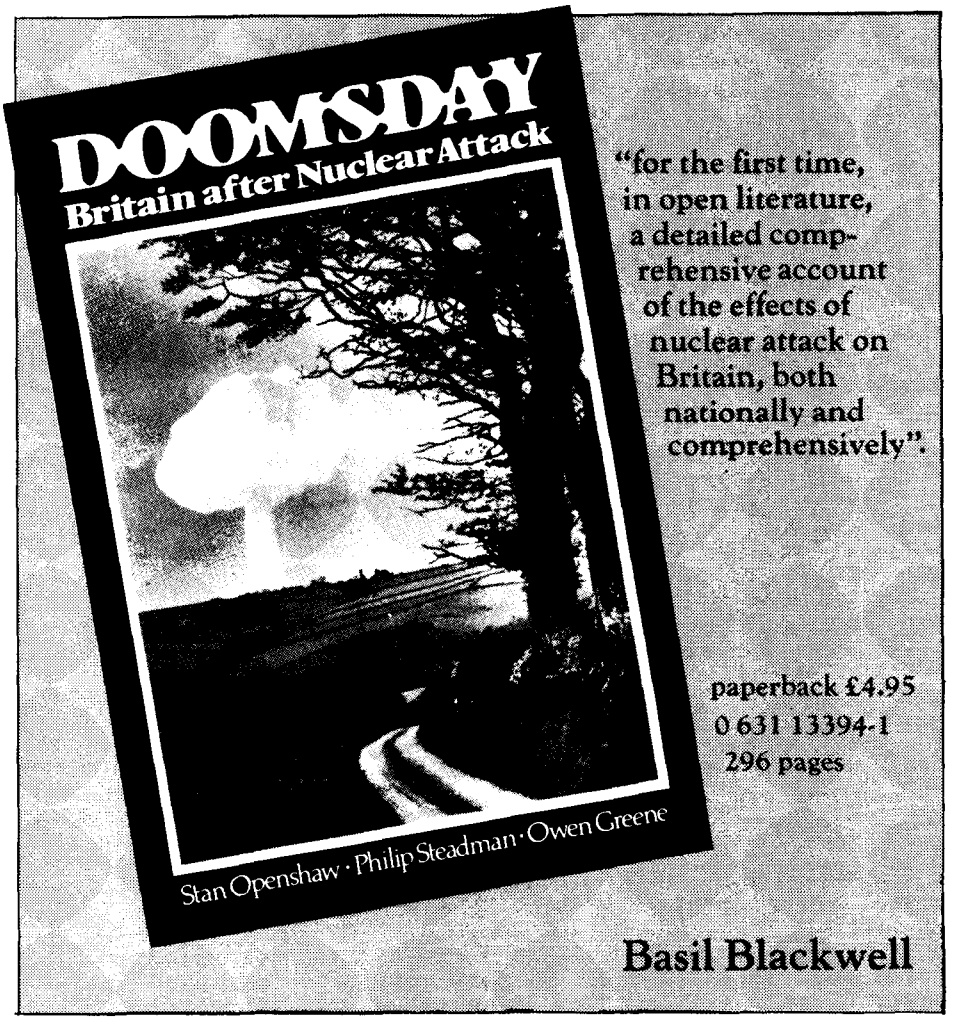
Ed Ward's cooler, leaner life of the late **Michael Bloomfield** (Cherry Lane) contains an astute account of Chicago's white blues scene (the book is worth getting just for its stories of Bloomfield's relationship with Big Joe Williams) and deals sensitively with Bloomfield's fall from rock grace, but Ward is one of America's most astringent critics and I wish he'd had the space to fit Bloomfield's wasted days into a more general context.

In Kaspar De Graaf and Malcolm Garrett's **When Cameras Go Crazy, Culture Club** (Virgin) the pictures tell the story – the book is a useful record of the dressed-up youth club movement of the late 1970s. Paolo Hewitt's **The Jam . . . Beat Generation** (Omnibus) explains how ambitious young Paul Weller became a pop moralist, though I'd love to know how things would have turned out if the Jam had made it in the USA. Both these books imply that pop stars today have much more business room in which to manoeuvre than they ever used to. Even the Velvet Underground story, it turns out, has to be told in terms of the drab calculations of managers and record companies. Victor Bockris and Gerald Malanga's **Up-Tight** (Omnibus) is the definitive Velvets history – uninterested in the band's private lives, it is a sly scrapbook of their public effects.

Peter Brown's Beatle memoirs, **The Love You Make** (Macmillan), are interesting not for any new 'revelations' but for their retelling of the familiar story with some subtle shifts of emphasis. Brown was Brian Epstein's assistant and is illuminating on the peculiarities of Epstein's managerial style. Epstein is usually castigated for not making enough money for his boys; Brown made me realise how much it was Epstein's inefficiency in exploiting his 'product' that kept the Beatles for so long from being just product. Thank God there weren't Beatle teeshirt offers in every LP and endless EMI Christmas repackages.

Kenneth Pitt was David Bowie's manager from 1966-70, and **The Pitt Report** (Design) describes what it's like to be unsuccessful. The book isn't ghosted and the clumsy writing, the apparently random provision of banal detail, the coupling of coy references to Pitt's personal relationship with David to a stiff-upper-lipped refusal to admit self-pity, add up to a brilliantly artless portrait of a show-biz huckster struggling to make sense of Sixties rock 'progress'.

Philip Norman could have invented Kenneth Pitt. Norman's short stories, **Wild Thing,** which first came out in 1972, have been reissued by Everyman as a paperback and they're even more entertaining on a second reading. Norman's protagonists' real life models in rock and soul, blues and country are apparent, but in the best story he draws on autobiography. 'The Sapphires' (using the same material as his excellent novel, *The Skater's Waltz*) explains better than anything I've read why rock'n'roll mattered to Fifties British youth, changed their sense of class and pleasure. Shelve next to the *The Sound of the City* – each explains how the other came to be written. □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Christmas island discs

Andrew Clements, Charles Fox and Mary Harron choose this year's best buys

CLASSICAL

Wagner: Tristan and Isolde
BERNSTEIN *Philips 6769 091* (5 records)
Wagner: The Mastersingers
KARAJAN *EMI RLS7708* (5 records)

Within a year of Carlos Kleiber's unique *Tristan* comes a worthy rival from Leonard Bernstein, utterly different, yet equally compelling in its overt theatricality and elemental power. If Kleiber's psychological perception and sumptuous orchestral playing at least win me over, it must be admitted that Bernstein has marginally the better singers – Hildegard Behren's movingly comprehending Isolde, Peter Hofmann's satisfying if not ideal Tristan, Bernd Weikl's neatly proportioned Kurwenal. In the end, though, it comes down to the conductor and to whether one prefers a live performance – Bernstein's set was recorded in concert. Despite that it has remarkable concentration: where Kleiber plunges *in media res*, Bernstein constructs architecturally, his opening prelude intensely slow, larded with pregnant silences, its outbursts passionately overpowering.

Karajan's *Mastersingers*, recorded at Bayreuth in 1951, remains incomparable in several respects – Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Eva, Otto Edelmann's Sachs have not been surpassed on record, while the dramatic flexibility and inner vitality of the conducting may surprise anyone used to Karajan's over-determined studio performances. For such pleasures one easily forgives the mono sound.

Janacek: Jenufa
MACKERRAS *Decca D276D3* (3 records)

Decca's project to record Janacek's operas under Charles Mackerras apparently ends with this *Jenufa*; there is to be no *Osud*, no *Excursions of Mr Broucek*. The releases have maintained an extraordinarily high standard, not only of performance but also of musicology, with great efforts made to use an unadulterated performing edition and accompanying each set with exemplary notes by John Tyrrell. The series has also been a triumph for Elisabeth Söderström, a marvellous Katya and Emilia Marty and now a moving Jenufa, carving out her soaring phrases with incisiveness and, when appropriate, great tenderness. She is matched by Eva Randova's Kostelnicka, less caricatured than usual, by Petr Dvorsky's Steva and Wieslaw Ochman's Laca. The core of the achievement, however, lies in Mackerras's conducting and the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic; if there is one way in which the new version supersedes the long-serving Supraphon box it is in the quality of its sound.

Liszt: A Faust Symphony
MUTI *EMI SLS1435703* (2 records)
Mahler: Symphony no. 6
TENNSTEDT *EMI SLS1435743* (2 records)

Liszt's most convincing and substantial symphonic work has come back into fashion in recent years. Muti's fine account with the Philadelphia Orchestra enters a crowded, high-quality field. Yet it surpasses them all, though the fill-up, another version of the symphonic poem *Les préludes*, is disappointingly predictable. The multicoloured brilliance of the Philadelphia players is a great asset in such a volatile and prolix score; Muti drives them fiercely, but his choice of tempi is generally judicious, even if he tends to linger over parts of the 'Gretchen' movement. That's pardonable when he has strings of such control at his command.

Tennstedt's Mahler 6 is fractionally disappointing when measured against the achievements of previous issues in his cycle. Perhaps the unexpected objectivity of this symphony frustrates Tennstedt's normally highly tuned sensibility; he spoils the structural purity with rhetorical distortions, wringing out the pathos. Those following the series will need to hear it, and may find it more sympathetic; anyone still coming to terms with the symphony perhaps should go elsewhere.

Wagner

Bizet: Carmen
KARAJAN *Deutsche Grammophon 2741 025* (3 records)
Mozart: Cosi fan tutte
MUTI *EMI SLS1435165* (3 records)

The connection between these releases is the mezzo soprano Agnes Baltsa, a smokey, languorous Carmen for Karajan, an impulsive Dorabella for Muti. Karajan conceives Bizet's masterpiece on the grandest scale, carefully paced with a full orchestral sound, the melodrama vividly etched. Baltsa matches him fully, employing a wide range of vocal colouring and a well projected dramatic bite. The other principals are likewise first class: José Carreras a tear-jerking Don José, José van Dama definitive Escamillo. Katia Riciarelli (Micaëla) is the only disappointment, uninvolved and uneasy in French pronunciation. The sumptuousness and grandeur of Karajan's approach may lack intimacy for some tastes, though no one could deny its refinement and orchestral firmness.

With the exception of Baltsa and Margaret Marshall's gentle Fiordiligi, Muti's *Cosi* is less to my taste. It was taken from performances at the Salzburg Festival last year, and where the hard-driven ensembles and stage noises would add realism in the theatre, they become intrusive with repeated listening. There's also the distinct impression that individual characterisation has been suppressed in favour of all-powerful brio; only an artist as strong willed as Baltsa (and van Dam's civilised Alfonso) can overcome the determined high spirits.

Boulez: Rituel, Eclat/Multiples
BOULEZ *CBS 74109*
Ligeti: Chamber Concerto etc
BOULEZ *Deutsche Grammophon 410 651-1*

Boulez's music may have developed by a quantum leap in *Répons*, heard at the 1982 Proms, but it is nevertheless good to have available at last his two major scores of the 1970s, even if *Eclat/Multiples* still carries the all too familiar qualification of 'work in progress'. The coupling is well judged: the hieratic, Messiaenic procedures of *Rituel* (a memorial to the conductor Bruno Maderna) seemed at the time of the première an undoubted stylistic cul de sac, whereas the progressive splintering and motoric refractions of *Eclat/Multiples* continues to define the sound of recent Boulez. Performances by the BBC Symphony Orchestra (of *Rituel*, made as long ago as 1976) and the Ensemble Intercontemporain are necessarily definitive, though the recorded sound is not as ideally limpid as it might be. The most important contemporary-music release of the year, undoubtedly.

Ligeti has been well served by disc, but the IRCAM-based collection, performed by the ensemble Intercontemporain is a usefully representative one. The Chamber Concerto, arguably the most impressive of Ligeti's orchestral scores, is the main work, finely grained and lucidly rendered; the abstract music theatre of *Aventures* and *Nouvelles Aventures* have become established as classics of the 1960s, while *Ramifications* for string orchestra is a fascinating, textbook example of Ligeti's webs of sound and one of the more creative uses of microtones in the recent avant garde.

JAZZ

The Rhythm Makers
VJM VLP 53

New Orleans jazz was made by musicians who knew their place, each member of the classic front-line – trumpet, clarinet, trombone – aware of exactly what his role should be. The result was music which contrived to be high-spirited yet formal. By 1932, when these tracks were recorded, a more casual, more intuitive kind of camaraderie had developed, one that thrived on competitiveness. Henry 'Red' Allen, a New Orleans trumpeter who preferred his own impa-

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tient forays to Louis Armstrong's noble symmetry, and Pee Wee Russell, ecstatically garrulous, a clarinettist who, in fact, deployed his instrument almost as if it were a trumpet, offer inspired duetting, a contest between equals of an intensity scarcely heard again until Ted Curson and Eric Dolphy jousted a quarter of a century later in Charles Mingus's 'Folk Forms No. 1'. The group was mostly a mixture of New Orleans men and hard-core Chicagoans, with Fats Waller sitting in on one session. Too much to the fore, alas, is Billy Banks, a night-club singer whose ingratiating brightness rarely got dimmed, even when lyrics called for the contrary ('Oh, the graveyard sure is a mean ol' place/They throw you down a hole and dump dirt in your face').

John Coltrane: Coltrane Time
Boplicity BOP-1

The 1940s and 1950s saw bebop become every bit as formal as New Orleans jazz had been. What the musicians shared now was obeisance to the tight harmonic patterns, a compulsion to adhere to new levels of virtuosity. This LP, recorded in 1958, still stuck to the conventions of the decade. So Kenny Dorham unpeels trumpet solos that frequently contain more notes than a hive has bees, while Chuck Israels (bass) and Louis Hayes (drums) – still in their early twenties – keep time appropriately. But there old habits stopped. The pianist was Cecil Taylor, already notorious for the heresies of his approach, an atonalist and cocky about it, while playing tenor saxophone was John Coltrane, a pioneer, with Miles Davis's group, of modal jazz and shortly to embark on an even more drastic revision of rhythm and harmonies with his own quartet. Two ballads and a pair of blues reveal how the jazz consensus was beginning to break down, even to the extent of unease creeping in from time to time. But Coltrane, just like Armstrong or Bechet, Parker or Miles, needed only to blow a couple of notes for his identity to become paramount. No jazz musician possessed a more personal or more alchemical sound.

Howard Riley with Keith Tippett, Barry Guy, John Stevens: Facets
Impetus IMP 38002 (3 LPs)

Twenty-five years on and both John Coltrane's logical festooning and Cecil Taylor's cunning use of dissonance seem part of the natural order, another example of how man accommodates to art. Both musicians pointed towards the kind of jazz played by Howard Riley, a British pianist and composer who is already something of a veteran (he has been active since the 1960s). Riley's tactics are, like Art Tatum's, unashamedly those of a virtuoso, even if his strategy is different. For a start, he welcomes technology: one LP is devoted to Riley, using over-dubbing to build what amounts to an improvisation by three pianos – all played by himself. Another LP proffers the classic line-up of piano, bass (Barry Guy) and drums (John Stevens), but with the old hierarchy reshuffled. The third LP has Riley partnered by another virtuoso pianist, Keith Tippett. They show extraordinary rapport in improvising together without any kind of prearrangement – even if their encore does start off as a traditional twelve-bar blues. Praise must also be showered on the record company for a handsome piece of packaging, complete with an intelligently written booklet. The same care has also been lavished on the work of another British stalwart, Trevor Watts and his group Amalgam (*Wipe Out*, IMP 47901, 4 LPs).

Slim Gaillard: Roots of Vouty
Putti-Putti PUT-01

One of the delights of jazz in its innocent days, before it became lumbered with being an art form, was the way high seriousness could cohabit with the most outrageous kind of joking. On 'Slim's Jam', for instance, surely among the most relaxed recordings ever made, Charlie Parker, after mumbling that he's 'having a little reed trouble', unleashes a couple of choruses that take the breath away, undoubtedly the work of one of our century's great musicians. And Dizzy Gillespie was there alongside him. The year was 1945. Slim Gaillard, while adept as guitarist, pianist and vibes-player, was chiefly celebrated for vout talk, exalted gabbling that resulted in such classics as 'Chicken rhythm' and 'School kids' hop', both to be found on this LP, both involving serpentine tenor saxophone playing by Lucky Thompson, trumpeter Howard McGhee oscillating between swing and bebop, and compact piano solos from the deliciously named Dodo Marmarosa. Nowadays Gaillard can often be seen roaming round London, white-haired and white-bearded, the benignest sort of patriarch. Indeed, it was from his own hands that this LP, like a hip sacrament,

Coltrane

passed to your reviewer. A shame, but not perhaps surprising, that the tracks on Side Two have got muddled up. Still, everything is there, so, as Slim would say, that's all root.

Bob Moses: When Elephants Dream of Music
Gramavision GR8203

A streak of zaniness can also be detected in Bob Moses. When Moses came to Britain with the Gary Burton Quartet at the end of the 1960s he would, at least once an evening, play a silent drum solo, going through all the motions but without putting stick or brush to skin or cymbal. On this LP, using a sizeable orchestra, he emerges as a composer with a pleasantly eclectic style. The most potent of all the influences upon him appears to be that of Charles Mingus. 'Black orchid' (dedicated to Billy Strayhorn) has the same sensuous exaggeration of the Ellington manner that Mingus used in *The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady*. And just as Mingus went in for jokey backward glances at jazz history ('Jelly roll soul', 'Eat that chicken') so Moses offers 'Everybody knows you when you're up and in'. Less endearing is a montage (reminiscent of Mingus's disastrous *Passions of a Man*) that blends voices with twittering birds. Other pieces use the band more loosely, especially the aptly named 'Lava flow'. The most effective track turns out to be the simplest: 'Happy to be here today' is devoted to Sheila Jordan's singing, mostly unaccompanied, paradoxical in the way it arrives at austere elaboration.

ROCK

Michael Jackson: Thriller

In keeping with the spirit of 1983 the singles were better than the albums, and if you have 'Billie Jean' and 'Beat It' you have the best of *Thriller*. But you can't argue with Michael Jackson. Last year he achieved a level of stardom that kept him immune from the problems that beset ordinary mortal performers. He simply steered over American radio's barriers against soul music, and made a funk album that went into the rock and Adult Contemporary markets; and he managed to cross disco and heavy metal without sounding ridiculous. Even more than Diana Ross he has earned the position of American's first black superstar, in an industry which doesn't like black stars. He appeals to all races and classes, and in a time of marked disunity in America Michael Jackson may be the only thing holding the country together. Of course there is that unfortunate collaboration with Paul McCartney, but even gods make mistakes. Jackson is a rather eery figure – a sex symbol who seems truly asexual – and a vulnerable one. For a performer with perfect antennae for reading popular taste, he finds the world a harsh place to deal with, preferring outer space. Michael may be weird, but he's some kind of genius, as a dancer as well as a singer. With his producer, Quincy Jones, he found the formula for providing stainless steel commerciality without losing the street feel: it was his year.

Prince: 1999

All kinds of strange things have been bubbling away in American funk, what with the Jonzun Crew and Planet Patrol and Arthur Baker. Funk is now a producer's game, like dub reggae, and the new frontier for the musical avant-garde. It's all a bit psychedelic for me: my own favourite is still Prince and his 'Little Red Corvette', my personal single of the year. *1999* is a better album than *Thriller*, if less universal: every song works on this hot, feverish, neurotic dance record. And who says disco can't have great lyrics? Not Prince.

Was (Not Was): Born to Laugh at Tornadoes

They still haven't produced the album they're capable of, and this has marks of over-concern: too much re-mixing, too much production, too much fussing. But it will certainly do. Don and David Was are two white funk mavericks from Detroit who work with their own repertory company of old rhythm and blues and rock and roll hands: they're funk conceptualists and their songs are like four-minute Off Broadway plays. Listening to this record is like entering every room in a particularly mad American boarding house. But

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don't be misled – they know how to use a rhythm section, and how to let rip. There are great guest appearances here by r&b singer Sweet Pea Atkinson (who has his own fine solo album out). Ozzie Osbourne of Black Sabbath (another funk/heavy metal connection) and, of all people, Mel Torme, who croons away most beautifully. Top marks for unpredictability.

George Jones: Shine On

All George's albums are more or less the same, which only means they achieve different degrees of perfection. George Jones is the country singer who brought whingeing to the level of high art; as he gets older his whingeing gets better: it now has a warm glow, the rich patina of an Old Master painting. On *Shine On* George's great theme – male helplessness – is once again richly explored. George gets drunk, George gives up drinking (unconvincingly) for love, George has adulterous affairs, George wakes up and wonders where he is. This is great country music, and tempered with the most beautifully irony. The worst country music of 1983 was made by Willie Nelson.

Culture Club: Colour By Numbers

The prettiest record of the year. You could dismiss it as fluff, but what else is pop music supposed to be? George's voice is lovely, although he still sounds like an imitation of a great soul singer, and he's hardly in the Smokey Robinson or Michael Jackson class. (One reason we're all so impressed is that after all the accompanying hype and image-making no one expected him to be able to sing at all.) But he is a true romantic and he has immaculate pop taste.

Some mention should be made of the great releases in the disco twelve-inch category. **Juicy Fruit** by Mtume has a pure, soaring, lustful vocal and lyrics which are a series of double-entendres about American candy bars. What more do you want? The Clark Sisters are an American gospel troupe whose magnificent **You Brought The Sunshine** proves that disco can be sanctified. And check out the Two Tuns of Fun (Sylvester's old backing group) singing **It's Raining Men.**

Every year I find that my favourite record is an old one, newly discovered. This year it was a re-release, **Betty Everette,** on the Charly label – by one of the great, forgotten soul singers. And in 1983 a couple of my most cherished prejudices were overturned. The unthinkable happened: the Police released the best pop single of the year with 'Every Breath You Take', and Billy Joel released two great ones: 'Uptown Girl' and 'Tell Her About It'. The lyrics suck, but it doesn't matter. I used to think Joel was the Paul Anka of his generation but he's more like the Neil Sedaka, and that's a compliment. □

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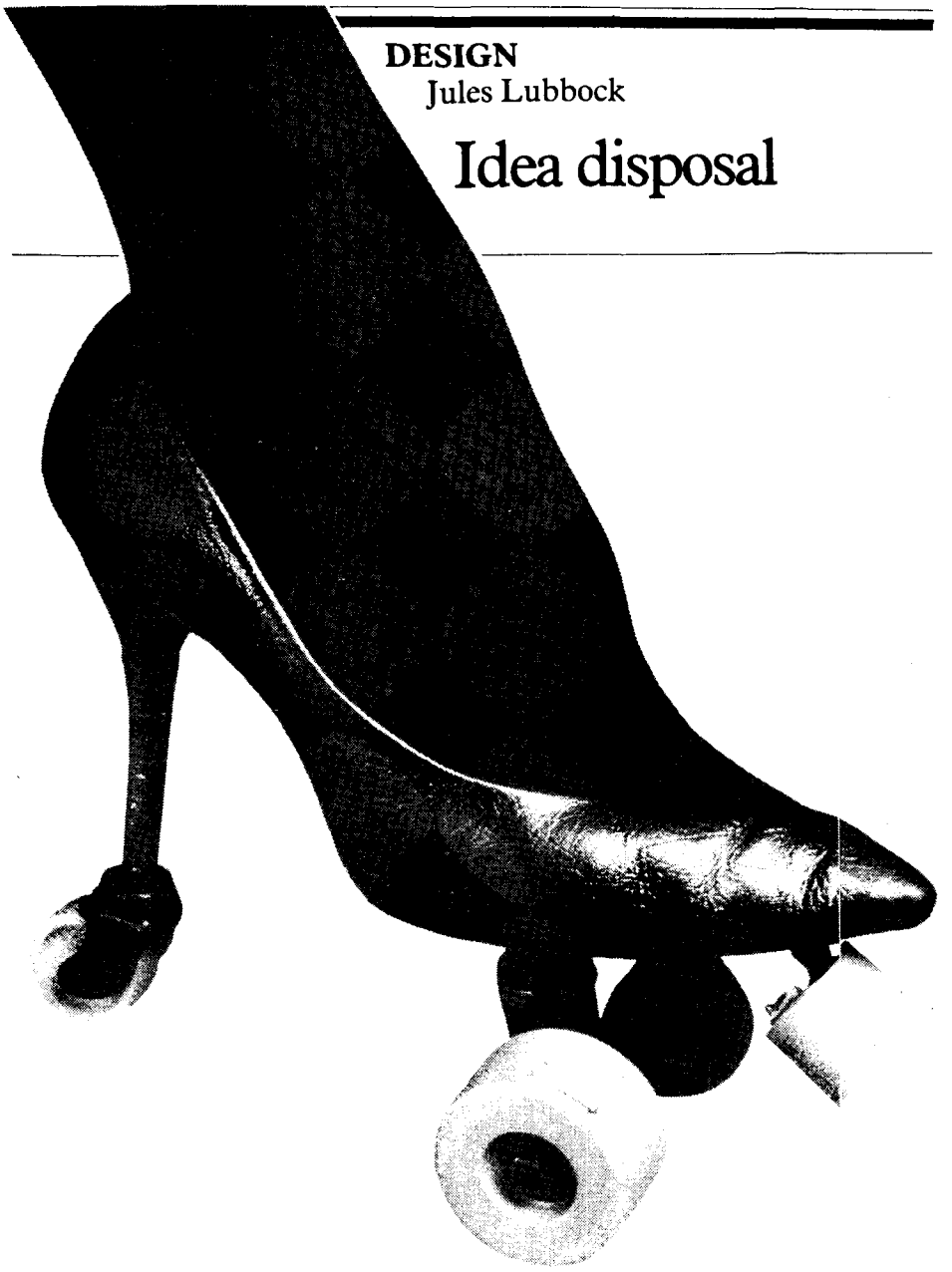

Philip Garner
Boilerhouse, V&A, till 5 January
British Art and Design, 1900-1960
V&A, permanent display
Prince Albert: His Life and Work
Royal College of Art till 23 January

The 'Head-holster' is a child's plastic holster-belt with two toy guns which hang around the ears to guard your ideas from being stolen. Its inventor, Philip Garner, a labour-saving Leonardo and failed industrial designer who like all designers is obsessed with plagiarism, advises against recording ideas on a cassette in case one is overheard – better to think in bed with the blankets drawn over one's head in a foreign country where the language barrier is insurmountable. The inventor's next problem is that of Idea Disposal, because bringing an idea to market is often more trouble than it is worth. For this he recommends Thought-Remover Cream gently massaged into the temples, Mental Floss or simply telling one's ideas to a suspected plagiarist.

He has, however, made several prototypes, some of which are on display in the Boilerhouse. Try using a motor-assisted broom to take the fatigue out of sweeping; a Cap for Two People for testing out 'a potential relationship before a more complex commitment is undertaken', the Shower-in-a-Can aerosol with attached shower-nozzle, or the High-Heel Roller Skate that combines fashion with recreation. During the exhibition Garner will be living, working and having ideas in a tin hut in the middle of the gallery. The show is a fitting conclusion to the second year of Sir Conran's Boilerhouse whose Director, Stephen Bayley, has now got fully into his stride and is one of the few people around to appreciate that even industrial design has its funny side.

Upstairs in the V&A is the new permanent display of 20th-century British design. This well-designed display of furniture, objects and works of art in an amazing diversity of style from Arts and Crafts to the Festival of Britain is a feast for the eye. You can see a whimsical four-poster bed designed by Geoffrey Scott (who wrote the Lutyensite bible – *The Architecture of Humanism*) modelled upon the bed in Car-

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paccio's painting of the 'Dream of St Ursula'; an exquisite photograph of a spiral staircase in Lincoln Cathedral by Frederick Evans; Roger Fry's clumsy pottery for Omega Workshop and a box made and painted by Ben Nicholson. The Thirties are represented by Marcel Breuer's well-known bentwood chairs and lots of chrome and glass, but also by less well-known things like the first High-Tech table assembled from a cast-iron industrial lathe-pedestal and a door by the architect Erno Goldfinger, who also designed the splendidly utilitarian *Morning Star* offices almost opposite the *New Statesman* in Farringdon Road.

Both these exhibitions are free. *Prince Albert* is not. I know that the average family no longer exists, nonetheless entry for two adults and two children would set them back nine quid! The best things are a reconstruction of Albert's study and a dried-up lump of Royal Wedding Cake. For the rest, Albert is presented like a wedding-cake himself, decorated in Victorian bric-à-brac and mementos. Maybe exhibitions are not the best way of portraying the life and work of a man of action. At £12.50 Robert Rhodes James's new biography, **Albert: Prince Consort,** (Hamish Hamilton), is infinitely better value. He explodes the myth, which the exhibition re-affirms, of Albert as the founder of the modern apolitical monarchy, and re-interprets him as an intensely ambitious political animal who regarded ministers and civil servants as instruments of royal policy in the fashion of an absolute, if enlightened, monarch. He sided openly with Peel over the repeal of the Corn Laws, and was successful in his protracted campaign to hound Palmerston from office, for a short time, on account of Palmerston's support for the European revolutions of 1848.

Because the scope of government was then more limited Albert was able to take major political initiatives of his own in education, founding the South Kensington Museum and Industrial Schools and reforming Cambridge University's curriculum, and in the improvement of the conditions of the working class, frequently in the face of vehement attacks from the press – to which he was acutely sensitive. In response to one of these he wrote:

> Nowhere does the constitution demand an indifference on the part of the sovereign to the march of political events . . . is the sovereign not the natural guardian of the honour of his country, is he not *necessarily* a politician?

(The use of 'he' is significant.) It is a pity that the exhibition fails to convey the real cut and thrust of the conflict between Court and Government.

All these exhibitions have been tested out on a panel of Lubbock children. Garner was rated 'brilliant', Albert 'okay, but a film would have been better', and British Design 'more suitable for adults'. All or any of them, combined with the new holography display at the Science Museum, would make a good Christmas outing to Albert's South Kensington. □

Among this week's contributors:

ALISON HENNEGAN was the Literary Editor of *Gay News*.

JOHN SPURLING's *Graham Greene* was published recently in Methuen's Contemporary Writers series.

SIMON FRITH is the *Sunday Times*'s rock music critic.

MARY HARRON has been spending the autumn in the US and in Canada. She will be back on the British rock scene in the New Year.

JULES LUBBOCK teaches the history of art at Essex University.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE is currently living in New York and writing a weekly theatre column for the *New York Times*. He will be back as the NS's regular theatre critic next summer.

NINA HIBBIN was for many years the film critic of the *Morning Star*.

Benedict Nightingale

Letter from New York

WAS IT ONLY coincidence that within days of arriving in New York I was offered an apartment by an elderly gent who had once starred on Broadway, shown round another by a man who ran a theatre museum, driven across town by a cabbie who had toured Europe in *Bubbling Brown Sugar,* given a phone by a 'resting' actor, and sold a book by a young woman who insisted on doing her impression of John Gielgud? Subsequent experience suggests not. Everyone in the city has a connection with the theatre, or wants to talk about it, or both; and this is a little sad, because at present there isn't much of a theatre to talk about or be connected with. Let's risk a generalisation. Londoners are blessed with rather a good theatre but can, on the whole, take or leave it. New Yorkers are fanatical about the theatre, and haven't really got one. Such is the justice meted out to English-speaking earthlings by Dionysius, god of the buskin.

Part of the problem is that New Yorkers still look to Broadway for a creativity and seriousness Londoners long ago ceased expecting of Shaftesbury Avenue; and, unsurprisingly, they get dreadfully disillusioned. Who can take artistic risks when a musical may cost £4 millions to stage and a straight play £650,000? Who can wonder that the present season is being widely described as the city's worst ever when the impresarios paid £333,000 to bring Ben Kingsley's one-man impression of Edmund Kean to Broadway and asked the public to fork out £25 to see him? Costs soar, seat-prices rise, audiences dwindle, shows collapse, and so the vertiginous spiral continues. It can't be long to the day prophesied by Joe Papp, of whom more in a moment: a Broadway season consisting of one musical, containing one character and lasting one performance, played to a single oil sheikh paying £5 millions for the privilege.

So far we've had just one indisputable hit, and that came way back in August: *Cage aux Folles,* which, as you probably know, concerns a young man's attempts to prevent his prospective in-laws discovering that the beaming lady who passes as his mother is actually a drag queen. Thanks to the mix of geniality and tact George Hearn brings to this last part, there isn't much nudging and smirking in the stalls; but I didn't see a lot of rolling in the aisles either. The big confrontation between suburbia and Sodom is incessantly signalled, yet, when at long last it arrives, it generates disappointingly little laughter. The music is pretty anonymous, too. Still, you should see some of the competition.

Would you believe a chorus of plumbers in pink prancing round Marilyn Monroe in a bubble bath? Or three singers, collectively called Destiny, arriving in mauve nightgowns and baseball caps to sprinkle Joe DiMagio with fairy-dust? Or Arthur Miller pausing from a spirited attack on his typewriter to confide, 'that fragile beauty turns to me, and I feel a giant of a man, the only man in the world'? *Marilyn* died after a few days, as did a musical mangling of James Baldwin's *Amen Corner*. *Doonesbury*, a rambling demonstration of how very difficult it is to adapt Garry Trudeau's laid-back comic-strip to as extrovert a medium as the Broadway stage, seems unlikely to warble on for long, either. The nearest to a musical success the autumn has produced is, if you'll believe it, a sort of gynaecological singalong involving the travails of two fertile couples and one infertile one. *Baby,* as it's called, is marred by dutiful panegyric to the great mystery of creation; but it manages to be spry, sophisticated and even tuneful about incomprehensible doctors, jealous and sadistic older women, and the mundane perils of pregnancy.

'Straight' drama, as defined by the impresarios, means revivals (*The Glass Menagerie,* with Jessica Tandy) or imports (Michael Frayn's *Noises Off*) or both (*Heartbreak House,* with the eternal Rex Harrison). Just one new American play has opened on Broadway this season, George Sibbald's *Brothers,* and it closed after just one performance. It was stolid, cumbersome and yet, to a visitor like myself, instructive in its handling of its protagonist, a union boss at an east-coast shipyard. A British dramatist would probably have set the play among the disaffected 'brothers' who are apparently about to vote the old tyrant from office. But

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it actually occurred beside his own back porch, and concentrated on those brothers who were also his sons; specifically, on the refusal of the healthiest to make a charitable donation of a kidney to the sickliest. What promised to be political became morbidly personal.

That's characteristic. Indeed, American playwrights seem as obsessed with the pathology of the family as their British counterparts with the pathology of the society immediately around them. Our drama can be literally and numbingly insular; their drama sees people themselves as islands. Everywhere you look parents seem to be grimly at loggerheads with their offspring, kin with kin. The best of last year's tiny crop of Broadway plays, in fact the only one to have survived the summer, is Marsha Norman's *'Night Mother*, about a manipulative mum and her suicidal daughter. The most talented pieces to have surfaced Off Broadway this season are Christopher Durang's *Baby with the Bathwater*, a gaudy, Ortonesque parable about child abuse, and Tina Howe's *Painting Churches*, in which a young artist comes temporarily to terms with her half-senile father and half-mad mother, both on canvas and in her mind. Good stuff does, it's true, occasionally emerge from the emotional hothouse that the New York theatre has become; but one wishes that just a few playwrights would get over their agoraphobia and venture into the big world beyond.

But first things first. There's no point renewing your drama if you haven't anywhere to house it. Thanks to fear of failure and an understandable shortage of investment, over one-third of Broadway's 38 theatres are presently 'dark', and several could share the fate of the two recently demolished to make way for a hotel. In fact, things are bad enough to be hopeful. Everyone, actors to impresarios to Mayor Koch, agrees that action is overdue. And that is one reason why the magic phrase 'national theatre' is much to be heard at the moment.

Equity has asked the President to spend a billion dollars on a network of 'national' theatres. That seems on the same level of likelihood as lions lying down with lambs. The Kennedy Centre has just announced the formation of a 'national' theatre company in Washington. That promises to produce a decent regional rep, little more. But in New York a high-powered advisory committee to the mayor has come up with a plan for creating money out of thin air, and its most influential member, producer Papp, with a plan for creating a 'national theatre on Broadway' with that and other money.

Imagine, if you can, you're an ulcerous executive with a theatre that gives you indigestion at night. Well, you sell the empty space above it to a nearby developer, who then increases his new building to a height greater than that allowed by the zoning laws. He transforms your unused 'air rights' into a sort of concrete hat on top of his skyscraper. Some of the cash raised goes to you, provided you guarantee the continued existence of your theatre; and some goes into a general fund, which finances new work and lots of it. It sounds mad. It could happen. Indeed, it could end by generating millions. And no-one as yet has come up with a better prescription for keeping the New York theatre out of the terminal ward. □

TV QUIZ SHOWS
Nina Hibbin

Smash 'n' grab

'MY AMBITION,' SAID the burly building worker, competing alongside his wife and in-laws against a similar tribal grouping in *Family Fortunes*, 'is to get a lot of money and spend it on beer, fags and betting.' The ITV studio audience roared its approval.

Let's not be too sanctimonious about him. Good luck, I say, to those with the neck to brazen out the bells, buzzers and flashing lights of the TV quiz-show razzmatazz for the chance – maybe the only chance in a lifetime – of a shiny new car or a holiday for two in the Bahamas. And there's rough justice in the Monkhouse-Magnusson law by which, with the odd exception, the prizes grow in value in inverse proportion to the brain-power that a quiz requires. Points, honours and championship status are the reward for those whizz-kids and whizz-elders who compete in *Mastermind* and *University Challenge*. Mid-level shows like Channel 4's genteel anagram game, *Countdown*, offer modest, bookish gifts. But, down-market: 'What do points make?' Bruce Forsyth asks the studio audience every Sunday in *Play Your Cards Right*. 'Points Make Prizes!' they yell back in well rehearsed accord.

Few scripted dramas could cap the pitch of emotional involvement that comes from the raw joy or despair of the competitor who has just won, or just not won, a Ford Fiesta, viewed through the distorting lens of our own envy, malice or relief.

And yet that brawny brickie keeps getting to me – not for what he said (he was only spelling out what is usually concealed in euphemisms like 'being a good sport' or 'enjoying the game'), but for how the programmes feed on and foster his dreams. And which side could you have rooted for, in a recent *Family Fortunes* show of unpremeditated hilarity, when none of the first six people asked (three from each side) could name a single famous Irishman, living or dead? (The seventh said 'Terry Wogan', which was the 'top' answer, according to a previously held mini-poll which the contestants have to match.) Later that evening, the camera accidentally lighted on the wait-till-we-get-you-home faces of a team whose uncle had just lost them the big-money prize by jauntily answering 'turkey' to almost every question. (Miraculously, it fitted one of them.) All the same, each family went off with a taxi-load of goodies.

Few people are, of course, as inept or as giggly as they are made to appear by the game-shows' put-down mechanisms. Pre-primed with ITV hospitality, labelled like postal packages and blinded by the studio lighting, the bemused competitors are nudged into place by lightly-clad dolly-girls to serve as the presiding funnyman's unpaid feeds, their personal dignity traded for a pop-up toaster or a video recorder with remote control. Nicholas Parsons in *Sale of the Century* and Ted Rogers in *Three, Two, One* turn the screw by tantalising the competitors with the loot they failed to win.

For women competitors, there's an additional put-down. It's called 'sexual harassment' in offices and factories, but it's supposed to be good for a laugh when Terry Wogan does it in front of the cameras in *Blankety-Blank*. To Jimmy Tarbuck, in the multiple-choice game *Winner Takes All*, all women are 'lovely ladies'. Bob Monkhouse is a natural wit, but his leery jokes, during his stint on *Family Fortunes*, weren't exactly calculated to calm the nerves of mother-in-law members of the teams. The family or couples format is often in itself a put-down. (Did that burly chap's blonde little wife, who answered up better than he did, share in his macho aspirations?) Even in BBC's upper-suburban *Ask the Family*, with mums as well as dads who are architects or college lecturers or business executives, there's frequently a 'mother and younger child' question, with a vaguely domestic slant.

In a cast-iron division of labour, the hosts of the shows wear suits and ties and have surnames as well as forenames. They're in charge. The scantily-clad hostesses are called 'Carol' or 'Sandra'. They perform the menial tasks. *Countdown* has aimed a mini-blow at this pattern; its hostesses are fully-clothed mathematicians and lexicographers. But it hasn't broken the mould, for they are nevertheless cast as handmaidens to the two reigning males. Only one female question-putter, Sally James, has ever turned up on my screen, and then only as half of the man-woman team in *Ultraquiz*. She had the guts to complain on camera that the tests were culled from traditional male experience and therefore loaded against women. Worst offender in this respect is *The Krypton Factor*, whose female contestants are no more than apprentice men.

Blacks, predictably, don't get much of a look-in, although they've been appearing – as have matriarchal families – a bit more often lately. *Blockbusters*, ITV's big-prize afternoon show (which encourages sixth-formers to be as grasping as their elders – but, there again, how else could many of them make any material gains these days?), takes them for granted. But in his Sunday night show, poor old well-meaning Brucie just can't play his cards right. 'Tonight', he says, 'we have a Jewish couple and a Bengla Deshi couple', and, for a time, his bums-and-tits patter gives way to bar-mitzvha-and-chapati repartee. 'We asked a hundred Chinese waiters if they would let their customers inspect their kitchens. How many said "yes"?' was one of his recent nasties.

Mastermind, of course, eschews such

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innuendo. Pompous it may be, and over-devotional, perhaps, to knowledge for its own sake; but in its holier-than-thou way it has proved that popularity needn't depend on brashness. There are no dolly-girls, no glitter, no put-down, no prizes except the end-of-term award; no competitors even – only 'contenders' to brave that long walk across hallowed ground to the sacred black chair. Although their specialised knowledge is way above the heads of most of us, the range of each week's batch of four gives plenty of scope for taking sides. (In our house, it's cheers for women and lorry-drivers and 1,000 boos for those infuriatingly erudite retired admirals and diplomats.) Above all, there's the pleasure of watching the performance of people who really know their onions.

The only glitter-show to share this quality is *Name That Tune*. A woman versus man contest, it is rooted in the good old working-class tradition – common to both sexes – of memorising popular songs and song titles. The question-master, Tom O'Connor, breezily bolsters the confidence of the competitors – and what stunning musical memories they have! No retired admiral could beat them; two bars and they're away.

I doubt whether *Name That Tune*'s popularity would suffer a jot if it did away with its big-prizes-and-dolly-girls format. Not that I want to be a spoil-sport. I just want to wash that beefy building-man right out of my hair and send him on his way. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

All fall out

I WAS interested to see the swathes of golden handiwork on top of Michael Heseltine's head fall out in the radiation following **The Day After** (ITV). For his brief post-viewing statement he managed to be both pompous and in shock, blubbing slightly and muttering 'can't handle' to someone off-camera. Had he suddenly changed his mind about cruise, we wondered? Shorn of its usual window-dressing, his stammered defence apology – that nuclear deterrents keep the peace until they no longer keep the peace – looked as bald as Jason Robards jnr. as he wandered among the ruins of Kansas City looking for his apartment.

I watched the film with a friend who took some satisfaction in it, as he is bald already and will, therefore, not look too bad when we are eventually accidentally nuked by our nervous allies across the water. He was bored by the first half, which he'd seen before somewhere, but he enjoyed the way it suddenly turned into a Western after they got rid of the original dud storyline with the help of some special effects, which he also recognised. I must say they made a meal of this middle section, during which I left the room for a snack. I realise there was a nuclear bomb going off, but for something which was supposed to happen suddenly it had a curiously linear existence, like a wet-scene in a porn film, determined to drag itself out to the statutory five minutes in order to satisfy its distributors. The speeded-up models were still frantically imploding when I came back with my Horlicks.

It was this masturbatory aspect of the film which led me to suspect that the bones of an old porn movie were lurking somewhere in its enervated remains: nymphette runs off with big sister's dutch cap just as she is about to be deflowered; father, aroused, forgives her next morning, pats her hand and follows her upstairs; kids watch some kind of sex-disaster film on TV (this one perhaps?) while parents make out and old folks fumble one another in hospital. Tension builds towards the young couple's wedding day, when the earth moves, literally, for everyone, except mum, who is fixated on hospital corners for some reason. The film ends with a woman's maniacal laughter as she gives birth to something nasty during a war: 'It feels like a football', she says, a reference to the nostalgic ball-game motif which the producers hope will get the film past the censors.

Unfortunately, this original light-hearted treatment of the theme seemed to get completely lost in production and the hundred million people in America who watched this peculiar re-make of the *Poseidon Adventure* (the right way up) seem to have taken it seriously – not as a film of course, but as some kind of projection of their collective guilt, probably rightly. Now we read that a number of emergency therapy centres have had to be set up across the country to nurse them back into their viewing chairs. There has been nothing like it since the fire in the Lower East Side Telephone Exchange. No one was hurt then either, but a barracks had to be turned over to the care of the telephone refugees; paranoids, agoraphobes and heavy-breathers, who sat wrapped in blankets, drinking hot milk and talking about their telephones.

Was the end of America a good idea for a disaster movie? Yes and no. What the producers seem to have discovered during the making was that a full-scale nuclear attack coming bang in the middle of an average domestic telly-film changes the genre of that film too suddenly from soap opera (kitsch) to monster movie (camp) for it to hold on to the slender threads of conviction so painfully established. I admired the way they attempted to prove that despite the blanket of radioactive dust blocking out the sun nothing much would deteriorate in America except the acting, dialogue and make-up; I enjoyed the token black man turned saint who wandered around eating Hershey bars, completely unscathed by the turmoil bugging everyone else.

However, the whole stiff-upper-lip approach to being dead could only have a comic effect finally. This was no bad thing. The idea that in America, the world's first free-range loony bin, the trappings of narrative sense (let alone the stock characters and cliché-ed production values of *Dynasty*) will survive the onset of permanent nuclear darkness is a richly comic vein which will be tapped ad nauseam from now on, I'm afraid. Ho ho ho! I thought, someone's trying to have their cake and eat it here. Will it be *The Day After Part II*, or will they just use the days of the week from now on, a sort of creation in reverse?

Peter Watkins, director of the more exciting (because banned) *The War Game*, has claimed that this pro-nuclear propaganda film is 'an attempt to assimilate nuclear weapons into the Western social process by using the same structural and psychological methods of presentation as *Dallas, Winds of War* and *Kojak*.' He's over-estimating its artistic merits perhaps, but he has a point.

Michael Heseltine, tucked up in his rehabilitation centre, should take comfort that the film is really on his side, after all, and there's nothing whatever to cry about except the loss of his lovely hair and reputation.

I see that Yoko Ono has signed up the film's writer to turn the John Lennon story into a slice of the same pizza. Now that *would* be a pity. There was a subject which should have been taken seriously. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Human bondage

Never Say Never Again (PG)
Warner, etc; national release
Jaws 3-D (PG)
Plaza
Liquid Sky (18)
ICA; Classic, Chelsea

Not half bad, really, the hymned return of Sean Connery as James Bond after his fare-thee-well with *Diamonds are Forever* these 12 years ago. No, in all honesty, about a third bad, or boring, is Irving Kershner's **Never Say Never Again**, a re-working of the 1965 *Thunderball* with stolen cruise missiles standing trendily in for the pair of atom bombs whipped by SPECTRE to hold the world to ransom on that occasion. Elsewhere, Connery displays a rueful machismo that quite wipes out the after-shave blandness of Roger Moore in the drear yet box-office *Octopussy*. Anyone interested in comparing the rival claims to fame of these actors as if they were warring Popes could do worse than consult Andrew Rissik's *The James Bond Man: The Films of Sean Connery* (Elm Tree Books, £9.95), a youthfully slanted panegyric of fitful merit, significant in the titular stress it accords. Heaven forfend, but Ian Fleming's cinematically alleviated 007 has become some mucky kind of folk-hero to kids reared in a colour-supplement world.

Kershner's movie, with a screenplay by Lorenzo Semple, Jr, is best when it gives

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Connery his mildly wigged head. Toupee or not toupee having been settled in favour of a small rug, the fifty-plus actor resumed the role on the understandings that Bond would clearly have been relegated to the ranks of agent-trainer during the interim, that liberties could be taken with the parts of Moneypenny, 'M' and 'Q' (played by a delightfully down-market Alec McCowen, who beams 'Now you're on this, I hope, we're going to have some gratuitous sex and violence'), and that the villains would be embodied by such art-house names as Max Von Sydow and, crucially, Klaus Maria Brandauer – of *Mephisto* glory – as a scene-stealing arch-nutter and smiling bastard. When cuts were proposed in this 134-minute lark, Connery is said to have stood out for retaining Brandauer's wicked pauses and mad grins, a self-effacing gesture of some niceness. They have a great holographic computer game together, incidentally, named 'Domination', complete with electric shocks for the loser.

As in *Thunderball,* there are underwater sequences; and the gratuitous sex has a comic edge, with Barbara Carrera encouraged to go over the top as a lush Fatima Blush (incinerated, alas, too soon) and a stupendous tango nonsense, during which Connery and Brandauer's athletic mistress – Domino, made something of by Kim Basinger – swoop and bend over a chequered floor exchanging awful information. Thrown away are Edward Fox as a strangulated 'M' and poor Rowan Atkinson as our man in the Bahamas. Striving to rescue a happy note for Christmas, I should mention a health-farm nurse's early attempt to get a urine sample from Bond: 'If you could fill this beaker for me?' she proposes. Connery blinks, yards away. 'From here?' Later, a baddie takes that piss lethally. The guffaws greeting this event at a full-house press show testified that our British sense of fun lives on.

Jaws 3-D, directed by Joe Alves who should be nameless, shamelessly props cardboard specs on the nose to justify an incorrigible nonsense sucked by nomenclature alone from previous money-spinners. At the Florida park of Sea World a multi-million-dollar operation, the 'Undersea Kingdom', or a group of submarine and transparent tunnels offering wholesome views of aquatic life, is about to be broached. If one keeps a steady head – in the circumstances, a reckless hope or condition – the ocular illusion of a third dimension is the most effective to date. This means at best that shoulders suddenly nudge into screen space so that you want to thrust them aside; at worst, which is what 'Jaws' is doing in the title, that a shark-severed arm threatens to poke your eye out. Dolphins are enlisted in a spurious bid for charm and decency. Neptune alone knows what they made of this humanoid tosh.

Liquid Sky is an excitable ramble round punkish nonentities in New York, made by an expatriate Russian, Slava Tsukerman, cut-price S-F fantasising loosely centred on an unattractive girl who discovers she can kill with her public parts. Happy Christmas, anyway. ❑

THEATRE
Christopher Edwards

Unwhole food

Sufficient Carbohydrate
DENNIS POTTER *Hampstead Theatre*
Jean Seberg
JULIAN BARRY *Olivier*

Dennis Potter's first play for the theatre is cleverly staged and very well acted – a familiar story to anyone acquainted with the normal high standards at the Hampstead Theatre. The play itself is quite generously spiced with wit, sexual goings-on and quotations from English literature – another familiar story you might think and you'd be right. John Osborne, Simon Gray – these are the voices I heard behind Potter's educated, middle-aged, comic perspective on contemporary bourgeois life. There is even Dinsdale Landen to make you feel even more at home, giving a skilful performance as cynical, drunken executive, Jack.

Jack works for a multi-national food conglomerate founded by his grandfather and now taken over by the Americans. Jack's other problem, besides drink, is his belief in wholesome food fillings, as opposed to American Eddie's favouring of junk additives. The reason why we find Eddie and Jack plus Lucy and Elizabeth, their wives, sunning themselves on a Greek island, is that the firm has sent them there – ostensibly to give tired and emotional Jack a break; in fact to enable Eddie to see whether Jack will take the early retirement that the Board feels he so richly deserves. Eddie is also having an affair with Jack's wife.

The fifth member of the party is young Clayton, Eddie's teenage son by another marriage, who wanders gauchely but sensitively around Tanya McCallin's cool, white set, viewing the fornication, drunkenness and violence of his elders with bewilderment and disgust, only to reveal, in his own idealistic heart, a secret passion for his stepmother – which he consummates. As Jack bitterly observes at one key point, what people really want in their hamburgers is human flesh, a remark he then illustrates in his own special way by kicking the prostrate form of Eddie's wife just after Eddie and Elizabeth have flamboyantly retired upstairs.

As a spectacle the piece is a gift for Dinsdale Landen: Potter gives Jack the best jokes and most of our sympathy, while Nick Henson's clean cut, polystyrene-featured Eddie has no choice but to sit up as the crass Yank and feed Jack his cues – mercilessly devoured by Landen with crushing throw-away lines and maniacal grimaces. Where even Dinsdale Landen has his work cut out, however, is in making us accept Potter's muddled symbolism.

When the lights go up we see Jack, hungover of course, addressing the dawn . . . 'You're not there, are you?' Who is this son of a clergyman speaking to or about? God, I later decided, but by then some sort of surrogate had appeared mistily on the Mediterranean horizon. Jack claims he can see a black freighter and, after several sightings, the ship becomes laden with a symbolic cargo of, well, just about everything – hope, purpose, what-it's-all-about . . . 'meaning'. At the very end it is the touchstone of redemption for the characters – Jack and Clayton see it. Eddie, of course, cannot. Stranger still, this symbolic projection seems bound up with 'culture' in some indeterminate way. Clayton is bookish – he and Jack exchange Keats' quotations – and I assume that their mutual interest in books, plus the sensibility this implies, is proffered by Potter as some sort of sufficiency of spirit in a Godless universe. This, of course, sets him apart from Osborne and Gray, but is Potter suggesting a secular religion of culture, or what? All we are left with at the end is the idea that Jack's yearning for something beyond mere private experience has been appeased, although through what agency, and to what effect I couldn't say. Enlightenment for me was restricted to Rupert Graves's performance as Clayton.

Jean Seberg couldn't sing and she couldn't dance: not in themselves reasons for feeling inhibited about writing a musical around her life, vide Jesus Christ. Her biography is actually quite interesting, and would certainly make a decent film script – chemist's daughter from Iowa plucked from drugstore anonymity by egotistical film director who turns her into a star; as soon as you start to describe it the clichés seem to pick themselves. But need they? Her life actually *does* offer a minor parable about the souring of the American Dream. Naive politically, she dabbles in Black Power, marries a famous French writer, is hounded by the FBI, pilloried by the press and dies from an overdose. I can see why Julian Barry was moved to write about her, but if he wanted the tale to retain any moral weight at all why hand it over to a form which schmaltzifies everything it touches?

The evening is slick and entertaining; it's a *good show* – not perhaps the most auspicious setting for a tragic life story. Seberg's persecution is neatly merged into her rehearsals for the St Joan trial scenes, enabling Michael Bryant to switch from Shavian inquisitor to J. Edgar Hoover with no change of purpose. Seberg's role is split in two: Elizabeth Counsell plays the raddled elder Jean; Kelly Hunter, impressive, strong-voiced and energetic, the young Seberg. John Savident is excellent as Otto Preminger, the absurd, obese gutteral-voiced director who selected Seberg for the part of Joan from *18,000* young girls! The moment of greatest power for me, a genuinely affecting piece of theatre, was when Jean goes mad after the FBI puts out a rumour that she is expecting a black man's baby; in a mask bearing a fixed plastic smile she is passed from doctor to doctor, from man to man, in a chilling enactment of paralysed will. The song accompanying this scene, 'It's The Least We Could Do', is the best of a banal bunch. ❑

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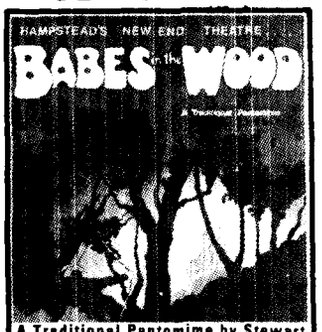

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ART
Dennis Duerden

The force

WE ARE confronted with a very strange paradox when we look at African art in a museum. Most of this work was never meant to be seen in a perpetual exhibition. It was probably intended to be brought out once a year and then hidden away for the rest of the year. For the traditional African artist the image is a powerful force which must be controlled with the greatest care and it can threaten appalling dangers if it escapes from that control.

This is the diametric opposite of the way in which the visual image is used by the Western artist and of its use by Picasso, for example, for whom the African figure was a vehicle for making his own images the most highly visible, of imposing them on the whole Western art world.

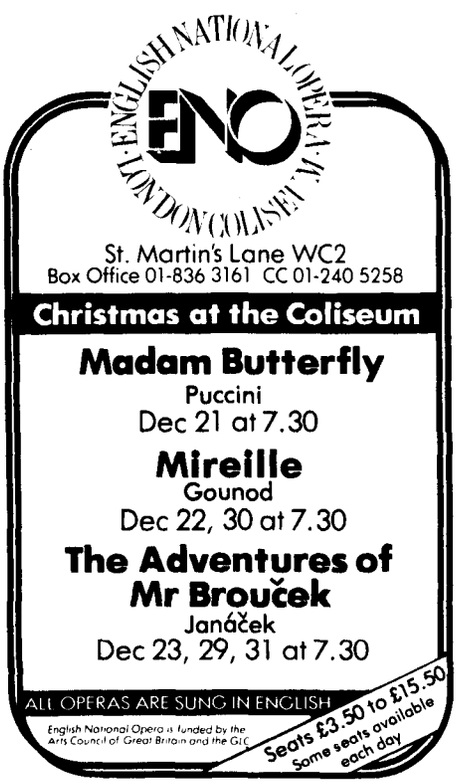
The wheel has turned full circle and domination by the images of Western art has now become a threat to the black artist. Exhibitions of Black Art, galleries showing black artists, conventions of black artists have been appearing with increasing frequency this year, all with one end in view – to get black artists' images shown more widely. Lubaina Himid, from Zanzibar, arranged an excellent series of discussions and presentations at the Africa Centre in September and October, to coincide with an exhibition of *Five Black Women Artists* in the gallery there, and an exhibition of work by 15 black women artists in connection with a festival at the Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, *Black Woman Time Now*. Here we were confronted with an even more difficult struggle: not only the black woman's efforts to get the images shown, but the painful process of overcoming her own reluctance to show them. Lubaina has uncovered a large community of black women artists who are working away in secret. While they are still at school their parents think of it as almost shameful that a black woman should consider becoming an artist. If their teachers encourage a hidden talent and they succeed in attendance at an art school, the lecturers are perplexed in their search for an approach to them.

The problems of black women artists are one particular aspect of the modern Western artists' compulsion to make their images visible. Without such a visible image a painter or a sculptor is unable to make a living and there is no half-way house. Either the artist must join a dealer's stable, justifying a million-pound investment in it by inventing images which will scream from the gallery's walls or produce bland decorations for company offices.

It is not surprising, then, that the constant theme of black men's art in the metropolitan art world is one of injustice, to the point that black British male painting and sculpture is identified with 'the struggle' – images of the dead teenagers at the Deptford birthday party, of Sharpville, of the assassination of Martin Luther King, of Mandela's imprisonment, or of lynch-mobs. Where images of African art occur they are images of suppressed experience. The Ife bronze in Keith Piper's large painting, *The Black Assassin Saints*, shown at Black Art Gallery, 225 Seven Sisters Road, recently in an exhibition called *Heart in Exile*, is a relic from the lost world of the black experience in which research into the African past and its treasures was deliberately prohibited in case it should yield embarrassing evidence of a 'culturally superior' black civilisation. An exhibition by British black male artists is a kind of carnival, a bacchanal for the escape of an alternative black spirit, represented in another Piper painting, *The Spirits of Uhuru*.

There is, then, a role distinction played out in the visual art of black British men and black British women peculiar to their position in the Western art world. Sonia Boyce's black women peer back almost furtively over their shoulders; sometimes their feet or hands intrude from the edges of the picture, from behind the frames as if surprised to be suddenly exposed. One set of Keith Piper's figures on the other hand shouts, 'Here I am, a black image; this is what you want me to be and this is what you've made me.'

Then another set announces his escape from the restrictions of the imposed image. However, it seems difficult for this alternative image, hanging in the carnival atmosphere of a gallery exhibition, to escape from its role as a counter-image, a reversal of the expected, a weakness well-attested in carnival images by social historians. True alternative images may be too dangerous, thus justifying the African ritual's severe restrictions on their festive exposure. □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WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2801 **Set by Snubbin**

Franglais is surely getting more than a little played out by now. Some dialogue (up to 150 words) or verse (up to 12 lines) please in *Engleutsch*, the indispensable hybrid for visitors to Hamburg, Frankfurt or Berlin. By 6 January.

No 2798 **Set by Margaret Rogers**

Christmas card verses for Mrs Thatcher to send to Reagan or Paul Johnson – or for one of them to send her.

Report **By Jemima Squiffy**

Hit the Christmas spirit rather early, did we? Had a *leedle* too energetic a try-out of the mulled wine recipe? Yup, to judge by the scrawls and splodges which I found in the entry folder on my return from Greenham Common. Just don't let it happen again: there's work to be done in 1984, and you'll all need clear heads if you're to have a share of the spoils. Nine quid apiece should be enough for the nonce.

Thatcher to Reagan

It's Christmas once again – a time for greetings,
When thoughts recall old friendships and past meetings.
From this old Land, that knights and pilgrims nourished,
The cradle from which Western Values flourished,
With kind regards we launch our salutations
And raise a hand to up-and-coming nations.

Thanks for the card. The shot of you and Nancy
Is *sweet* – it should be captioned 'Plain and Fancy'.
Here's luck in '84! Too bad you made a
Midjudgement of that sideshow in Grenada
(Unlike my Falklands 'Operation Fairpeace').
Would I be right? *Is* that a brand new hairpiece?

JIMMIE PEARSE

Thatcher to Johnson

My Father once observed at Grantham
(Self-help his sturdy daily anthem)
'Mags – *never* trust a renegade:
For he who plies the turncoat's trade
Will tack and veer and tack again –
As slavish as the weathervane
To current airs.' How *right* he was!
You're in a paddy now because
You know you won't be dubbed 'Sir Paul'
Or 'Baron Iver'. Hence your gall:
And hence my greeting – in the shape
Of one small wrinkled sourish grape.

RUFUS STONE

Reagan to Thatcher

A happy cruise – check, Christmas
To my favourite limey dame,
Who likes me and missile too
And plays my kind of game.
Now yuletide bells are pealing
This nineteen eighty three
I trust there's no ill feeling
Between us, Mrs T?

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I guess maybe I riled you
Grenadawise – doggone!
I let you take the Falklands –
OK? Your buddy, Ron.

R. SHAWCROSS

Thatcher to Johnson

At this most inauspicious time
May I express my thoughts in rhyme?
I wish you, Paul, a very grim Noel.
The leopard doesn't change his spots,
And now you're back in with the Trots
Accept this Yuletide message: go to hell!
You're one of those fair-weather fools
Who wrote in tabloids: 'Maggie Rules!
To Mrs T. we owe a massive debt!'
But when banana-skins come out
Your timid cry is: 'Count me out!'
One hates to say this, Johnson, but you're *wet!*

PETER NORMAN

Reagan to Thatcher

In two world wars, you Brits still played a
Role – though minor. Now Grenada
Shows, I guess, how tight a grip
Our 'special' (*sic*) relationship
Still has. By my express permission a
Black guy's still your High Commissioner;
And, *after* firing Pershing, Cruise,
I'll sure be glad to hear your views
About their use. We're planning on
Obliterating Lebanon
On – er, *today* (as world police) –
WASSAIL! FROM RONNIE, PRINCE OF PEACE.

MARTIN FAGG

FIRST PERSON

Bill Greenwell

Liberal Studies

I ARRIVE AT the typewriter hotfinger from a glimpse of Glen Baxter on the box. He has been talking to us about the 'dislocation of narrative' at which he aims. He has racks of old annuals. He is out to utilise their contents for some new, subversive purpose, and he has mentioned Max Ernst. The eagle-eyed (and the *Eagle*-eyed, *Hotspur*-eyed, *Gem*-eyed) among you will have spotted some unseasonal remarks by me in a recent issue on the subject of Glen Baxter.

Now, the agreeable crump of a Jiffy bag through the post-hole has brought me a review copy of *The Rainy Day Biff* (Pavement Press, £2.95), a second selection of postcard images from Biff artists Chris Garratt and Mick Kidd. I am immediately happy to endorse the quotation offered by a grateful Pavement Press from *Time Out* that this is 'this year's No. 1 stocking filler'. This is this year's No.1 stocking filler. Let the publicity department of Pavement Press sort out how they'll separate the twin approbation of *Time Out* and the *NS*.

My only concern is that, according to Pavement, the Biff cards have been 'eulogised in academic journals'. For dislocation of narrative, perhaps. I'm concerned because Biff's series of postcards is a whole lot funnier than a gang of Baxter's. It's no use, though, pretending I'm not biased. I used to work with Chris Garratt, a former member of our redoubtable Art department (through which, small world, Steve Bell passed on teaching practice). But departmental noticeboards could not spell Chris Garratt's name any more accurately than Pavement press releases, and he left us, just for a fistful of lucre. He still lives locally, however, and I'm therefore in a position to make a revelation about him – since he has been elevated, apparently, to A Cult. He is known hereabouts as 'The Commander'.

The Commander's hand is surely the one producing the image of a Liberal Studies teacher in *The Rainy Day Biff*. A barely ruffled example of the genre is addressing some suspicious students. He has copies of *Lord of the Flies* and *Culture and Society* lined up by his briefcase. His mouth emits the words: 'Okay – er, today I'd like to talk about protest movements in America.' But the bubble blurping up from his brain confesses: 'Maybe I'll show a film instead.'

Liberal Studies, for which The Commander and I were both once hired as frontmen, is a long-gone forum for educational flannel of the highest order. Gangs of footloose arts graduates were grabbed in by their scruffs to unburden their enthusiasm to properly disaffected groups of day-release craft apprentices. If you've read Tom Sharpe's *Wilt*, you will probably think it's a fantastical exaggeration. It depends how hard you're prepared to laugh. Liberal Studies was the last, painful gasp of the arts graduate against the real world.

Biff postcards themselves are the response of arts graduates to the Sixties. They spin together the clichés of that era with affectionate panache. The principal tactic is to tag a dog-philosophical bubble to an image from an early Sixties teen-strip; and then to offset the already incongruous pronouncement with an earthbound aside. My favourite bit of Biffery – not in this collection, but on permanent display, should you call – is entitled 'Being and Nothingness'. It pictures the passionate kiss of a quiffsome lad and a girl in the (say) Paula Prentiss mould. He is saying: 'Life is a meaningless comma in the sentence of Time!' Her response is: 'Jesus! What a straight!' There is similar dialogue in *The Rainy Day Biff*, under the title 'Pillow Talk':

> He: I dreamed I was a butterfly – or was I a butterfly dreaming I was a man?
> She: Make some coffee, Derek – the Teasmade's on the blink.

This Laforguian interlude . . . . no! I shall not succumb! There is nothing particularly mystical about *Biff*'s bang-wallop. It is not necessary to scratch any part of your body to spot the incongruity, as with Baxter. This is no subtle cerebral massage, but a swift kick at the funny-bone. Everything is out of phase, all right – even the opposite ends of the Sixties collide – but what we have here are Jokes.

There are dark rumours about The Commander's fondness for discoursing on the semiology of Biff. I just pretend they're untrue and buy the cards. Odd, isn't it, how postcards are now something you don't often post? My mantelpiece is thick with the things. I'm especially pleased with a French film ad. – for Monroe in *7 Ans de Reflexion*. Doesn't quite have the ring of *The Seven Year Itch*, does it?

Plainly, this is the age of postcartophily (or, perish the thought, Post-Cartophilism). And some of the best ones are simply found. Some mates, cashing in on the cache of jumble-sale annuals, have styled themselves Recycled Images and discovered some crackers. Much their best so far is a pic of three uniformed schoolgirls. One points at a distant farmhouse. The bona-fide caption accompanying the image reads:

> 'Well, I think it's too absurd for words,' announced the new girl, looking about her defiantly, 'the boys haven't all got infectious diseases, have they?'

But, returning to Biff, I still maintain that collection almost automatically dissipates the visual wit. So here's a holiday suggestion. Buy two Biffs and some stiff card. Scissors at the ready, and you can restore the images to their rightful position – as separate items in a card-index of laughs. More power to Mr Kidd and the Commander! □

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Quiz answers

By their deeds . . .

a) Margaret Thatcher; b) Kent Kirk, Danish Euro-MP; c) Joshua Nkomo; d) Neil Kinnock; e) Deirdre and Ken Barlow in *Coronation Street;* f) Ann and Cecil Parkinson; g) BBC's *Breakfast Time;* h) TV-am; i) *Financial Times;* j) Shergar; k) the pound coin; l)Peter Kellner.

. . . and words

a) Lord Carrington; b) President Shagari of Nigeria on the forced exodus of two million people from his country; c) Margaret Thatcher; d) Pete Murray; e) Richard Attenborough; f) Kenny Everett; g) Michael Heseltine; h) Margaret Thatcher; i) Michael Heseltine (on cruise missiles); j) Anna Ford on Jonathan Aitken; k) Shirley MacLaine on her lover 'Gerry'; l) Sara Keays on Cecil Parkinson; m) Princess Diana; n) Princess Anne.

Passing on

a) Rebecca West; b) Billy Fury; c) John Le Mesurier (according to his own death announcement); d) David Niven; e) Ralph Richardson; f) Buckminster Fuller; g) Adrian Boult; h) Arthur Koestler; i) Donald Maclean.

Groupies

1: a) The Lion – the others are figures in the Tarot pack; b) The Virgin – the others are Jungian archetypes; c) The Shark – the others are English names of yoga positions; d) Lurking Fever – the others are fungi; e) elephant's tusk – the others are Karma Sutran ways of scratching; f) root of mandrake – the others are ingredients in the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*; g) The Magus was a Gnostic prophet, the others figure in Gnostic cosmology; h) The High Topps were named by Arthur Ransome, the other places by Ursula Le Guin; 2: a) all were 1983 Booker Prize judges; b) all attended the Tory youth rally at Wembley during the election campaign; c) all gave evidence in the *Lady Chatterley* trial; d) all were subjects of Elgar's Enigma Variations; e) all wed before they were 16.

In their place

1: a) Charles and Carrie Pooter; b) Dante Gabriel Rossetti; c) Dennis Nilsen; d) the Duke of Wellington; e) Crippen; f) Arthur Marshall; g) Beatrix Potter; h) Cynthia Payne; 2: a) Herts; b) Norfolk; c) Gloucestershire; d) Bedfordshire; e) Nottinghamshire; f) Cheshire; g) Gloucestershire.

On the field

a) Lord Home; b) Samuel Beckett; c) Ted Dexter; d) Iain Sproat; e) Desmond Donnelly; f) Frank Worrell; g) Learie Constantine; h) Earl Alexander of Tunis; i) Arthur Conan Doyle; j) Alec Waugh; k) P. G. Wodehouse; l) Edmund Blunden; m) William Blake; n) Byron.

Eponymous

a) Leotard (after Jules Leotard); b) Ampere (after Andre Marie Ampere); c) Belisha Beacons (after Sir Leslie Hore-Belisha); d) Maverick (after Samuel Maverick); e) Dunce (after Duns Scotus); f) Nicotine (after Jean Nicot); g) Clerihews (after E. Clerihew Bentley).

Close to home

a) Cyril Connolly (from his *Journal*); b) Giles Gordon (from *About a Marriage*); c) Douglas Hurd and Andrew Osmond (from *Send Him Victorious*); d) Eric Newby (from *The Great Grain Race*); e) Barbara Pym (from *Jane and Prudence*); f) Margaret Drabble (from *The Middle Ground*).

Screen gems

1: Six. Seymour Hicks, Reginald Owen, Alastair Sim, Albert Finney, Sim again (voice only, for Richard Williams's 1972 animation), McDuck in *Mickey's Christmas Carol* (voice of Alan Young); 2: a) each *directed* one film; b) Margaret Dumont in Marx Bros movies; c) women directors; d) Woody Allen roles in his own movies; 3: a) *Rear Window;* b) The Birds; c) *The Paradine Case;* d) *Strangers on a Train;* e) *Blackmail;* f) *Family Plot;* g) *Lifeboat;* h) *Young and Innocent;* i) *Rebecca* (Alfred Hitchcock); 4: Fritz Lang and Joseph Losey, Richard Quine, Costa-Gavras, Blake Edwards; 5: *1900* + *101 (Dalmatians)* = *2001.*

Rock climbers

1: a) Men at Work; b) Creedence Clearwater Revival; c) Odyssey; d) Billy Preston; e) Polly Brown; f) Michael Jackson; g) Emile Ford and the Checkmates; 2: a) 'Skin Deep'; b) 'My Mum is One in a Million'; c) 'No one Quite Like Grandma'; d) 'Grandad'; e) 'On Mother Kelly's Doorstep'; f) 'Don't Jump Off the Roof, Dad'; g) 'All I Want for Christmas is a Beatle'; h) 'Shifting Whispering Sands'; i) 'Floral Dance'; j) 'Let's Get Together'; k) 'Head Over Heels in Love'.

Low opinions

a) George Bernard Shaw; b) James Agate; c) Theodore Roosevelt; d) George Orwell; e) Euripides; f) Oscar Wilde.

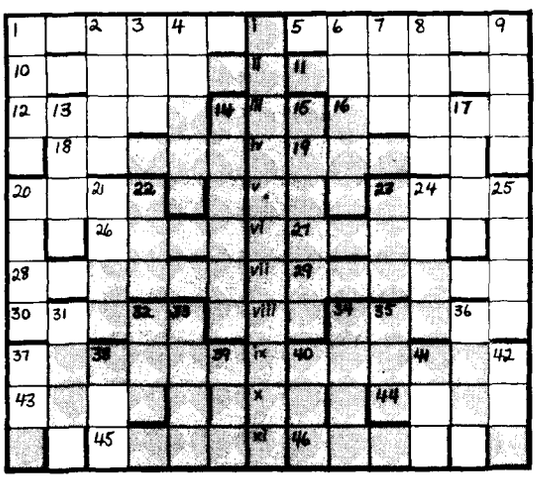
Final say

a) Kathleen Ferrier; b) Alexander Pope ; c) Queen Victoria; d) Galileo; e) Lytton Strachey; f) Noel Coward; g) Thomas Carlyle; h) Lady Mary Wortley Montague; i) Oscar Wilde; j) Meher Baba.

Salamanca 76

'Christmas Tree Lights'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 76, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 17 January.



Each answer down and then across must lose a letter however many times it occurs in the word before entry, and definitions lead to whole words, subsidiary parts to final versions. Letters taken in clue order spell an appropriate sentiment. Two answers to each of the loose hints i-ix read diagonally (mostly in jumbled form) to right and left in the shaded tree from the stem which contains its own word, while x & xi taken together give one answer (or three).

Tree: i For the cook (4;4) ii Time on the way out (4;4) iii *Paltry* gift? (5:5) iv Christmas heralds? (6;6) v Traditional Christmas gift bearer (7;7) vi May be made for Christmas (4;4) vii For him or her to wear (4;4) viii It may glitter now (4;4) ix Something to eat with bits of mince (3;3) x & xi Knock-out food or drink? (4)

Down: 1 'Warlord' erecting identical defences in Aberdeen? (6) 2 Whence come primitive works? (6) 3 Root form not dead (4) 4 Carry on employment without it (6) 6 The extremes (covered by your London Guide) Holmes, for example, goes to for old people (6) 7 Party-time decay (4) 8 Dry (sort of air?) cases could make Canute mad! (5) 9 Tests applied to some bogus systems (6) 13 What's round, perhaps, used by RC priest (6) 14 Oil-tin wielded without restriction (2 words, 7) 15 Nevertheless a bird nests in it? (7) 17 Spoon used for experiments etc. (5) 20 Sends man *down*, possibly? (5) 21 Sets out commandments once (5) 22 Some woodlice found in tree (4) 23 Where playboys go about to find love (4) 24 Skirt, long one, can be turned up, with navy lining (6) 25 Spirit – at pub one gets it? (5) 31 Stormy seas? (Not *these*!) (5) 32 Short Irish poem in French (4) 33 Metallic sailing-ship, say (5) 34 Country surely found about on Red-border (eastern) (5) 35 One god? Ye gods! (4) 36 Some tyke playing up? How annoying (5) 37 Passage at junction of two rivers? (4) 38 Plant with heart right closed (4) 39 One having lead part inside Utopia? (4) 40 Dog? Odds are given on time (4) 41 Comfortable key (5) 42 Prepare nest mostly (5)

Across: 1 Move like a beamish boy carrying shapeless mass, a horrible head (7) 5 What was prickly in Rome, lapsing without keeping company (7) 10 From which extremes of wrath clamour (8) 11 Turn atmosphere dangerous cleaning in zoos? (7) 12 He'll decorate skins which are perhaps full of holes? (8) 16 Time to put TV on (when there are *no* repeats!) at once – but not now? (6) 18 I steady seaplane on water – tolerable poise is held by this (7) 19 What are thrown out east with energy, possibly (6) 20 Old-fashioned and dull in retrospect (5) 23 Rudolph improperly boasting 'I'm leading *all* deer'? (5) 26 Sausage, slim variety (6) 27 One to annoy that's between King and Queen (5) 28 Fibre when perhaps in stomach and back (8) 29 It's not found in nicotine purely – it's found in opium (7) 30 Baked beans' place (6) 34 Water-vase with double curved lip (6) 37 Parking's as it always was on this old highway (8) 40 Comforted one in the green (7) 43 Sore distressed by more than one bowler? (5) 44 Small cannon used by some retreating bark astern (5) 45 To be found in centre of bacterium (5) 46 Irritable, but with 16 not long irritated (5)

Note: The solution and prizewinners to Salamanca 76 will be published in our 20 January 1984 issue.

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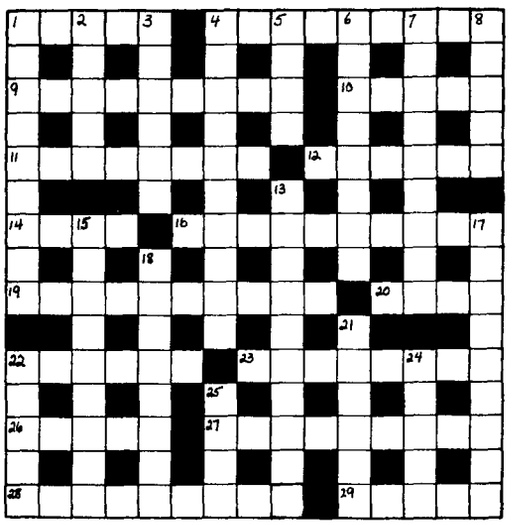
Weekend Crossword 1424

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1424, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 3 January 1984.



ACROSS

1. Appear sick when a worthless person is beheaded (5)
4. Television programme which makes a sportsman fade away (4,5)
9. It hangs on for a long time after a very quiet finale (9)
10. Gave vent to anger in time (5)
11. A water creature softly enters the land (8)
12. Hitler's men are about to destroy human abilities (6)
14. In the centre of the team I defend stubbornly (4)
16. Inconsiderate as Henry VIII? (10)
19. The girl to possess a place in the West Indies (10)
20. American expression for a sinuous curve (4)
22. Gambling is what puts years on women's leader (6)
23. Thus wrongly holding religious founder to be rejecter of religion (8)
26. Escape an epoch in time (5)
27. I can mix in fruit in this piece of equipment (9)
28. Traveller has to go by before green changes (9)
29. Seat with high back (5)

DOWN

1. Stray mortals born without a thing to eat (5,4)
2. The creature looks sanctimonious in something black (5)
3. Richard has a girl in the grass (6)
4. Country fare? (6,4)
5. Not new, having been kept in the house donkey's years (4)
6. Platform for chief designer? (8)
7. The object is to hold water, and it is exciting (9)
8. Trips for women who have lost their heads (5)
13. Display an article of clothing for a rider (10)
15. The cooking ingredient is in the tumbler (9)
17. Die like a huge mammal (5,4)
18. The giver is injured in time to cause pain (8)
21. A bath is taken if you change these clothes (6)
22. Make the West provide aid for the young (5)
24. Ancient place in a nation I always admire (5)
25. The flavour of an unfinished dance (4)

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Applications to: **Tom Davies, School for Advanced Urban Studies, Rodney Lodge, Grange Road, Bristol BS8 4EA by 9 January 1984.**

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Full details, a job description and an application form, returnable by **20 January**, are available from:
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FAIRLY NORMAL male, 40, tall, divorced, attractive, varied interests, wishes to meet interesting, caring, socialist female, to share interests and pleasures. London, anywhere. Box 7211.

FISH WITHOUT BIKE sought by Edinburgh based male (mid twenties) for not too cultural outings to cinema, theatre, alehouse and wine bar. Box 7202.

GAY MALE, 29, attractive, socialist, university lecturer, tall, slim with wide interests in the arts and politics, seeks similar for sincere and *lasting relationship.* Box 7224.

GENUINE DESCRIPTION of ideal man or woman requested from opposite sex. No name or address necessary, only age and occupation. Results analysed and, hopefully, published in NS. Box 7208.

GRADUATE FEMALE, 36, personable, non-smoker, interested music, especially classical, countryside, literature, theatre, seeks similar male for marriage/home-life. Based Northants, can move. Box 7203.

GREAT BRITAIN'S most eligible gentleman, 35, single, tall, slim, attractive, with prime intellect, physique, genes, seeks commensurate, tall, well-bred, woman graduate. Box 7201.

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MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, graduate, socialist, divorced, enthusiastic motor caravanner, living North London, wishes contact people interested sharing weekends, holidays, country and abroad. Box 7207.

MIDDLEBROW METROPOLITAN male (46) seeks socially conscious, sexually careful woman, more interested in cultivating multiple orgasm than conniving at mass destruction. Non-smoker preferred. Box 7205.

MID-THIRTIES male teacher obsessed by travel, talk, books and people, wishes to share same with good-natured, mature woman looking for new relationships. Box 7169.

NORTHERN LADY, socialist, young 39, needs well-educated and affectionate guy, must be unattached and home loving, preferably non-smoker. Box 7204.

OPERA-LOVING, LEFTISH, self-aware, man, 45, Londoner, once-married opsimath, seeks company of bright-eyed, childless, articulate woman. Purpose: mutual life-enhancement. Box 7179.

PHOTOGRAPHY TUTOR, 50s, would like to share life with younger female friend. Inclinations include cinema, symphonies, self-development and the creation of a child. Box 7176.

TINY, GENTLE, quiet, motherly, single woman (unmarried mum of grown-up daughter), Yorkshire native, now inhabiting trendy NW6, seeks kind, intelligent, unattached man, for serious relationship, yes serious. Box 7177.

TRIM, ATTRACTIVE lady, 46, friendly, natural, socially aware, looking for intelligent man, who is free. Play it by ear? Box 7228.

VERY GOOD-LOOKING professional communicator, 50, ex-para, former psychotherapist, emerging from divorce, seeks intelligent, attractive lady in high heels, 40s, for affectionate relationship. London. Box 7212.

WELL-ADJUSTED DIVORCEE, 37, professional, independent, comfortably-off, 5ft 2in, attractive home and country lover, seeks intelligent, unpretentious man in similar circumstances. London/Essex. Box 7182.

WOMAN, 38, independent, wishes to meet a man seeking similar goals: a committed relationship, open to the possibility of having and/or raising children; a creative, responsible way of life. I am essentially a quiet person and have a wide range of interests – the most important are poetry, feminism and nonviolence, the psychology of Jung. I enjoy walking, cinema and theatre, music, reading. Replies in good faith only, please. London. Box 7184.

LISTINGS

FRI 16 DECEMBER

LONDON 'The Popular Politics and Culture of Chile, Kenya, Philipinnes'. Chair: A. Sivanandan, Inst Race Relations, Spkrs Joji Carino, Philippines, Ngugi wa Thiong'o, Kenyan writer, 7pm Friends House, Euston Rd. **Org. Comm for Release of Political Prisoners in Kenya, Chile Solidarity Campaign, Philippines Support Grp.**

BATH. 'The Central Government War Headquarters under Corsham'. Spkrs. Duncan Campbell and Crispin Aubrey. 7.30pm Longacre Hall, London Road. **Org CND West Region Bath 318563.**

SAT 17 DECEMBER

LONDON Meet the Raving Beauties authors of 'In the Pink' 12.30-2pm Commonwealth Inst, Kensington High St, W8.

CORSHAM. CND West Region Day of Action at Corsham Bunker. 10am assemble at 'Five Ways' (Information caravan). 12.30pm leave for Bath.

BATH. CND West Region Day of Action. AM leafleting, street theatre, vigils outside shops selling war toys. 2.30pm March through city centre to Kingsmead Sq for 4-min 'die in'. 4.30pm Torchlit procession from Abbey Churchyard (York St). 5pm Carol singing at Abbey churchyard. **Details: Crispin Aubrey (Press Officer) 0278 732921.**

LONDON 'The Dockers movement and Democracy in the TGWU'. Spkrs Jack Dash and Jack Jones. 2pm Limehouse Town Hall, Commercial Rd, E14. **Org. National Museum of Labour History 01-515 3229.**

SUN 18 DECEMBER

LONDON Marxism Today's Christmas Party 7.30-12.30pm Whisky a Gogo Club, 33 Wardour St, W1. Food, Bar, Music. Adm. £1.50.

LONDON 'Israel and the Diaspora – a New Approach' Spkr Avraham Shenker (Dept Development and Community Service, World Zionist Org) 8pm, 37 Broadhurst Gdns NW6. Refreshments. **01-328 2554.**

MON 19 DECEMBER

LONDON Gays Against the Police Bill. Public meeting to discuss organising opposition to the Police Bill amongst lesbians and gay men. 7pm County Hall, SE1. **Details: Gays against the Police Bill, c/o Galop, 01-278 6215.**

WOLVERHAMPTON 'Fight the Tory cuts in Welfare Benefits' campaign launched by Labour Social Security Campaign. **Details: 49 Tettenhall Rd, Wolverhampton WV3 9NB.**

FORTHCOMING

29 DEC-7 JAN Rock Week at the ICA, The Mall SW1. Box Office 01-930 3647. Tickets £3/UB40s £1.50 on Wed. 4 Jan.

31 DEC LONDON Fred Gore presents his 70th Birthday treat 'From Kiev to Samarkand' – dances, music, songs from Russia, Moldavia, Georgia, Ukraine. 7.45pm Queen Elizabeth Hall. All seats £2.25 from Royal Festival Hall **01-928 3191.**

2 JAN History Workshop London seminar Wheatsheaf Public House, Rathbone Place, W1.

5 JAN LONDON Adult students drop in and sample what's on offer at North London Poly. 5.30-7pm first Thursday every month. **Details: Linda Latter 607 2789 x 2014, PNL, Rm 109 Marlborough building, Holloway Rd, N7.**

5 JAN LONDON 'Non-nuclear defence strategies' Spkr Michael Randle of Alternative Defence Commission. Adm free. 8pm Tetherdown Hall, Tetherdown, Musell Hill, N10. **Details J. Morley, Muswell Hill CND. 01-889 0571.**

9 JAN LONDON Short practical course on: Handling the media; Producing publicity; Poster and banner design, etc. for non-professionals. 12 wk course, 1 eve per wk. Fees: £8-£12/£1 unwaged. **Enrol today at Community Education unit, London College of Printing, Elephant and Castle, SE1. Details: Mary Chamberlain, 01-735 9100/8484 x 264.**

11 JAN LEWES Bruce Kent and Tim Rathbone MP debate 8pm Priory Lower School. **Org Lewes CND Kate Martin Lewes 77324.**

12 JAN LONDON 'Going naked into the Conference Chamber? – Britain and Nuclear Weapons' – course begins at Clapham-Battersea AEI, Bonneville Site, Bonneville Gdns, SW4. 7.30-9.30pm for six weeks. Registration today at 7pm at Bonneville. **Details: Harry Zutshi 01-675 1913 eves/01-633 9434 day.**

12 JAN-5 APRIL Employment and Training for the Future Workshops to be run by Women's Comm. Support Unit of the GLC. **Details Joan Miller 01-633 1115.**

16 JAN NOTTINGHAM 'Can Political Power be Morally justified?' Spkr Prof David Beetham, Uni. of Leeds. 4.15pm Social Science Bld, University of Nottingham. **Details: John Ferris for Nottingham Peace Lectures, 0602 56101 x 3377.**

17 JAN MANCHESTER 'Animal Liberation – a socialist issue?' Spkr M. Killian, Northern Animal Liberation League. 7.30pm Polytechnic Students Union, Sidney St (off Oxford Rd), Manchester 10. **Details: BSSRS, 9 Poland St, London, W1. 01-437 2728.**

17 & 19 JAN LONDON No-nonsense Economics – a down to earth exposition of how the economy works. One evening per week 7pm, either Tues. or Thurs. Fee £12 for 12-week term. **Prospectus and Details 01-834 4979. ESSRA School of Economic Studies, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.**

18 JAN LONDON 'Gender, health and medical care: a cross cultural perspective'. Course organised by extra mural dept. University of London. Starts today. **Details: 01-359 4925 or Mary Ward Centre 01-831 7711 quoting course number 193UE.**

18 JAN WARWICK 'Can Law control the use of Force' Tom Campbell, Prof. of Jurisprudence, University of Glasgow. 7.30pm Arts Centre Conference Room, University of Warwick. Adm. Free.

21 JAN LONDON Unemployment Seminar for young people at County Hall, SE1. **Org. British Youth Council, 57 Chalton St, NW1. 01-387 5882.**

25 JAN WARWICK 'The Relevance of Laws of War in a Nuclear Age' Spkr Adam Roberts, Reader in International Relations, University of Oxford. Adm. free 7.30pm Arts Centre Conference Rm, University of Warwick. **Details: John Dewar 0203 24011 x 2119.**

27 JAN LONDON Homelessness and the Voluntary Sector – an ARVAC Conference 10am-5pm Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queen Sq, WC1. (Closing date for applications 13 Jan). Fee £5/£6 non membs incls coffee/lunch/tea. **Details: Pat Marsden, ARVAC, 26 Queen's Rd, Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9 JH. 0206 22 5344.**

27-28 JAN LEICESTER 'Interdisciplinary Work: Problems and Progress' Foundation conf. of Interdisciplinary Assoc of Mental Health Workers at University of Leicester. Spkrs incl Prof. Anthony Clare, Prof. Kathleen Jones. Residential fee £40 (incls membership). **Details: Mrs F. Sykes, DES, University of Surrey, Guildford. 0483 571281.**

29 JAN BIRMINGHAM Concert for CND 2.30pm Birmingham Town Hall. Simon Rattle and members of Birmingham Symphony orchestra play Rossini, Mozart, Brahms. **Details: CND W. Midlands Region, 54 Allison St, Digbeth. 021-632 6909.**

11 FEB MANCHESTER Anti-Trident Convention Free Trade Hall. Fee £3/£1 visitors. **Details and leaflets Anti-Trident Campaign, 420 Sauchiehall St, Glasgow. 041 332 3141.**

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